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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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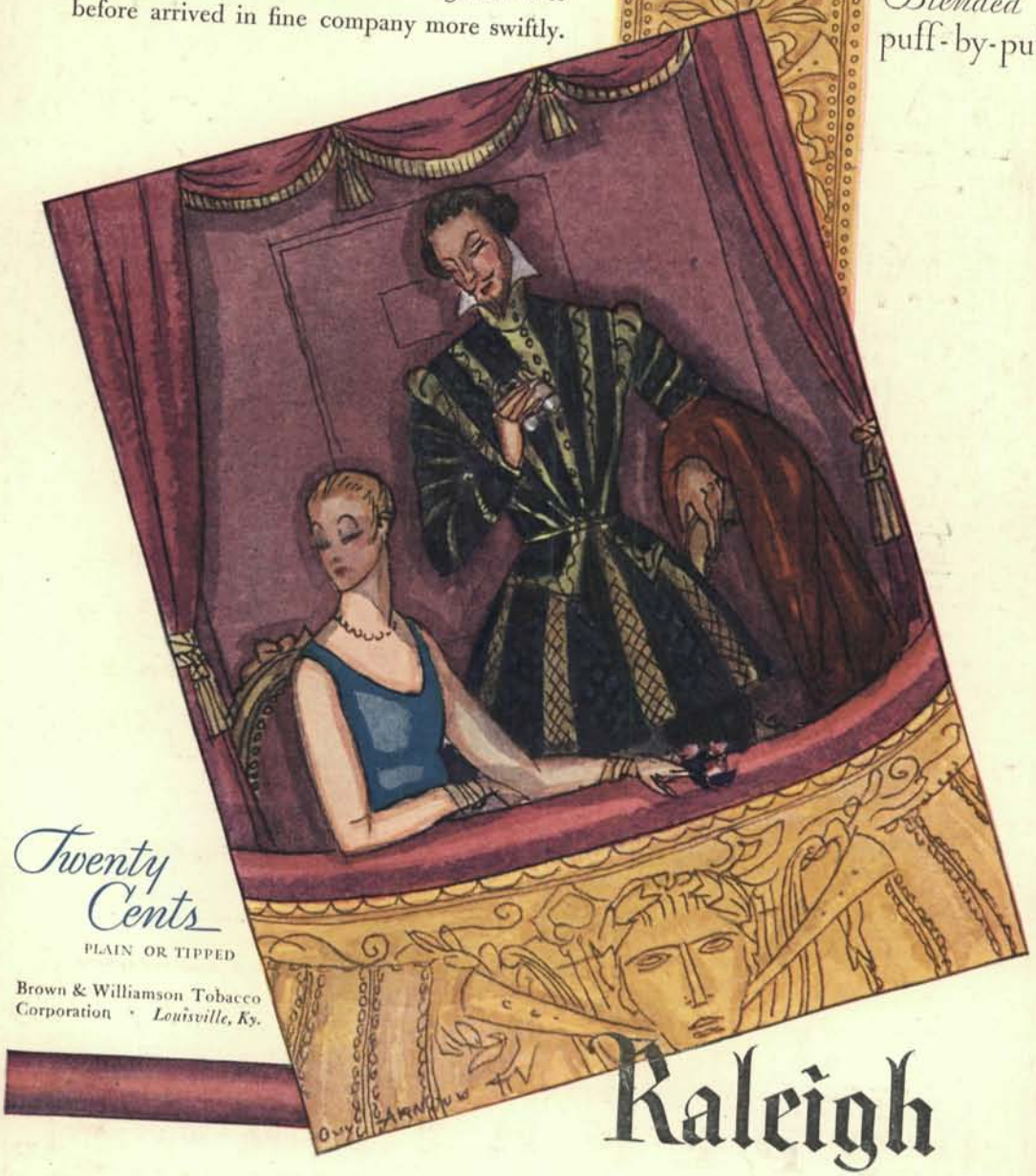

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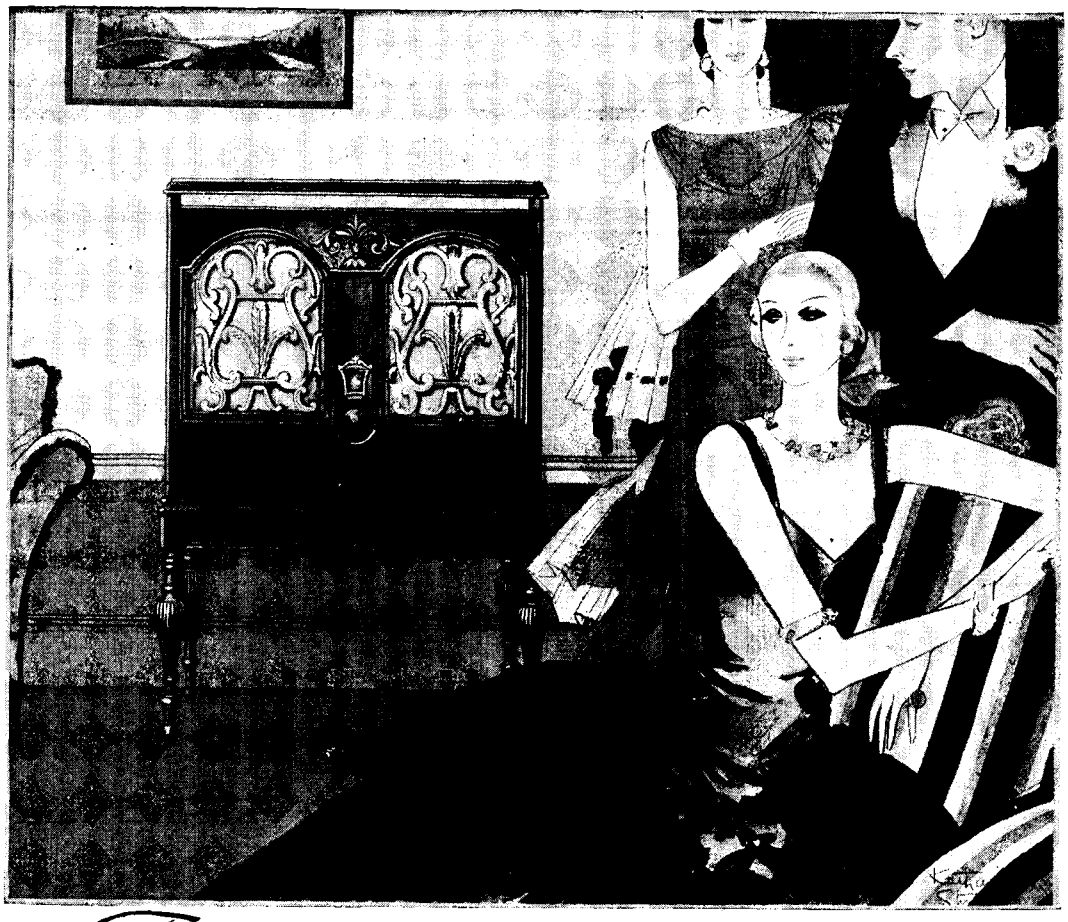

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VOLUME XVIII November 1929 NUMBER 71

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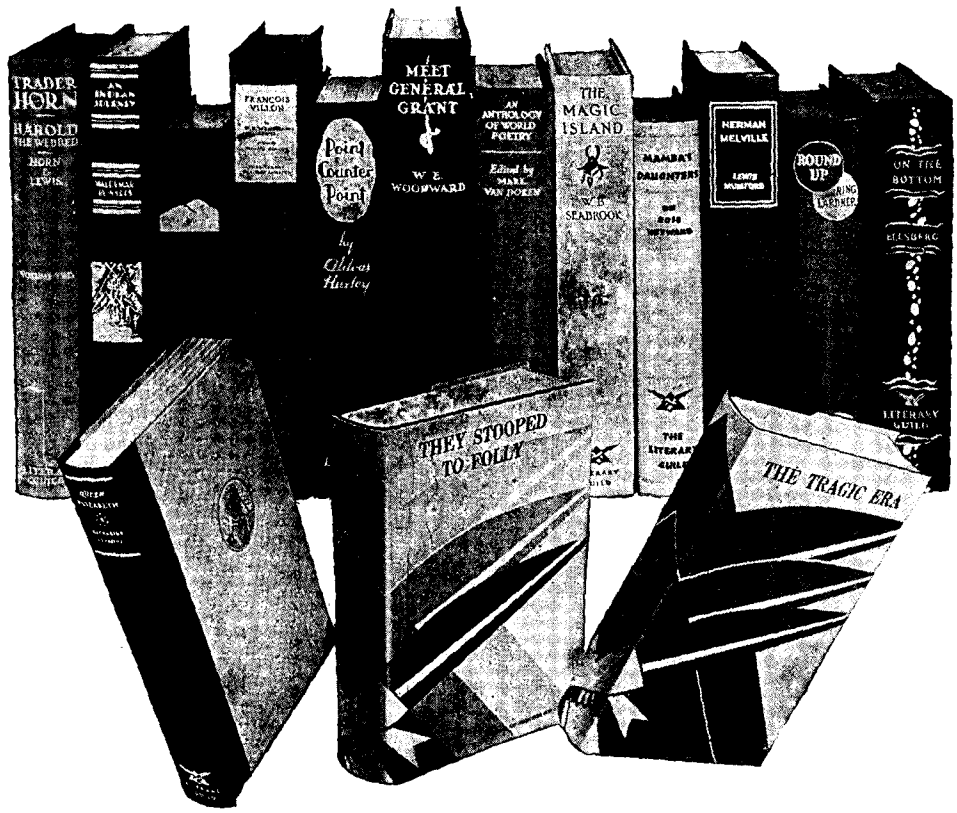

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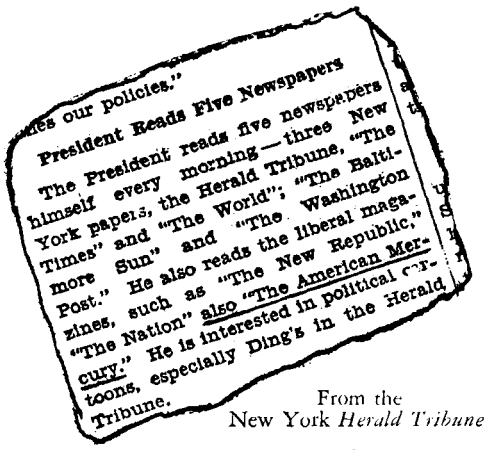

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THE LIFE OF AN ORDINARY WOMAN.
By Anne Ellis. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$3.50 8¼ x 5½; 301 pp. *Boston*

Mrs. Ellis, born in Missouri, was taken westward as a child, and has spent almost all her life in the little mining towns of Central Colorado. The daughter of a miner, and twice married to other miners, she is familiar with every detail of the sordid and desperate struggle for pay dirt in the desolate Rocky Mountain valleys. Her story has to do with housekeeping in tar-paper houses, with having babies far from a hospital or even a doctor, with the rude merrymaking of people always on the verge of want, and with the dream of sudden riches that sustains them. All sorts of fantastic characters move through her pages—mainly poor folk, ignorant and credulous. Her own indomitable personality gives her narrative whatever charm it may be said to have. A lifetime of disappointment and disaster, if it has not left her an optimist, has at least left her unafraid. She writes simply, but very effectively. Her book is a novelty and well worth reading.

TWELVE ROYAL LADIES.
By Sidney Dark. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$3 8⅜ x 5⅝; 339 pp. *New York*

The twelve ladies considered are Catherine de' Medici, Mary of England, Mary Queen of Scots, Henrietta Maria, Queen Christina of Sweden, Sophia, Electress of Hanover, Louise de la Vallière, Maria Theresa, Catherine the Great, Marie Antoinette, Josephine de Beauharnais, and Caroline of Brunswick. Mr. Dark's account of them is straightforward reporting. There are twelve portraits by Mabel Pugh.

GOETHE.
By Jean Marie Carré. *Coward-McCann*
$3 9 x 6; 308 pp. *New York*

In his preface M. Carré says that his book "makes no pretence of being a substitute for the great German monographs. . . . I propose simply to let the reader see the various stages . . . of Goethe's life, leaving aside all questions of philosophic or æsthetic interpretation." This purpose he carries out in an able manner, and his book should prove of value to the general reader. The translation is by Eleanor Hard.

COLERIDGE. *The Sublime Somnambulist.*
By John Charpentier. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$3.50 8¾ x 5⅞; 332 pp. *New York*

So good is this critical biography of Coleridge that one finds it very difficult to think of another that excels it. M. Charpentier knows his man as few others have known him. He admits what no one has ever dared deny, that Coleridge was probably the greatest critic of poetry in any language, but he also sees through his many defects in other directions. The author of "The Ancient Mariner," he points out, left much to be desired as a poet. He could move the reader, but was seldom able to make himself clear to him. Neither was he much as a philosopher, despite all his pretensions to the contrary. He made a great show of his knowledge of Herder, Kant and Fichte, but he really never understood them. He borrowed much from them, but it was only their rubbish. His general influence, however, was considerable. "His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment had been small or sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character," as even Carlyle, his worst enemy, had to admit. The translation from the French is by M. V. Nugent. There is a brief bibliography, but no index.

RACHEL.
By James Agate. *The Viking Press*
$2 7⅜ x 5; 178 pp. *New York*

"I suppose Rachel represents her day and the theatre of her day in the sense that anybody casting an eye upon the French stage of the second quarter of the Nineteenth Century would be bound to think first of her," says Mr. Agate in this excellent critical portrait. "But to suggest that the most famous of all

Continued on page xiv

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The Rabelais of legend, the vulgar buffoon whom Voltaire and Montaigne saw, has long ago been discarded; but modern opinion is still so far from any understanding of Rabelais the man that it is possible for some to see in him an archatheist, while others insist upon regarding him as a devout Catholic. What is the truth? Mr. Putnam's object has been to give us *the real Rabelais.*

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tragédiènnes is in any way representative of the great dramatic movement which sprang up in her time would be to suggest something essentially false. . . . Rachel evoked once more the spirit of classic tragedy, and 'roused an enthusiasm, unlooked-for and in that age almost unnatural, for her hero Racine, whom the Romantics had firmly believed to be safely buried.' Rachel, then, was not a revolutionary, but a reactionary. . . . She founded no school of acting and left no successors. She was the last word in classic acting, and illustrates the essential condition of last words, which is that after their utterance no more shall be said." The volume belongs to the Representative Women Series, edited by Francis Birrell; it has a bibliography, but an index is missing.

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS.
By Jacob de Haas. *The Block Publishing Company*
$3 8 x 5½; 296 pp. *New York*

Mr. de Haas is concerned mainly with Mr. Justice Brandeis's activities in the Zionist movement. He deals very rapidly with his record as lawyer, trust-buster, strike arbitrator, and Supreme Court Justice. Mr. Brandeis comes from a long line of Czecho-Slovakian rabbis on his father's side, and mystics on his mother's side. He was born on November 13, 1856, in Louisville, Ky., and twenty years later was graduated from the Harvard Law School with the highest grades any student has ever received there at any time, before or since. When he married in 1891 he had made enough money in the practice of law to feel free to devote himself largely to public work. His labors in behalf of minimum wage laws, workmen's compensation laws, and the State regulation of insurance companies are well known. He became Associate Justice of the Supreme Court on June 5, 1916, on the appointment of President Wilson. The two men who fought most persistently against his confirmation were President Lowell of Harvard and Chief Justice Taft, who was then a professor of law at Yale. Up to 1910 he took almost no interest in Jewish affairs. But in that year, as the result of his labors as mediator in the New York cloakmakers' strike, he became interested. Before long he was the leader of the Zionist movement in the United States, and has remained so to this day. Mr. de Haas thinks that "the most consistent contribution to American Jewish history in the Twentieth Century has been that of Louis Dembitz Brandeis." The second half of the book is given over to a reproduction of some of Mr. Brandeis's articles, letters and speeches on Zionism. There are six illustrations.

MARLBOROUGH. *The Portrait of a Conqueror.*
By Donald Barr Chidsey. *The John Day Company*
$3.50 9½ x 6¼; 308 pp. *New York*

In his introduction Mr. Chidsey says: "This is a book compiled rather than originally conceived. It is a parasite's job, resting upon the labor of other men, worthier students." This is being a bit too modest. Mr. Chidsey has unearthed no new material about the amazing Jack Churchill, who started out as a poor country boy and ended up as one of the shrewdest politicians, soldiers, and business men England has ever produced; but he plainly knows his subject and has told his story in straightforward English, with no attempt at "psychological interpretation." His book is the first one-volume biography of the man. There are eight illustrations, a bibliography, and an index.

MY PEOPLE THE SIOUX.
By Luther Standing Bear. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$4 8 x 5¼; 288 pp. *Boston*

Chief Standing Bear is the son of Chief Standing Bear the First, an hereditary chief of the Oglala tribe of the Sioux Nation, and was one of the first Indians to enter the Carlisle School. His book is an absorbing account of the life of an Indian—the games and training of the years when Indian life was free from white influence; the building of the tipi; the buffalo hunt and the warpath; Custer's last fight; the sun dance; life on the reservation, and at Carlisle; the ghost-dance troubles of 1890–91; and experiences with Buffalo Bill. There are many illustrations from drawings and photographs; William S. Hart has contributed a senseless introduction.

WASHINGTON IRVING. *Letters from Sunnyside and Spain.*
Edited by Stanley W. Williams. *The Yale University Press*
$2 8¾ x 5¾; 80 pp. *New Haven*

There are eighteen letters here, most of them appearing in print for the first time. They cover the period 1840–1845, or, in Irving's age, from fifty-seven to sixty-two. Nearly all of them are addressed to his favorite niece, Mrs. Sarah Storrow. There is little in them save family gossip. Only one has any real biographical interest. Irving wrote it from Madrid on December 12, 1842, and in it threw this light on the mystery of his bachelorhood: "God knows, I have no great idea of bachelorhood and am not one of the fraternity through choice—but Providence has somehow or other thwarted the warm wishes of my heart and the tendencies of my nature in those earlier seasons of life when tender and happy unions are made; and has protected me in those more advanced periods

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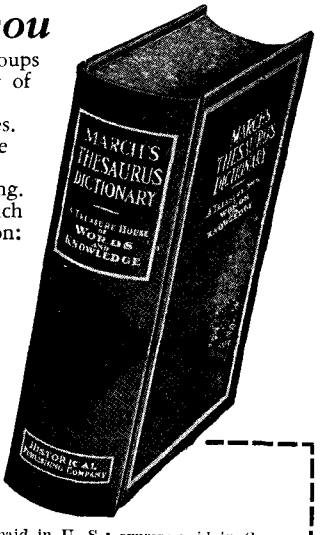

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when matrimonial unions are apt to be unsuited or ungenial; but I have often repined at my single state and have looked forward with doubt and solicitude to the possibility of an old age solitary, uncherished and unloved." Dr. Williams is associate professor of English at Yale.

LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT.
By David Loth. *Brentano's*
$5 9½ x 6½; 330 pp. *New York*

It is very difficult to make out whether this book is a biography, a novel, or a detective story. There are only three or four dates in it, not a single reference to an authority, and no bibliography whatever. The names of the characters, however, are those of very real persons and there is something happening to them, so one probably must call it a biography. But it's a very strange biography indeed. Lorenzo's grandfather Cosimo, the foster father of the Renaissance, is pictured as little better than a good-natured fool whose wife was not fond of him because he would not listen to "what she had said to the butcher and what the wine merchant said to her and how the children were always wearing out their clothes." Lorenzo, as scholars know him, was one of the most distinguished classical students of his time and a celebrated patron of the arts, but Mr. Loth seems to think differently. The Lorenzo he portrays was a combination of Warren Gamaliel Harding, Richard Dix and Bishop Manning. Throughout the book Mr. Loth writes as an eye-witness of everything and *alter ego* to everybody. He knows what Lucrezia, one of Lorenzo's mistresses, thought when she first saw him. He knows precisely what went through Lorenzo's head when he was introduced to his future wife, Clarice: "Lorenzo thought the girl would do. He remembered that he had seen her once on his last visit to Rome. Fifteen, wasn't she? Yes, she seemed all right. Anything Piero [his father] wanted." And he knows that on his death bed Lorenzo "murmured wistfully." The book would make a swell serial for the New York *Graphic*.

DANIEL WEBSTER.
By Allan L. Benson.
The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation
$5 9⅝ x 6¼; 402 pp. *New York*

Mr. Benson was the Socialist candidate for President in 1916. He left the party when the United States entered the World War, and since then has been doing things that have puzzled his former colleagues. The present book will undoubtedly prove to be one of them. Webster comes out of it a great statesman, patriot and friend of the people. What is even more strange, since he was trained in the Marxian dialectic, Mr. Benson says almost nothing about the famous orator's windy, hypocritical speeches on the rights of the working people, or about his contradictory stand on the tariff, or about his generally confused and ignorant views on politico-economic affairs. The book betrays no original research whatever, or even acquaintance with all the relevant literature. There is no bibliography or index.

HAWTHORNE.
By Newton Arvin. *Little, Brown & Company*
$3.50 8⅞ x 5¼; 303 pp. *Boston*

Hawthorne, one of the two real glories of the New England Golden Age, still remains a mystery. Mr. Arvin, assistant professor of English at Smith, has unearthed no new biographical material about him, and such things as his strange relationship with Melville and his curious attitude toward the Civil War, not to mention his extraordinary love affair with Sophia Peabody, have yet to be explained with any appreciable degree of satisfaction. Mr. Arvin's critical judgments throughout are commonplace and sometimes stupid. He thinks that "as a writer of fiction, Hawthorne was plainly not of the first order," because "his stories do not enact themselves in the open, in the midst of things, in the sunlight." They lack "the touch of illusive personality," whatever that may mean. "The Scarlet Letter," he thinks, is no great shakes. He complains of "the woodenness of its narrative movement," and goes on to say that it "has too much the quality of a pageant—or of an opera!—to be a novel of the first order." There are twelve illustrations, a brief bibliography, and an index.

CRITICISM

THE EIGHTEEN-SEVENTIES.
Edited by H. Granville-Barker. *The Macmillan Company*
$3 8½ x 5⅝; 290 pp. *New York*

The essays in this book are all by members of the English Royal Society of Literature, and most of them seem to have originated as lectures delivered at soirées of the society. They are not notable for either historical profundity or critical acumen. The Marquess of Crew writes about his father, Lord Houghton, Hugh Walpole discusses the novelists of the 70's, George Saintsbury contributes personal reminiscences of Andrew Lang, Sir Arthur Pinero writes about Tom Robertson and Henry J. Byron, and there are chapters on Oxford and Cambridge during the period under review. None of the contributors seems to have much to say. The most interesting essay is R. W. Macan's on Oxford. The book has a good index.

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French *is as Easy as this:*

parlez - - - - - par-lay *(speak)*

beaucoup - - - bow-koo *(much, many)*

bouquet - - - - boo-kay *(a bunch of flowers)*

mais oui - - - - may we *(but, yes)*

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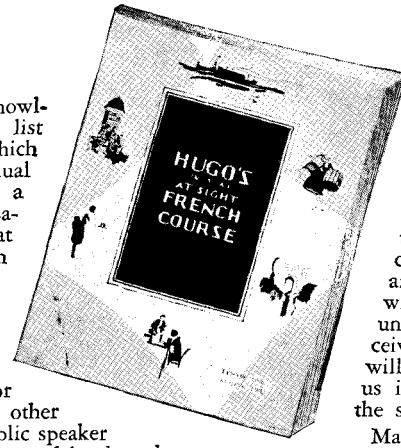

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CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN LITERATURE.
By John Matthews Manly & Edith Rickert.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$2.25 7½ x 4¾; 378 pp. *New York*

This book, which is intended for use as a college text, first appeared in 1922; the present revision is by Fred B. Millett. The point of view is that of a rather enlightened pedagogue, and most of the judgments are sound enough. Here and there the adult reader will elevate his highbrows—as when a laudatory account of Wilbur Daniel Steele is followed by the statement that "it would be unjust to end this sketch of the American short story without at least mentioning . . . the drab mid-Western realism of Ruth Suckow"—but in the main there is a refreshing paucity of the usual academic absurdity. After a brief consideration of the main streams of contemporary American writing, in which all the principal authors are neatly pigeon-holed, there follows a series of biographical sketches, with bibliographies. In many cases there are "Suggestions for Reading" in the familiar pedagogical manner. At the end there are some specimen reports from students, showing the effects of a study of the book upon them. Of Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Renascence" one says "I don't think she has terribly much to say."

THE AMERICAN NOVEL.
By Grant Overton. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$1 7⅜ x 4⅜; 155 pp. *Philadelphia*

This, a rapid survey of the history of the American novel, belongs to the Lippincott One Hour Series, and is the worst of the lot so far. It is badly written, poorly organized, and full of bizarre judgments. Among Dreiser's novels that "need not be read" Mr. Overton lists "The Financier," "The Titan," and "Jennie Gerhardt"! And of "An American Tragedy" he says, "Both psychology and religion owe to this book a debt as great as to any novel ever written." Bromfield, he thinks, "is a born novelist," but "an outline of the American novel need take only brief notice of Anderson." Frank Norris is barely touched upon, but Cooper, Booth Tarkington, Anne Douglas Sedgwick and Edith Wharton are given a section each.

THE GEORGIAN NOVEL & MR. ROBINSON.
By Storm Jameson. *William Morrow & Company*
$1 7½ x 5; 75 pp. *New York*

The Mr. Robinson of the title is the intelligent layman, to whom the book is addressed. Miss Jameson, a novelist of talent herself, is concerned mainly with the English novelists of the post-war period. Her discussion is brief but often very penetrating. Her criticism of Aldous Huxley and Virginia Woolf is as good as any that has yet been written. But she falls down when she attempts to explain the current dearth of masterpieces. She thinks that the two reasons are "a lack of faith . . . and a lack of knowledge" in the present-day novelist. This really explains nothing. Fielding, Jane Austen, Emily Brontë and Hardy had no more faith and knowledge than any of their successors, yet they composed masterpieces.

SOCIOLOGY

WHAT IS RIGHT WITH MARRIAGE: *An Outline of Domestic Theory.*
By Robert C. & Frances Williams Binkley.
D. Appleton & Company
$2.50 8 x 5⅜; 262 pp. *New York*

Mr. and Mrs. Binkley take a common sense view of marriage. Rejecting both the schoolgirl attitude which sees it as a mystical and indissoluble union of elected affinities and the "advanced" theory which regards it as little more than a series of irresponsible week-ends, they argue that it is really one of the most pliant, rational and workable of human institutions. What they have to say about it is seldom new, for little that is new is to be said, but they present the best current wisdom on the subject in an orderly and persuasive manner, and it borrows a fresh authority from the fact that they are themselves contentedly married, and to each other. They discuss the sex question frankly, but without making too much of it. A good deal of the current discontent, they think, is due to false teaching upon the subject in youth. In order to keep the young virtuous they are taught that sex is a wicked matter. When, later on, they marry, it is hard for them to get rid of that idea. But what is to be done about it does not appear clearly.

NEIGHBORS ALL. *A Settlement Notebook.*
By Esther G. Barrows. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$2 8¼ x 5¼; 218 pp. *Boston*

For over twenty years Miss Barrows was a resident in the South End House of Boston, one of America's leading centers of social work. She was one of the late Robert A. Woods' chief assistants. In the present book she relates some of her more memorable experiences with the poor of her neighborhood. It is full of human interest, and makes very moving reading.

STERILIZATION FOR HUMAN BETTERMENT.
By E. S. Gosney and Paul Popenoe.
The Macmillan Company
$2 7⅜ x 4⅞; 202 pp. *New York*

The authors ground their argument mainly on the results in California, where 3,428 men and 2,827

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ANCESTOR JORICO

By William J. Locke

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women have been sterilized in State hospitals since 1909. In this series there have been four deaths—two from the anæsthetic and two from infection. There have been seven known failures—three among the vasectomies and four among the salpingectomies. The authors report that the great majority of persons subjected to operation have not objected to it, and that the physical, psychic and social results have been almost uniformly good. They believe that sterilization as a mere matter of birth control should be discouraged, but that normal persons should be permitted to have it done when parentage would be dangerous. They argue that it is almost inconceivable that the persons forced to submit to the operation by law could ever have produced superior children. At the end there is a notice of a book by a German Catholic priest, showing that the Catholic Church does not object to the sterilization of the insane, however violently it may object to ordinary contraception. The book is documented and has an index.

HISTORY

SEVEN IRON MEN.
By Paul De Kruif. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3 8⅝ x 5⅝; 241 pp. *New York*

The unusual gift for dramatic narrative which Dr. De Kruif displayed in "Microbe Hunters" and "Hunger Fighters" is shown once again in "Seven Iron Men." The heroes of the title are the seven Merritts of Duluth, who, after long years of adventure in the wilds of Northern Minnesota, discovered and developed the celebrated Mis-sa-be iron range. The mines there are still among the richest in the world, but the Merritts no longer have any substantial interest in them. Running short of ready money in the panic of 1893, they turned to John D. Rockefeller, and pretty soon he had the mines and they had the glory. Dr. De Kruif recites at length the story of the discovery. The Merritts faced every sort of hardship, but held on with indomitable courage. When the great strike was made at last it was almost unbelievable. Millions of tons of the best sort of ore, already powdered by nature's forces, lay upon the surface of the ground, and mining it was simply a brute job for steam-shovels. Dr. De Kruif's narrative is full of a contagious gusto. He admires his heroes vastly and makes them brilliantly real. They were, indeed, men of most curious and charming personality, and it is pleasant to have their history so well done. The book has some documentary appendices, and at the end there is a good index. There are twenty full-page illustrations.

THE ROMANCE OF THE RAILS.
By Agnes C. Laut. *Robert M. McBride & Company*
$7.50 8⅝ x 5¾; 2 vols.; 590 pp. *New York*

Miss Laut is more interested in the human side of the story of American railroads than in the dry details of their financial and engineering history. Her narrative is devoted largely to an account of their relations to the public they serve. Those relations, more often than not, have been unpleasant, for practically every road in the country, at one time or other, has got into the hands of stock manipulators, and the people in its territory have had to put up with bad service and pay off the losses. But now there is a new spirit in railroading, and most of the big roads are efficiently managed and enjoy more or less public favor. Miss Laut's narrative is full of curious oddities, and through it marches a long procession of picturesque men. Her two volumes are well illustrated, though some of the pictures, especially those in line, are badly reproduced.

LIFE & WORK IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.
By G. Renard. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$4.50 9¼ x 5⅞; 228 pp. *New York*

This book belongs to the History of Civilization series, but is by no means as good as most of its fellows. M. Renard, who is a professor at the Collège de France, discusses the beginnings of language, the discovery of the uses of fire, the domestication of animals, and the origin of the common arts and sciences. He also has a chapter on the primitive forms of social institutions. His book is well arranged, but he has little to say that is new, and some of the familiar theories that he rehearses are more or less dubious. There is an index, but no bibliography. There are twenty-four illustrations but only a few of them really illustrate.

POETRY

THE WALL OF WEEPING.
By Edmond Fleg. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$12 9¾ x 6; 101 pp. *New York*

This sonorous apocalyptic poem, originally done in French, is here translated by Humbert Wolfe. It is workmanlike and eloquent, but not otherwise notable. The protagonist, a Jew, addresses his fellow devotees at the Place of Lamentation in Jerusalem. The horrors of war through the ages are reviewed, and the earth is represented as appealing to the stars for pity:

> Planets, my sisters, stars and nebulæ
> who see my flesh wrung by obscure disgrace,
> turn your cool vision from my agony
> and suffer me to hide myself in space.

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

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But peace, saith the bard, will come at last, and "the slain will arise like a lover and be loved again." The edition is limited to 750 copies, of which 250 are for America. Each is signed by author and translator.

AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.
By Thomas Gray. *The Oxford University Press*
$7.50 10 x 7¼; 98 pp. *New York*

This reprint, which is edited by Francis Griffin Stokes, employs the text of the first quarto, 1751, but shows variants from three MSS. in the poet's hand, and from the other editions printed during his lifetime. The latter were very numerous, but not of much importance for the present purpose. In appendices Mr. Stokes discusses, first, the familiar legend that General Wolfe, on the eve of scaling the Heights of Abraham, said to his officers, "Gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec," and second, the probable location of the churchyard of the title. In each he finds it impossible to come to a definite conclusion. The reprint is beautifully done and includes two facsimiles.

TEXT-BOOKS

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.
By Emile Legouis & Louis Cazamian.
The Macmillan Company
$7.50 8½ x 5½; 1424 pp. *New York*

This excellent text, which first appeared in two volumes in 1927, is here presented in one large volume. It was originally written for use in the French universities, but its sound arrangement and apt judgments make it of value also to English-speaking students. The period from 650 to 1660 is discussed by M. Legouis and that from 1660 to 1914 by M. Cazamian. The translation of the first part is by Helen Douglas Irvine and that of the second by W. D. MacInnes and the author. Somewhat curiously, the first paragraph of the introduction to Part I is repeated verbatim as the first paragraph of the introduction to Part II. The book is printed on thin but opaque paper, and has a good index.

RAW MATERIALS OF INDUSTRIALISM.
By Hugh B. Killough & Lucy W. Killough.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
$3.75 8¾ x 5⅝; 407 pp. *New York*

Mr. Killough is associate professor of economics at Brown, and Mrs. Killough is assistant professor of economics at Wellesley. Their book is an excellent survey of all the world's raw products, and is well illustrated and amply documented. It is divided into five major sections: textile fibres, crude products of the forest, fuels and power, metals and sulphur, and minor commodities (such as fertilizers, potassium, tobacco, asbestos, etc.). At the end there is a discussion of the "Influence of Raw Materials Upon Economic Thought and Practice" and of "Raw Materials, a Cause for Penetration of Undeveloped Regions." There is a long bibliography, and also an index.

THE SCIENCE OF PSYCHOLOGY. *An Introductory Study.*
By Raymond Holder Wheeler.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
$3.75 8¾ x 5⅜; 556 pp. *New York*

This text-book of psychology, as good a one as there is in print, is written, in the main, from the so-called organismic and configurational standpoints, to wit, "that the whole determines the functioning of its parts, and . . . that action, including behavior, is directed by a remote end which is established before action begins." These two principles are the foundation of the *Gestalt* psychology. Dr. Wheeler, who is professor of psychology and director of the laboratory at the University of Kansas, thus pays more attention to the phenomena of social behavior than the writers of the older texts. He writes clearly and, what is rare for men of his profession, with great caution. There are good bibliographies at the ends of the chapters, a generous number of adequate illustrations, and an index. There are no "suggestive questions" anywhere in the book, thank God!

ECONOMIC RESOURCES & INDUSTRIES OF THE WORLD.
By Isaac Lippincott. *D. Appleton & Company*
$5 8⅞ x 5¾; 656 pp. *New York*

This is one of the most useful reference books of its kind. It is, indeed, a little encyclopedia of economics and industrial psychology. Dr. Lippincott, who is professor of economic resources in Washington University, divides his discussion into three main sections. Part I deals with "Factors in the Development of the World's Resources and Industries"; Part II with "The Distribution and Development of World Resources"; and Part III with "Resources and Development of Certain Countries." There are a generous number of maps, brief bibliographies at the ends of the chapters, and an index.

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NEW YORK TIMES

PORTRAIT OF A CONQUEROR

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Drusilla and Lou, whose love is shipwrecked by the cynicism of their elders, are leading characters in a novel of exceptional beauty. $2.50

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By *James Hopper*

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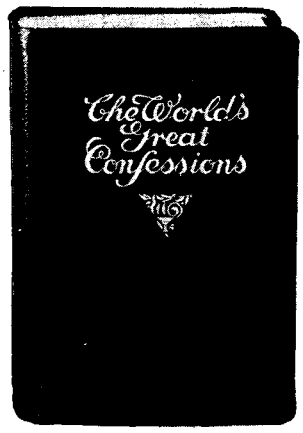

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PUBLIC QUESTIONS

AMERICA CHALLENGED.
By Lewis F. Carr. *The Macmillan Company*
$3.50 8½ x 5½; 322 pp. *New York*

Mr. Carr argues that the prosperity of the United States must remain precarious so long as the returns from agriculture fail to give the farmer a decent living. He believes that much might be accomplished by an alert and intelligent Department of Agriculture, managed as well as the Department of Commerce was managed under Mr. Hoover. The immediate need, he says, is for better prices for farm products, but in the long run an improved organization of agriculture, and especially of marketing, should bring them down again. He is dubious about the proposal to substitute large commercial farms for the present family farms. "Not more than one-third of our present cultivated land," he says, "appears to be suitable for large-scale farming." His book is well documented and has an index.

COÖPERATIVE MARKETING OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.
By Newell H. Comish. *D. Appleton & Company*
$3.50 8¼ x 5⅜; 479 pp. *New York*

This is probably the most comprehensive and up-to-date study of the coöperative movement in the United States in print. In the first part Dr. Comish, who is professor of sociology and economics in the School of Commerce of the Oregon State College, considers the business coöperatives: coöperative citrus fruit associations, apple associations, dried fruit associations, vegetable associations, creameries, cheese factories, milk associations, associations to handle poultry products, grain, wool, cotton, tobacco and livestock associations, and purchasing associations. In Part II he discusses the special coöperative problems, particularly those of price and pooling, and in Part III he considers the general farmers' organizations, such as the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union and the American Society of Equity. His general attitude toward the movement is favorable. There are a bibliography and an index.

NATIONALITY: ITS NATURE & PROBLEMS.
By Bernard Joseph. *The Yale University Press*
$3 8½ x 5¼; 380 pp. *New Haven*

Dr. Joseph believes that the advantages of nationalism more than outweigh the evils it does. Its effects, he says, are much like those of individualism. "A variety of national lives" makes for self-consciousness, enterprise and independence of spirit, and so "enriches the general civilization of the world." Where nation-

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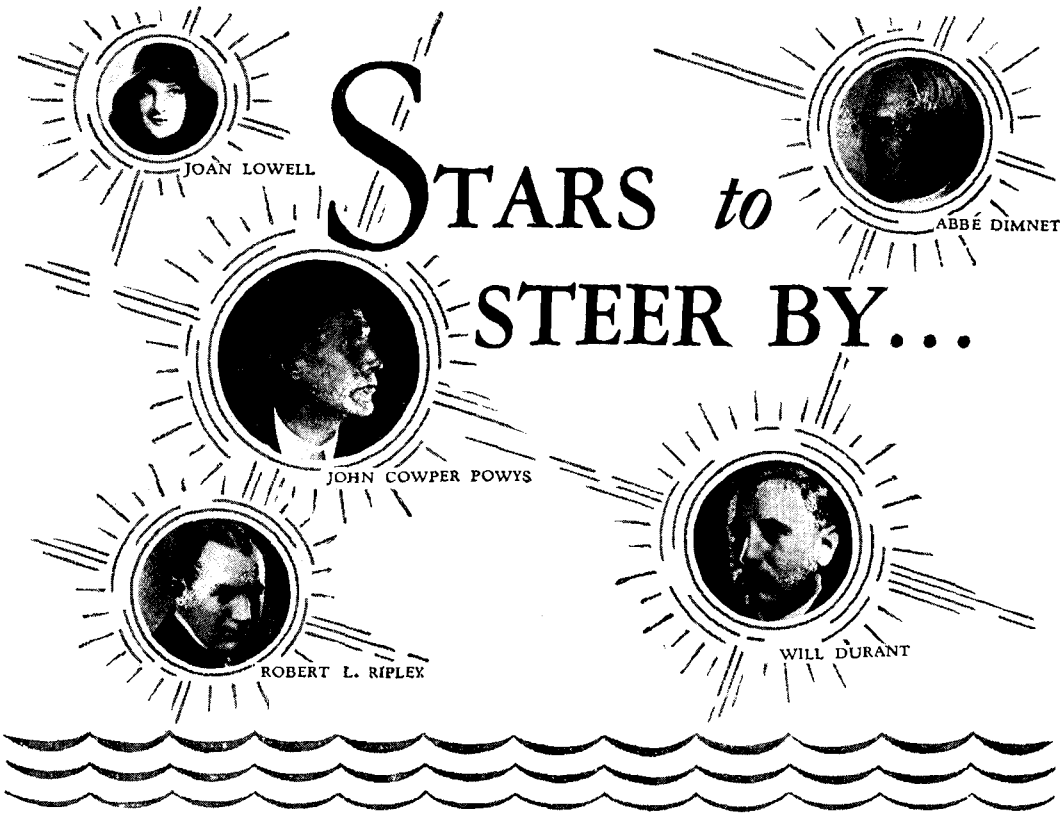
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alism is perverted or suppressed, as in "Levantine ports or American industrial centers" the results are spiritual impoverishment and the beginnings of anarchy. Even if the goal ahead is the common brotherhood of man, the best way to it is through the development of free and self-contained nationalities, each sufficient unto itself, as a free man is sufficient unto himself. Dr. Joseph surveys the whole recent literature of the subject, and gives ample hearing to the authorities who are against him. His essay was presented to the University of London as a thesis for the degree of doctor of philosophy. There is a foreword by Dr. C. P. Gooch.

PSYCHOLOGY & INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY.
By Harold E. Burtt. *D. Appleton & Company*
$3 8⅛ x 5¼; 395 pp. *New York*

This book on industrial psychology by the professor of psychology at the Ohio State University is no better and no worse than the others in the field. There really is no such science, and there never will be until psychology itself grows up. For the present all the "investigators" can do is to write pretentiously about what everybody knows. Here, for example, are some of the "findings" Dr. Burtt has made: that "the worker learning a new job must perform the operation repeatedly before it is perfected," that "acts which lead to satisfaction are more readily learned and those which lead to dissatisfaction are more readily dropped," that "the wage incentive is one of the most fundamental, perhaps, and is rather widely used," that one of the best ways to do away with monotony "is to make the work itself more interesting," and that "the efficiency of the industrial operative is influenced to quite an extent by the environment in which he works." In the chapter entitled "Satisfaction and Morale," dealing with the causes of strikes and labor turnover, Dr. Burtt says: "Some of this dissatisfaction is justified. There are unquestionably instances in which workers receive unfair treatment, from the financial standpoint. . . . There are cases in which efficiency methods unduly drive the workers and speed them to an unfair and harmful degree." The mill workers of the South will be grateful when they read this.

TRAVEL

THE MISADVENTURES OF A TROPICAL MEDICO.
By Herbert Spender Dickey & Hawthorne Daniel.
Dodd, Mead & Company
$3.50 8⅝ x 5⅝; 304 pp. *New York*

This is a strange tale, and very well told. There may be, to be sure, some gentle stretchers in it—as

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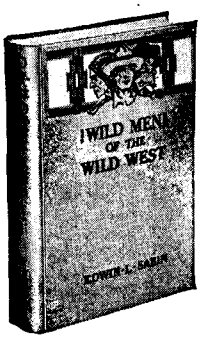

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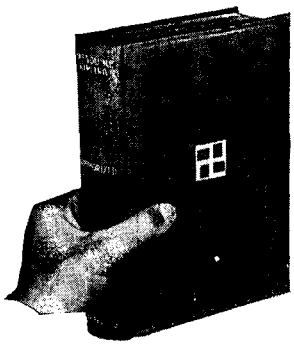

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Continued from page xxvi

when Dr. Dickey tells of a motor launch on the Amazon run with absinthe as fuel!—but if they are there, they are not obtrusive. Dr. Dickey is a native of Highland Falls, N. Y., and on leaving medical college decided to go to South America to practise. He knew no one there and had very little money, but soon he was busy in a Colombian port town, fighting an epidemic of yellow fever, and thereafter, for thirty years, he wandered all over the Southern continent, mainly as a medical man but also, on occasion, as an explorer and an adventurer. His story leads to places that white men seldom visit, and is full of curious matter. He was for years a company surgeon in the Putumayo rubber country, and helped Sir Roger Casement to expose the atrocities therein practised upon the poor Indians. He lived in appalling towns in the Ecuadorian mountains and along the head-waters of the Amazon. He crossed the Andes on foot five times—once with a bride from home! He was brought to death's door a dozen times—by yellow fever, by malaria, by attempts to kill him—but always he managed to survive. How much of his story is his own narrative and how much is Mr. Daniel's does not appear. In any case, it makes capital reading. There are illustrations from photographs by Dr. Dickey.

THEN I SAW THE CONGO.
By Grace Flandrau. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5⅝; 308 pp. *New York*

Mrs. Flandrau and her party travelled up the Congo from Boma, made a hunting trip into the Ituri forest, and then proceeded overland to Kenya, thus crossing equatorial Africa from west to east. The adventures encountered along the way were seldom exciting, but nevertheless the trip was full of strange experiences, and the author recounts them in a very engaging manner. Travel in that wild and miasmatic country, it appears, is now pretty well organized. There are comfortable steamboats on the Congo, railroads run around the rapids, and in the interior plenty of natives stand ready to tote the baggage of visitors. Several interesting chapters are devoted to the Mangbetus, an aristocratic tribe which lords it over the other blacks. The book is illustrated and has an index.

WHITE AFRICANS & BLACK.
By Caroline Singer & Cyrus Le Roy Baldridge.
W. W. Norton & Company
$10 12¼ x 9¼; 120 pp. *New York*

The scene here is the sinister, forbidding West Coast of Africa, with Mr. Baldridge doing the pictures and Miss Singer the text. The former are considerably

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EMERSON

The Wisest American

by Phillips Russell

Author of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, JOHN PAUL JONES, *etc.*

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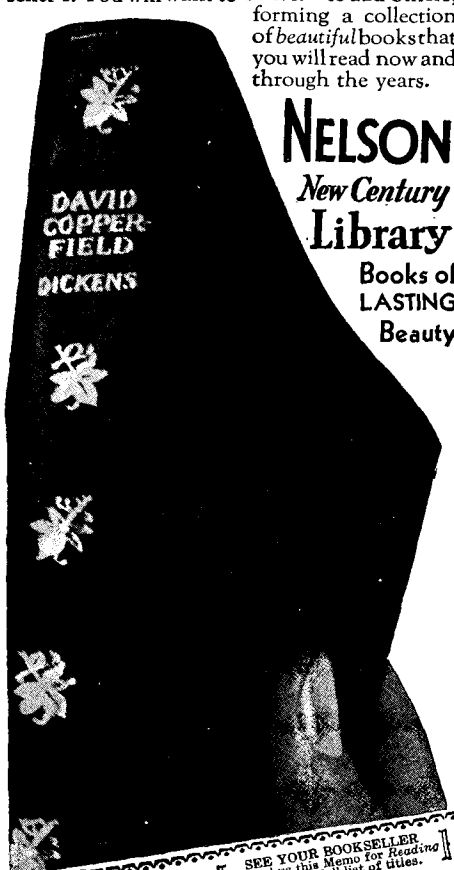

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more important than the latter. Mr. Baldridge's drawings, indeed, are always good and sometimes brilliant, and they have been reproduced by a process which preserves all their merit. Better than any description, or even than photographs, they make a vivid and interesting presentation of the life of the blacks. The book was designed by Mr. Baldridge and Melvin Loos and printed by William Edwin Rudge. It makes a very handsome volume.

A VERY NAKED PEOPLE.
By Albert Londres. *Horace Liveright*
$3 8⅜ x 5½; 267 pp. *New York*

M. Londres wandered all over the French colonies in the western hump of Africa, from Dakar in Senegal to Timbuctoo, and then made a trip to the more southerly settlements. His narrative, done in a lively, staccato manner, is anything but conventional. He describes with grim humor the rigorous treatment of the natives by the French officials, and says that many of the latter, returning home, leave large families of half-breed children behind them. One of his most interesting chapters is devoted to one Depuis, a Catholic missionary priest who renounced his vows, married a native woman, and is now a leading citizen in Timbuctoo, respected by whites and blacks alike, and even by his former colleagues of the cloth. The book is full of amusing and instructive stuff. The translation by Sylvia Stuart is excellent.

THE SCIENCES

ORIGIN THROUGH EVOLUTION.
By Nathan Fasten. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3.75 8⅛ x 5⅜; 456 pp. *New York*

Dr. Fasten, an Austrian by birth, is professor of zoölogy at the Oregon State Agricultural College, and his book is the outgrowth of his experience as a teacher. It will not make much progress in the Bible Belt, for it teaches that the evolution of man from lower forms of life is an undoubted fact, and offers a great deal of evidence in support of it. The text begins with a consideration of the nature of matter, proceeds to a clear explanation of the various current cosmogonies, and then discusses living organisms and rehearses the reasons for believing in their evolution from simple forms. The exposition is well planned, there are sufficient explanatory pictures, and the writing is simple and clear. In particular the handling of conflicting theories is admirable. The book, though intended for use in colleges, is not defaced by the usual idiotic pedagogical apparatus. There is a glossary at the end, followed by a good index.

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Continued from page xxx

THE STORY OF THE WEATHER.
By Eugene Van Cleef. *The Century Company*
$2.50 7⅜ x 4⅞; 274 pp. *New York*

Avoiding as much as possible the somewhat formidable terminology of meteorology, Dr. Van Cleef tries to put the main facts about the weather into very simple terms. He has chapters on clouds, on storms, on the characteristics of the four seasons, and on the methods of forecasting. He also discusses the influence of the weather upon human comfort and industry, and has something to say about the ventilation and heating of houses. His book does not go very far, but within its limits it is well-planned and useful. He is professor of geography at Ohio State University.

THE UNIVERSE AROUND US.
By James Jeans. *The Macmillan Company*
$4.50 8½ x 5⅝; 341 pp. *New York*

Professor Jeans has a quite unusual capacity for writing clearly about scientific abstrusities, and here it carries him far. It would be hard to imagine a more lucid discussion of celestial mechanics than that he offers. If there are readers who cannot follow him, then the fault lies with their ignorance of elementary physics and mathematics, not with his exposition. In the speculative parts of his book he is unfailingly interesting. The solar system, he believes, is destined to last for many millions of years, and so the history of mankind is just beginning. He doubts that there is anything comparable to human life on any other planet, near or far. In the first place, planets are very rare in the universe, and in the second place not many of them offer the conditions that even the most primitive sort of life demands. The earth is peopled largely because it happens to be an odd kind of ash-heap. Professor Jeans devotes a large part of his book to the groups of stars outside the galactic system, and has much that is fresh and instructive to say about them. Altogether, his book is of extraordinary merit. It is admirably illustrated and has a good index.

THE ADOLESCENT: *His Conflicts & Escapes.*
By Sidney J. Schwab & Borden S. Veeder.
D. Appleton & Company
$3 8 x 5; 365 pp. *New York*

There is little here that is new: the authors simply rehearse the known facts, often with heavy dullness. But the book at least clears off a mass of common misunderstandings and imbecilities, mainly flowing out of the Freudian quackery. For example, it effectively disposes of the notion that adolescence is dominated by the horrors of sex. The sexual preoccupations of the young are given due consideration, but it is shown that they are also interested in other things. The book seems to be mainly aimed at parents, and the authors

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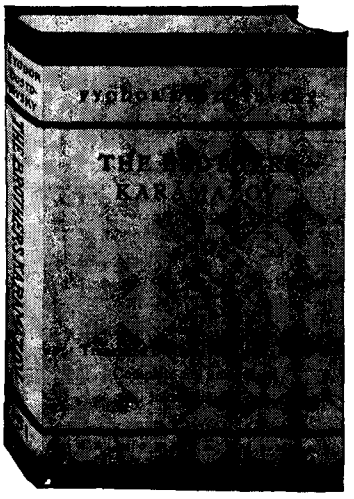

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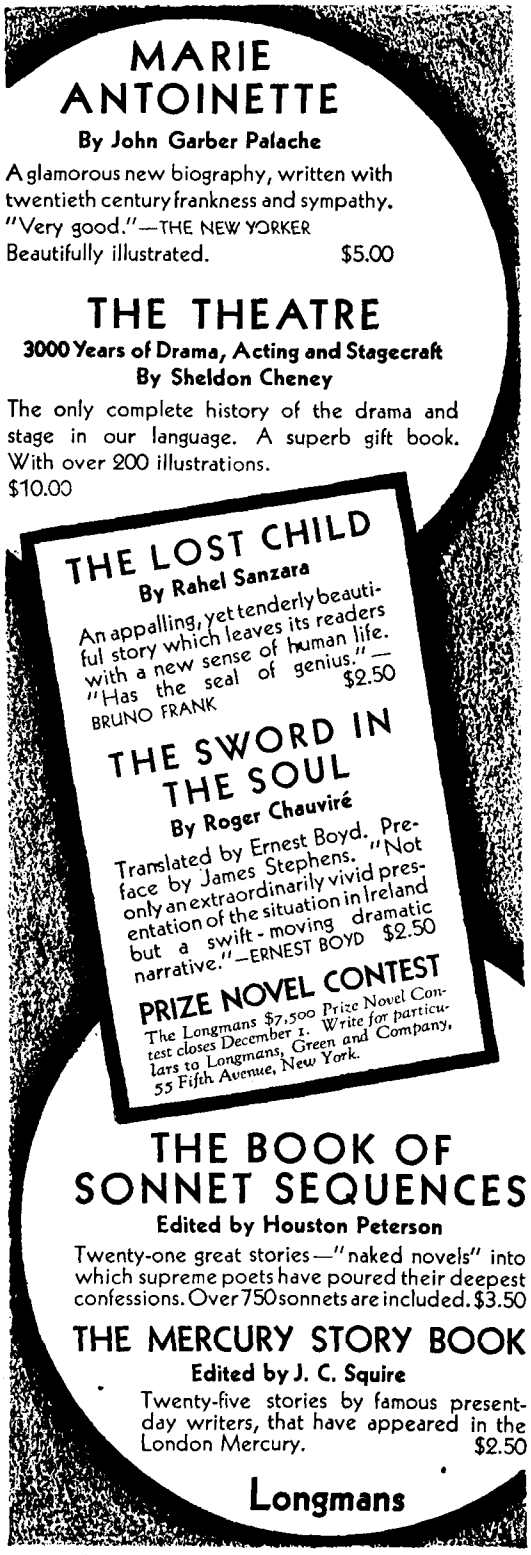

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back up their discourse with a sufficient authority, for one of them is a professor of neurology and the other a professor of pediatrics. Unfortunately, their writing, while clear enough, is quite devoid of charm, and so their book makes somewhat painful reading. They give it a good index.

ANTHOLOGIES

THE BOOK OF SONNET SEQUENCES.
Edited by Houston Peterson. Longmans, Green & Company
$3.50 8¾ x 5½; 459 pp. *New York*

Twenty-one sonnet sequences are included here, some of which first appeared as such, while the others have been arranged in that form by Mr. Peterson. The authors represented are Philip Sidney, Shakespeare, John Donne, Wordsworth, Keats, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, David Gray, George Meredith, Longfellow, Thomas Hardy, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Christina Georgina Rossetti, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Santayana, Eugene Lee-Hamilton, William Ellery Leonard, Rupert Brooke, Alan Seeger, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Thomas S. Jones, Jr., and Conrad Aiken. Mr. Peterson's selections from the English poets are fairly judicious, but those from the Americans leave something to be desired. To include Longfellow and Conrad Aiken in preference to Elinor Wylie and A. D. Ficke is to betray a strange critical sense. Aiken's sonnets, with their pretentiousness and obscurity, are hardly poems at all, while those by the late Mrs. Wylie are among the best in American literature.

SOME SPANISH-AMERICAN POETS.
Translated by Alice Stone Blackwell.
D. Appleton & Company
$3 8¼ x 5⅜; 559 pp. *New York*

Herein are included over 200 poems by some eighty poets, representing Mexico, Nicaragua, Peru, Chile, Argentina, Colombia, Venezuela, Uruguay, Bolivia, Ecuador, Paraguay, Guatemala, Honduras, Costa Rica, Salvador, Cuba, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico, and Panama. The translations are on the even pages, and the originals of them are on the pages opposite. The book is a worthy enterprise, but in all truth it must be said that on the whole it is a collection of second- and even third-rate verses. In the matter of poetry, it seems, the South American countries are little better off than Canada. Even the pieces by such well-known poets as Rubén Dario of Nicaragua and Gabriel Mistral of Chile are pretty feeble performances. There is an introduction by Dr. Isaac Goldberg.

TWENTIETH CENTURY LOVE POEMS.
Compiled by Caroline Miles Hill. Willett, Clark & Colby
$2.50 8⅛ x 5¾; 218 pp. *Chicago*

This anthology is at least 150 pages too long. The verses included herein by such poets as John Haynes

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Holmes, Julia Drachman, Grace Fallows Norton, Wade Oliver, Rebecca McCann, and Ted Olson are so poor that one is at a loss to explain why anybody printed them in the first place. The remaining poems, by Edna St. Vincent Millay, G. K. Chesterton, W. H. Davies, A. D. Ficke, John Gould Fletcher, Robert Frost, Thomas Hardy, Arthur Symons, Elinor Wylie and other such artists, are much better. They represent fairly the best love poetry of the first three decades of the Twentieth Century. The sad fact about them is that there is not one in the whole lot that is truly great. "Freedom" and "honesty," it seems, are not always, if ever, a guarantee that the love lyrics of a period will be better than, or even as good as, those written in "repressed" eras.

RELIGION

CATHOLICISM & CHRISTIANITY. *A Vindication of Progressive Protestantism.*
By Cecil John Cadoux. *Lincoln MacVeagh*
$6 9½ x 6⅛; 708 pp. *New York*

This formidable summing-up of the case against the Roman Catholic position is learned, well-mannered and extremely effective. Avoiding the usual allegations that the Pope is planning to invade the United States and hand over all Methodist virgins to the Jesuits for their enjoyment, and that nunneries are maintained as brothels for the secular priesthood, it prods valiantly into the actual doctrines and practises of Holy Church, and finds sufficient inconsistencies and imbecilities therein to satisfy even the most suspicious Protestant. The adroit Catholic shifting on such questions as the relations between church and state, the problem of authority, and the salvation of unbelievers is subjected to a merciless and devastating analysis. The author, an English theologian, is by no means a special pleader. He grants the Roman Church many virtues, and believes that it is far from the end of its day. But he believes that it has come to a pass where it must either revise some of its fundamental ideas or confess frankly that its domain lies outside the main stream of human progress. His book is heavily documented and shows an immense reading, especially in Catholic theology. Many of the chapters—for example, those on the apostolic succession, on mariolatry, on the authority of the Bible, and on Catholic eschatology—are brilliantly argued. There is no bibliography, but all authorities are cited in footnotes.

UNRAVELLING THE BOOK OF BOOKS.
By Ernest R. Trattner. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.75 8 x 5⅛; 325 pp. *New York*

Mr. Trattner's theme is the history of the text of the Bible. He rehearses at length, and very simply and interestingly, the discoveries yielded by the so-called Higher

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Criticism, and is always plausible and well-informed. Most of his space is devoted to the Old Testament, but he also has some excellent chapters on the New. Nowhere else is the matter he presents accessible in a more succinct and readable form. There is a brief bibliography at the end, followed by a good index.

THE FINE ARTS

ERIC GILL.
By Joseph Thorp. *Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*
$6 11¼ x 8¾; 65 pp. *New York*

Gill is one of the most interesting of contemporary English sculptors. Starting as an architect, he turned to stone carving, and for years was in practise as a letterer. Then he began to make more ambitious designs, and now his work is in great demand—especially his ecclesiastical work. He also makes excellent wood-carvings and drawings. In the present book thirty-seven plates in collotype give specimens of his work, and there are also two portraits of him. A preface by the editor is followed by an essay on "Eric Gill as a Carver" by Charles Marriott.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN PORTRAIT PAINTERS.
By Cuthbert Lee. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$10 12 x 9; 109 pp. *New York*

The fifty painters here represented range from Cecelia Beaux to George Luks and from Irving R. Wiles to Wayman Adams. Nearly all of them are extremely conventional in manner. The reproductions of their work, one plate to a painter, are in aquatone, and those of portraits with smooth surfaces—for example William M. Paxton's "The Green Dolman"—are good enough, but a sad hash is made of more complex textures. The notes by Mr. Lee get little beyond lists of works, brief biographies, and polite nothings.

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The Harvard University Press
$5 12⅞ x 8⅞; 59 pp. *Cambridge*

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

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it was accepted, and no copy of it is extant. In 1648 the Court formally adopted "The Book of General Lawes and Libertyes," apparently a revision of the draft made seven years before by Cotton and Ward. Historically, it is a very important document. It formed the basis of all subsequent Massachusetts legislation, and greatly influenced the legislation of all the other New England Colonies, especially Connecticut and New Haven. Judged by modern standards it was a harsh code, modeled after the barbaric justice of the Old Testament, but in its day it was fairly liberal. Read today, there is bitter humor in it for the Back Bay *noblesse*, especially in its provision "That no Jesuit, or spiritual or ecclesiastical person (as they are termed) ordained by the authoritie of the Pope, or Sea of Rome shall henceforth at any time repair to, or come within this Jurisdiction. [All Jesuits hereafter found in the Colony] shall be tryed and proceeded with by Banishment . . . : and if any person so banished shall be taken the second time within this Jurisdiction upon lawfull tryall and conviction he shall be put to death." The present reprint follows the copy of the edition of 1648 in the Huntington Library. There is a brief introduction by Dr. Max Farrand.

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE EXTERNAL WORLD.
By Bertrand Russell. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$3 8⅜ x 5⅝; 268 pp. *New York*

This is a reprint of Mr. Russell's Lowell lectures, first published in 1914. In the interval a great deal of water has gone under the metaphysical bridges, and Mr. Russell's changes in his text show how much it has influenced him. But those changes are not fundamental. The author's main ideas are as they were fifteen years ago.

THE SWEET SINGER OF MICHIGAN.
By Mrs. Julia A. Moore. *Pascal Covici*
$2 7½ x 4¾; 158 pp. *Chicago*

This is a reprint of the hilariously idiotic poems by Mrs. Moore that were first published in "The Sentimental Song Book" in 1876 in honor of the Centennial, together with her famous "Address to the Public" printed in her second volume, "A Few Choice Words to the Public, With New and Original Poems." The latter was not only a reply to the hostile reviews of her work, but also a statement of her poetical philosophy. "This little book is composed of truthful pieces," she wrote in introducing her first volume. "All those which speak of being

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BOOKS BOOKS
FOR THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE

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The Story of a Hospital Unit on the Western Front

By Frederick A. Pottle

A keen, sensitive, cultured American sets down his impressions of a field hospital close to the front lines. These clear-cut and accurate pictures take a leading place among the new interpretations of the War. *$3.00*

The Truth About Geronimo
By Britton Davis

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This thrilling story of the renowned Geronimo gives for the first time a full and fair account of the Geronimo Campaign of 1885-86. Adventure and sound history combine to make it a book of unusual interest and value. *$4.00*

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James J. Fisk, Daniel Drew, and other well-known figures move through these accounts of the spectacular early financing of the Erie railway. The side lights on questions of the legal ethics involved are highly illuminating. *$5.00*

The Great Apes
By Robert M. Yerkes

and Ada W. Yerkes

In this readable and penetrating account of anthropoid life, the authors show that the great apes are impressively manlike but that human life is dignified and exalted by the contrast. *$10.00*

The Recovery of Germany
By James W. Angell

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

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killed, died or drowned, are truthful songs; others are 'more truth than poetry.' They are all composed by the author. I was born in Plainfield, and lived there until I was ten years of age. Then my parents moved to Algoma, where they have lived until the present day, and I live near them, one mile west of Edgerton [Michigan]." The present volume is edited by Walter Blair, with an instructive critical introduction.

FICTION

MONEY FOR LOVE.
By Josephine Herbst. *Coward-McCann*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 296 pp. *New York*

Harriet Everist, a young Indianapolis actress trying to storm the theatres of New York, has led what is politely known as a free life. She falls in love with Bruce Jones, a promising playwright, but he tires of her, runs off with another girl, and bursts into the big lights. Harriet goes to pieces, returns to Indianapolis in search of forgetfulness but finds only boredom, and comes back to New York. She cannot forget Bruce; nevertheless she falls in love with Joseph Roberts. He wants to study medicine, but has no money. Harriet, out of love for Joseph, writes to Bruce, reminding him of her past favors to him and of his letters which she still has, and demands $5000 in settlement. He haggles with her in a shameful manner, and finally settles for $1000. Harriet borrows another $1000 from a maiden aunt, marries Joseph, and runs off with him to Europe, where she plans to put him in a good medical school. Miss Herbst writes a crisp and simple English. Her manner obviously is that of Hemingway, but she still has a great deal to learn from him. Behaviorism, in fiction as well as in psychology, is frequently a deceptive tool, and often leads up blind alleys. Tropisms alone can explain the behavior of a jelly-fish, but they must be supplemented with a great deal more to explain the behavior of a civilized human being. Hemingway knows this very well. When he writes about such simple people as prize-fighters and the common variety of murderers he does little more than give their bare conversation and the outline of their movements from place to place. That is usually enough. But when he writes about such complex characters as Catherine Barkley and Frederic Henry, in "A Farewell to Arms," he probes into feelings, and uses every device known to express them. Miss Herbst's characters are very complex beings, as her story shows, but she treats them as if they were little different from policemen. They thus fail to come to life, and her account of them is unconvincing.

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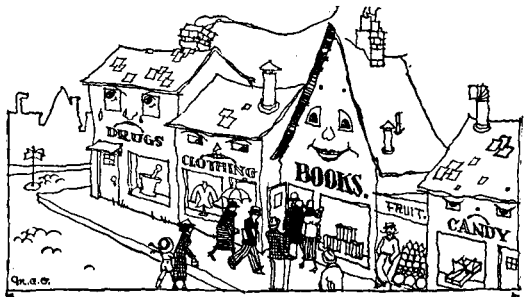

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SEE HOW THEY RUN.
By Helen Grace Carlisle. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 304 pp. *New York*

Three little girls, unhappy in their homes in Chicago, come to New York to seek work and romance. Olivia, an idealist and would-be actress, succumbs to a passion for a taxi-driver, fights it off, and becomes engaged to a devoted admirer. Mary Elizabeth, the daughter of genteel suburbanites, gives herself to a Frenchman and then makes him marry her. Rose, a romantic child of the tenements, falls in love with a cheap Greenwich Village artist and endures his attentions because she believes she inspires him, only to have him forsake her. The old tale of woman's yearnings and frustrations sung to the new tune of jazz.

LONE VOYAGERS.
By Wanda Fracken Neff. The Houghton Mifflin Company
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 286 pp. *Boston*

Mrs. Neff has herself taught in colleges and is married to Professor Emery Neff of Columbia University. Here she writes of the professors and their wives at mid-Western Chippewa University—of the domestic difficulties due to the instructors' inadequate salaries, of the petty social climbing of some of them, of professorial jealousies, of ambitious wives who goad their spouses on to Bigger and Better Things, of stupid faculty teas, of the struggles of the earnest scholar, and of the general dullness and loneliness of a college town.

AIMÉE VILLARD: *Daughter of France.*
By Charles Silvestre. The Macmillan Company
$1.75 *New York*

The story of Aimée Villard's struggle to keep her family and their farm going, after her father is gored to death by a bull. There is a grandfather of eighty, an almost helpless mother, three young children and an avaricious neighbor to cope with, but Aimée, who is beautiful and wholesome, overcomes all obstacles energetically and bravely. In the end, she not only saves the farm but succeeds in marrying a man who shares her exceeding love of the soil. A quiet and well-written story, in good translation.

APRON STRINGS.
By May Freud Dickenson. The Macaulay Company
$2 7½ x 5; 320 pp. *New York*

A defense of the martyred American husband, that "kind, hard-working, self-effacing hero," in the person of Jo Knapp, who escapes from the impositions of his peevish mother and sisters only to fall into the hands of an exacting, selfish wife. A tedious tale, full of exaggerated characters and mock heroics.

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RICHELIEU

By Hilaire Belloc

Mr. Belloc compares the career of this originator of nationalism with that of Bismarck, who completed his work, and strikes a judgment on Richelieu's character and motives as well as his actions. Illustrated with portraits and maps. $5.00

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TRANSPORT.
By Isa Glenn. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 299 pp. *New York*

Aboard an army transport sailing from San Francisco to Manila are a motley crew of passengers huddled together in a devastating proximity: there are Dr. Prime, the ship's physician, with his full black eyes, bold in their stare at the ladies; Mrs. Swan, close on forty and still beautiful, who has known Dr. Prime in the past; a bride, Mrs. Thwait, still clinging to the insolence of the débutante; Lieutenant Thwait, whose posture preserves the correct attitude of the West Pointer; Ruth Leckie, the cute nurse, and Miss Haug, the heavy nurse, who don't like women cases; Mrs. Mellish, the false blonde, who ogles Lieutenant Thwait and the Gildersleeve boy; the tragic Bhutises; and Pepita Olsen, the loud-mouthed Cuban wife of the captain. There is scarcely any plot except the implied story of Dr. Prime and Mrs. Swan, but Miss Glenn's subtly comic characterizations are so skilfully interwoven as to produce the effect of well-sustained drama.

THE ENGLISH MISS.
By R. H. Mottram. *The Dial Press*
$2.50 *New York*

According to Mr. Mottram, the English miss is "cleanly made and machinely crammed"; her mind is slow but her body is swift, and she makes a spirited, often heroic appearance on the athletic field. She has no curiosity and no disposition for adventure, but she is dependable, fair and fastidious. Marny Childers, a perfect representative of the type, falls undemonstratively in love with Rex Proudfort. In due course, he goes to France to fight with the army and there dies of influenza. Marny sets out at once for the village where he is buried, to do refugee work, and discovers his illegitimate child in a small hostelry, playing with an amulet she herself once gave him. She decides to adopt the baby, after many misgivings, but when she goes to the mother for it she finds that it has died, and that its body has been carried away in a wheelbarrow. This is more than she can bear, and she applies to an American, Dr. Macartney, for permission to return to her decent English home. He soon follows her, and being "lean and strong and clever, but above all, so humble, clean and open," wins her heart. They then set out for Russia together to take part in the Friends' relief work in that country.

THOUGH THIS BE MADNESS.
By Robert Keable. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$2.50 7¾ x 5; 325 pp. *New York*

John Henry Montague-Smith (otherwise Monty) teaches history—Henry VIII—at a public school at

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San Francisco News—"Evidently a work of careful research and writing."

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Portland Oregonian—"If the purpose of biography is to present a vivid picture of the subject in all of his most significant moods and poses, Walter Neale has done superlatively well in this life of Ambrose Bierce. His is a refreshing study, for we are tired of biographers who pound on the two extremes—the pseudo-scientific, matter-of-fact biography and the novelized, sentimentalized works of our own era. Neale measures his man with adept workmanship. Bierce steps out of pages of this study, as we finish the last chapter, a moving person, unshackled by absurd misrepresentation of facts which passed for good craftsmanship in the old days, and free from the psycho-analytic fantasies of our own time. Neale . . . has created an impression of Bierce which no amount of dry fact could produce. . . . It is furthered in a large measure by the sturdy, abrupt, powerful prose in which Neale has written his major work."

Cleveland Plain Dealer—"Indeed, the most attractive and convincing feature of the work is that nothing of importance known to the author about his subject has been kept back from any consideration of the dead. . . . Bierce speaks from the pages of this honest and careful biography."

Portland (Me.) *Express*—"Neale presents the first real life of Bierce. . . . Here is biography that others than the reviewer will delight in. . . . A distinct contribution to the field of American biography."

Large octavo; 489 pp.; 200,000 words; illus.; $5.00

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Wearstone, England. He yearns for adventure and decides to forsake his charts and school desks and embark for Tunis. On board the *Queen of Carthage*, he encounters a cabaret singer, Mlle. Thais de Constant (otherwise Martha Sparks) who is going to Marseilles to fill an engagement. Monty goes on to a walking trip from Sfax to Bir el Hafei but stops again at Marseilles and takes Martha back to London. There he loses her, and the Autumn finds him again teaching Henry VIII to a shining classroom.

CRESCENDO.
By Henry Bellamann. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 296 pp. *New York*

A retelling, with almost scrupulous dullness, of the familiar story of the modern girl who plunges into love with the inaccessible artist. He is, in this case, one Robert Ives, the central chamber of whose being, "instead of being peopled with creations of genuinely fruitful existence, is empty." This deficiency afflicts most of Mr. Bellamann's ineffectual characters.

MISCELLANEOUS

1450–1950.
By Robert Carleton Brown. *The Black Sun Press*
9½ x 6¼; 60 pp. *Paris*

Disdaining type, Mr. Brown presents his book in his own hand, with illustrations and decorations by himself. His manner, superficially, suggests that of some of the more advanced contributors to *transition*, but he is very much more ingenious than they are, and he has a great deal more to say. Many of his short and sardonic pieces, in fact, are full of a rich humor, and even in his less inspired moments he is amusing. It is a pity that his edition is limited to 150 copies.

BOOKS AND THE MAN.
By John T. Winterich. *Greenberg*
$5 9¼ x 6⅛; 374 pp. *New York*

Mr. Winterich is one of the best known book collectors in the United States. In this volume he discusses the character and the present whereabouts of the early editions of the following books: Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler," Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Du Maurier's "Trilby," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Audubon's "Birds of America," Burns' "Poems," Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Samuel Johnson's "Dictionary of the English Language," Poe's "Tales," Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," Irving's "Sketch Book," Pepys' "Diary," FitzGerald's translation of the "Rubaiyat," Franklin's "Autobiography," and Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." There are many illustrations.

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THE ENGLISH KING.
By Michael MacDonagh.
Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$3 8½ x 5½; 318 pp. *New York*

Mr. MacDonagh here offers an immense mass of curious and interesting stuff. He discusses the rights and duties of the English kings, describes at length the oppressive ceremonials to which they must devote most of their lives, sets forth their precise relations to Parliament and people, and tops off the whole with an account of the rise and fall of Republicanism in England. He is well-informed and judicious, and avoids the temptation to be satirical, even when he finds it necessary to say that "King George's favorite masters are Mendelssohn and Gounod." The book covers unfamiliar ground, and makes amusing and instructive reading. It has a good index.

BIRDS & BEASTS OF THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.
By Norman Douglas. *Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*
$3 7⅝ x 5; 218 pp. *New York*

Mr. Douglas does not consider the domestic animals; he deals only with the wild animals, some 150 of them. His book is not a thoroughgoing piece of scientific or literary research, even though a great deal of labor must have gone into it. It is rather a collection of brief essays on the subject. As Mr. Douglas says, "We find no natural history, properly speaking, in the Greek Anthology; what its authors say about animals constitutes a human rather than a scientific document; it is a minute but clearly demarcated province in the history of feeling . . ." There is a brief bibliography, and also an index. The writing throughout is, of course, excellent.

DAWN GINSBERG'S REVENGE.
By S. J. Perelman. *Horace Liveright*
$2 7½ x 5; 239 pp. *New York*

Most of the buffooneries in this book first appeared in *Judge*. Mr. Perelman's method is that of extravagant burlesque. His piling up of imbecilities reveals a truly gigantic ingenuity, and not infrequently the effect is excellent. The titles of some of his sketches show the range of his fancy: "Over Niagara in a Rotary Washer," "Why I Should Like to Be a White Slave," "My Escape from the Harem," "Perelman's Children's Week-End Guide," "How to Make Love." In many cases they are accompanied by grotesque illustrations. The collection shows a good deal of originality.

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THE NOBLE SAVAGE. *A Study in Romantic Naturalism.*
By Hoxie Neale Fairchild.
The Columbia University Press
$5 8 x 5½; 535 pp. *New York*

A scholarly study, beginning with the origins of the noble savage convention in ancient times and the Middle Ages, and tracing it through the pseudo-classic period, the early romantic movement, Rousseau, the English Jacobins, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Byron, Rogers, Campbell, Moore and some of the minor romantic poets. A sound and readable book. It contains an exhaustive bibliography and an index.

CAROLINA FOLK-PLAYS.
By Frederick H. Koch *Henry Holt & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 267 pp. *New York*

This is the third volume of the collected plays of the Carolina Playmakers. It contains "The Scuffletown Outlaws," a tragedy, by William Norment Cox; "Job's Kinfolks," a play of the mill people, by Loretto Carroll Bailey; "In Dixon's Kitchen," a comedy of a country courtship, by Wilbur Stout and Ellen Lay; "A Shotgun Splicin'," a mountain comedy, by Gertrude Wilson Coffin; "Lighted Candles," a tragedy of the highlands, by Margaret Bland and Louisa Duls; and "Quare Medicine," a country comedy about a quack doctor, by Paul Green. All of the plays have been successfully produced, though they vary considerably in merit. Miss Bailey's study of social work, in the visit of "the police-woman" to a mill family near her own town of Winston-Salem, is a small masterpiece. Professor Koch has written an introduction and Paul Green has contributed a brief foreword. The book contains appendices showing the productions and tours of the playmakers and many photographs.

TALES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.
Selected by Stith Thompson. The Harvard University Press
$6 9¾ x 6⅜; 386 pp. *Cambridge*

Dr. Thompson, with this collection of ninety-six typical Indian tales, has placed all students of Indian folk-lore in his debt. The labor he put into it must have been tremendous, for the literature on the subject is immense and nearly all of it is buried in obscure governmental reports and rare monograph journals. The problems of origin, initial form, and modification in translation from tribe to tribe are extremely intricate, but Dr. Thompson, who is professor of English in Indiana University, ploughs through them with great erudition and caution, and sheds much light on them. His notes take up more than 100 pages. He has arranged the tales according to type, and not accord-

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ing to tribe: mythological stories, mythical incidents, trickster tales, hero tales, journeys to the other world, animal wives and husbands, Bible stories, tales borrowed from Europeans, and miscellaneous. There is a good bibliography, and also a map of tribes and cultural areas.

PORTRAITS & REFLECTIONS.
By Stuart Hodgson. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 7⅝ x 5; 192 pp. *New York*

This is a collection of brief critical estimates of twenty-five outstanding personalities in Europe and America today. Among the men discussed are King George, Lloyd George, Briand, Henry Ford, Austen Chamberlain, Al Smith, Mussolini, J. H. Thomas, Lady Astor, J. M. Keynes, Arthur Henderson, and H. M. Tomlinson. Mr. Hodgson writes clearly and effectively. His sketches are excellent reporting.

LUCK: YOUR SILENT PARTNER.
By Lothrop Stoddard. *Horace Liveright*
$2.50 8¼ x 5¼; 336 pp. *New York*

Here Dr. Stoddard turns aside from the grave problems of biology and statecraft which usually concern him to do a treatise upon the part that chance plays in the affairs of men. His materials come from a great variety of sources—books, magazine and newspaper articles, personal communications and common rumor. If Texas Guinan had not been invited to the Beaux Arts one night she would not have deserted vaudeville for the night clubs and the whole history of American *Kultur* would have been different. If Louis XVI had not peeked out of a coach window at Varennes, he would not have lost his head. If John D. Rockefeller, as a youth, had not failed to get a job that he sought in a coal-yard, the Standard Oil Company might have never been born. And if the temperature in Chicago on June 15, 1920, had not gone up to 83 degrees, and set the delegates to the Republican National Convention to sweating frantically and made them eager to get home, the immortal Coolidge might have missed the White House. Here, perhaps, Dr. Stoddard doesn't go quite far enough. Not only Coolidge owed his nomination to the unbearable heat, but also Harding—all the romantic tales of the late Col. George Harvey to the contrary notwithstanding. If the weather had been cool, indeed, Coolidge might have been nominated for the presidency rather than for the vice-presidency. Harding was chosen in sudden desperation, after all the leading candidates had collapsed and before any sober consideration had been given to the second-raters. Dr. Stoddard's book is elaborately documented and has a good index.

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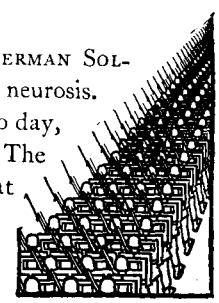

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TALES FROM OKLAHOMA

BY GEORGE MILBURN

The Contortionist's Wife

ONE Winter a contortionist who had got out of work at the end of the tent-show season came to our town. He called himself King Zerko. No one knew what his real name was. That was the winter Conny Ryan was running the Louvre Dance Hall up in North Broadway.

Conny put up a platform at one end of the dance hall and engaged the contortionist to give exhibitions every night. The front windows of the hall were plastered with colored posters showing a man, purported to be King Zerko himself, in various interesting postures.

King Zerko had his wife and child with him. His wife was small and pretty, with startled brown eyes and an indiscriminate smile. The little girl was named Betty. She was so lovely in her short, stiffstarched dress that everyone exclaimed, "What a cute child!" and immediately wanted to handle her.

The contortionist's act got pretty stale after a week. He had two costumes: green spangled tights with a papier-mâché frog's head, and sateen tights made of red and green diamond-shaped patches. King Zerko saw that people were getting fed up on seeing him flip his legs up back of his ears and pick up a handkerchief with his teeth, so he collected his money one Saturday night and lit out with a girl named Nora Combs, who was dancing there and making a bit of money on the side.

That left Mrs. King Zerko stranded in our town, and all the men felt sorry for her, for she seemed such a nice little woman. All the women agreed that hanging was too good for King Zerko, but they didn't want to have anything to do with that show woman.

Finally, Mr. and Mrs. Norden, an old couple who ran a grocery store, came to her. The Nordens' son, Victor, had been drafted. It was wartime. Victor had gone off to training camp, leaving his cleaning and pressing shop shut up. The Nordens told Mrs. Zerko that if she wanted to run Vic's cleaning and pressing shop, she could make a good living with it. She and her little girl could live in the back of the shop. So Mrs. King Zerko took over the pressing shop and ran it very successfully for about six months.

Meantime, it got around town that Mrs. Zerko was chasing in to the Economy Drug Store and buying a pack of Camels nearly every day. Everyone was pretty sure that she was a woman who smoked. Everyone was pretty sure that she was going to play fast and loose in our town. A number of the men felt especially sure.

Remembering "'Ostler Joe," they decided that the surest and swiftest route to

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Mrs. King Zerko's favors would be through her little girl, Betty. So all the older men began to be nice to the child, giving her dimes and feeding her stick candy, and telling her not to forget to tell her mamma who gave her that. Some of the young men tried it out, too. They gave Betty chewing gum and treated her to ice cream sodas. After a while all that truck began to make the little girl sick. When Mrs. King Zerko found out what was happening, she kept Betty close in the back of the shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Norden, having got better acquainted with Mrs. King Zerko in their dealings with her, began to take up for her. They had found her honest and human. But you couldn't believe a German in those days.

One night Hart Summers, who owned the De Luxe Barber Shop and was quite a roué, drove his Dodge up the back alley. He got out and rapped on the back door of the pressing shop. It was about half-past ten.

When Mrs. Zerko opened the back door, Hart took off his hat, smiled, and said, "I thought perhaps you'd like to go for a little ride tonight, Mrs. Zerko."

Mrs. Zerko pulled a .44 automatic out of her kimono and began prodding Hart in the belly with it.

"You drive away from here pronto," she said, "or I'll fill you so full of holes you'll look like a Swiss cheese! You goddam rube, you!"

She stood there in the back-door cussing him while Hart knocked down two outhouses driving out of the alley.

The Summer passed and then one day in September a telegram came for Mrs. King Zerko.

COME AT ONCE AM AT ARCADIA HOTEL
ST LOUIS LOVE
KING

Mrs. King Zerko began to make preparations to leave on the evening train. The Nordens had a handsome cowhide suitcase with solid brass fittings that they had got by turning in profit-sharing soap coupons. Mrs. King Zerko asked them if she might borrow it, promising faithfully to return it by parcel post as soon as she got to St. Louis.

The Nordens and Mrs. King Zerko had become close friends. She and Betty had a room in the Norden home by this time. The Nordens were glad to lend her the suitcase.

Mr. and Mrs. Norden always said that that no-account husband of Mrs. Zerko murdered her soon after she got to St. Louis. They never heard from her, and they never got their suitcase back. The Nordens always said that if Mrs. King Zerko had lived she would have got it back to them somehow.

II

Bill Hartshorn

Bill Hartshorn was a man with whom anyone could get along. He was the pharmacist in the Economy Drug Store and he was always goodtiming. He played the snare drum in Stepper's Dance Orchestra. It was a wonder to watch the way Bill could flip those drum sticks around. He was always grinning as though he had just thought of a good joke, but he didn't talk much, because he stuttered and he was self-conscious about it.

One day Glenn Rampey talked Bill into buying some life insurance. When Bill went up to Doc Boatright's office to get his examination the doc told him that he had T. B. Doc Boatright took some *x*-rays and found that Bill had two spots on his lungs.

"There's nothing serious now," said Doc, "but if I were in your place, Bill, I would get away to Arizona and get cured up before many days pass."

Bill went back to the drug store and told Doc Bascombe about it. He asked Doc if he couldn't lend him $500 to get away to Arizona on.

"I tell you what I'll do, Bill," Doc Bascombe said. "You've been working for me a long time, and if I had $500 I'd let you have it in a minute. But I ain't got it. But I tell you what I will do. I'll set you up in

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a little drug store over on the other side of the square and we'll both make some money. You can take over my Jamaica ginger business. They've been getting on me for selling it lately, and the sheriff said he'd have to close me up if the W. C. T. U. made another complaint. But everyone likes you. You got a lot of influential friends, and you could get by with it easy for six months. Let's see, you're making $40 a week here. I tell you what I'll do. I'll double your wages. Within six months' time you can have enough money to go to Arizona and live high."

Bill agreed to the proposition.

Jamaica ginger was the favorite intoxicant in our town. Corn whiskey was cheaper, but some of it was so raw that it would make you cough up little rolls of skin. People who could afford it bought Jamaica ginger. A two-ounce bottle sold for fifty cents, and it was about 95% alcohol. There was enough ginger in it to color it and to give it a hot taste after it was diluted.

Bill did a land office business with his Jamaica ginger line. He had been in his drug store about four months when Mrs. Cobb found a bunch of ginger bottles up in a room of Cobb's Kentucky Colonel Hotel. Some of them had Bill Hartshorn's prescription labels on them. Mrs. Cobb was a big leader in the W. C. T. U. She called some of the other officers of the organization together and these women marched up to the sheriff's office and camped there until the sheriff made the raid.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. saw to it that no one in the office tipped Bill off. Some of them stayed there while the others went with the sheriff. They found sixty-five bottles of Jamaica ginger in the safe under the wrapping counter and a five-gallon tin of it in the back.

"I sure hate to do this, Bill," the sheriff said when he arrested Bill.

"T-that's all r-r-right sus-s-shir-uff," said Bill, grinning as though the sheriff had just played a joke on him.

A dozen men followed the party up to the courthouse to go on Bill's bond. Some of Bill's friends told him to beat it before the case came up, but Doc Bascombe said to stay and fight it, because Lawyer Weatherby could clear him.

The case came up within two months. Judge Brigham heard it. He sentenced Bill to six months in the county jail.

Lawyer Weatherby jumped up and said: "Your honor, sentencing this man to six months in the county jail is worse than sending him to the electric chair. This man has got tuberculosis. And you know what a nasty, stinking hole that county jail is."

Judge Brigham fined Lawyer Weatherby $50 for contempt of court.

The county jail was always damp on the inside. No sunlight ever got to the cells. The sheriff let Bill stay in the run-around during the two hours a day that the sunlight struck in there. Within three months Bill was spitting up pieces of lung.

They finally moved him over to the guest room in the sheriff's house and got a trained nurse for him.

Lawyer Weatherby came to see Bill a few days before he died.

"Ain't this j-j-jist l-luh-like me, Mr. Weatherby?" Bill said, grinning up.

"How's that, Bill?" said Lawyer Weatherby.

"I alw-wuh-ways huh-have s-s-suh-such a huh-h-hard time f-f-fuf-finishin' my s-s-ss-sentences," Bill said.

III

The Nigger Doctor

Most white people in our town felt uneasy about the nigger doctor. In that community a doctor was a man whom nearly everyone looked up to. The general feeling was that a doctor was beyond good and evil. He could be a drunkard, a hop head, or an atheist and people would still treat him with deference. But a nigger doctor—well, there was something wrong about a nigger being a doctor.

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There wasn't anything people could do about Nigger Doctor Johnston, however. He came to town from a Northern university and he went about his practice quietly. The nigger patients he had there were poor, but they were numerous. Nigger Doctor Johnston drove a Buick roadster and wore suits as well cut as those of Dr. Boyd.

He was a tall, slender mulatto. There was something in the way he carried himself and in his steady glance that hinted at defiance. Before long people were saying that something was going to happen to that uppity nigger some of these days. There was still some uncertainty, though, whether anything could be done with a nigger if he was a doctor. Nigger Doctor Johnston never got out of his car on the main streets of the white section, except to take in prescriptions at the White Owl Pharmacy, or to get his mail at the postoffice.

There was a white doctor named Johnson in town, and this similarity of names sometimes caused confusion at the postoffice. It caused more than ordinary trouble, because old Dr. Johnson was an Arkansas Democrat and it riled him to find a letter for the nigger doctor among his mail.

A few days after the Republicans had got back into power and D. R. Elder got the postoffice he saw Nigger Doctor Johnston come in and open his mail box. He called him over to the parcel post window.

"We're new in here," he told the nigger doctor, "and at first we may make some mistakes with names that look alike. Now the other doctor spells his name J-o-h-n-s-o-n and you spell yours J-o-h-n-s-t-o-n. So when you see a Dr. Johnson's mail in your box, I'd appreciate it if you'd just slip it back in the drop."

"Yes, Mr. Elder, I have been aware for some time that the other physician was spelling his name J-o-h-n-s-o-n," the nigger doctor said, "but there really isn't any such name as that."

"No such name as that!" said the new postmaster. "Of course there's such a name as that. Johnson. Johnson. Why everyone has heard of the name of Johnson."

"Well, no contradiction is intended, Mr. Elder, but I've been acquainted with a large number of individuals in my life and I've never known a Johnson. They're all Johnston, spelled J-o-h-n-s-t-o-n. One of my relatives was Albert Sidney Johnston, the Confederate general, and that was the way he spelled his name. That's an old Southern name, Mr. Elder. You won't find anyone in the South named Johnston without the *t*. No, Mr. Elder, there never has been any such name as Johnson. That's merely a misspelling. Johnston should always be spelled with a *t*."

One Winter there was an influenza epidemic and Nigger Doctor Johnston was saving so many of his black patients that some of the white people, who were too badly frightened to realize what they were doing, called him in. When old Dr. Johnson, the white man, heard of this, he marched the main streets of town calling down maledictions on the nigger doctor and his white patients. For several years after that he ran a weekly notice in the *Recorder:*

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

It has come to my notice that some white people in this community have cast off the bonds of common decency and have forgotten their debt to Society to such an extent they availed themselves of the medical services of a nigger. The guilty parties need never call upon the undersigned for medical treatment, because the undersigned believes that he would be acting as a traitor to a pure Caucasian Society in perpetuating the lives of people who can so demean the racial pride of the white race, and such people will be politely refused medical attention by the undersigned.

(*Signed*) A. B. JOHNSON, M.D.

Old Dr. Johnson's entire practice was among cotton farmers and Southern poor whites, so he didn't lose anything by his ultimatum.

The only friction the nigger doctor ever had with the whites in our town was the second year he came, when he tried to vote. He knew that niggers weren't allowed to vote in Oklahoma, but he was bound to

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vote anyway. The Republicans let him register and the election board knew that he was going to appear at the polls. The election board was all set for him.

Mrs. Jim Caraway was the only Republican member of the election board. She was the secretary. The other two members, Old Man Chalmers and A. P. Smith, were Democrats. A. P. Smith was called Apple Pie Smith to distinguish him from all the other Smiths. Apple Pie Smith was almost illiterate. He had learned only to copy his signature.

One of the requirements for eligibility to vote in Oklahoma is that the voter be able to read and interpret the preamble of the Constitution of the United States *to the satisfaction* of the election board. The election board was all set for Nigger Doctor Johnston before he showed up to vote.

Along in the afternoon he came in the courthouse where the polling place was. He walked up to the election board's table to get his ballot. Apple Pie Smith handed him a copy of the preamble to the Constitution and said:

"Before you can have a ballot you'll have to read and interpurt this to the satisfaction of the election board."

Nigger Doctor Johnston read the preamble in his rich voice, enunciating carefully, and then gave a concise and intelligent interpretation of what he had read.

"Well, you read it all right," said A. P. Smith, a little awed by the performance, "but you ain't interpurted it to *my* satisfaction."

The nigger doctor looked at old Apple Pie steadily a moment and then said: "That's a better interpretation than you can give, Mr. Smith."

That made Apple Pie Smith so mad he forgot himself. He yelled: "You're talking to a white man, you black son of a ——," and hurled the ink-well at the nigger's head.

The ink-well missed the nigger. He didn't dodge. He kept standing there without moving for a little while. His lips were twisted in a smile and contempt was in his eyes. After a little he turned around and walked out of the courthouse.

As he was going out the door Mrs. Jim Caraway jumped up and screeched, "A. P. Smith, you make me ashamed of being white!"

"You ought to be ashamed of being white, you nigger-loving Republican, you!" said Apple Pie Smith.

IV

Hate

Everyone wondered how Jeff Binkley could keep on going. He had an ulcer. It had eaten off all his nose. When he didn't wear his black velvet blind you could see far back into his head.

Jeff ran the stucco filling station at the corner of Elm and Broadway, across from the courthouse square. He was the first man to put in a filling station separate from a garage, and he had the best location in town, but his business wasn't very good, because Jeff was always leaving his blind off. People didn't want to drive up for gas and have to look back in a man's head before they could get it.

On Saturdays all the farmers come to town. The sidewalks around the square would be jammed with people and it was a hard matter to get through the crowd. Jeff never had any trouble getting through. The country people weren't very sensitive, but when they saw Jeff coming they would leave a broad swath far ahead.

No one could understand how Jeff was able to go on living in his condition, year after year. People always averted their heads when they saw him coming. When he talked he sounded as though he had a cold in the head. That was remarkable. He didn't have any nose to get stopped up.

Jeff would sit there with his chair tilted back in the shade of his filling station, gazing out down the street all day long. The first thing in the morning he would read the newspapers, following closely all the murder cases and impending execu-

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tions. Then he would sit there all day long thinking about them. People knew what he was thinking about, because he always started a conversation on such subjects with anyone who would listen.

"Hey, Ed!" he would call, hailing some passerby. And when that person would stop and turn, Jeff would say in his deadened tones, "Say, Ed, what do you think about this nigger that raped that white girl up in Telsy right in an elevator of one of the biggest buildings up there?"

"Well, Jeff, I don't know. I ain't been followin' the Tulsa papers."

"Well, Ed, I tell you what I think they ought to do with that black hound, and I wisht I had some way of doing it myself. They ought to take him and slit his belly and nail one end of his guts to a tree. Then they ought to make him walk around and around until his guts 're all wropped out on that tree trunk. That would teach them niggers who white women are for."

One morning it was in the paper that a scheduled electrocution wasn't going to take place, because the warden had been unable to find anyone to act as executioner. The fee paid for executions in Oklahoma at that time was $100 for each man killed. As soon as Jeff read the news story he wrote to the warden at McAlester, offering to pull the switches for nothing. On his way to the postoffice he showed the letter to everyone he met.

Jeff always referred to executions as murders, not because he thought they were wrong, but because he thought they were right.

"Well, I see they're going to have another big murderin' down to the pen tomorrow midnight," he would say. "I sure wisht I had the money to go to it."

All newspaper reports of such things excited Jeff's interest, but the monkey trial in Tennessee wrought him up more than any previous event had. He said: "If I was on the jury I'd recommend horsewhipping that Scopes. He's just a little smart-aleck school-teacher. I don't know what I'd do with that Darrer, but I'd murder him some way. Hanging is too good for him. That Darrer is a dangerous man. If I'd of had anything to done with it I'd of had him murdered afore now. I wisht they'd let me fix up a proper punishment for him."

The Summer the Sacco-Vanzetti case came into prominence Jeff Binkley was down in bed. His illness was finishing him at last. It was a mystery how he had lived as long as he had.

The afternoon before the night Sacco and Vanzetti were executed everyone was surprised to see Jeff Binkley up on the street. He was tottering along with a cane, but he was there. He had on his black velvet nose blind. He came up to a group of men in front of the Brunswick Pool Hall.

"Well, what do you all think of this here Sack-o and Vanazitski business?"

"I think it's all a lot of newspaper talk," Buford Scammon said. "They got to have something to print ever' day and if they ain't no news, well they got to make up some."

"Well, I'm right here to tell you that if I'd of been in that there judge's place I'd of murdered them two dagos seven year ago," Jeff said in those ghastly, muffled tones of his.

"Yes, but for a long time there they never was sure they was guilty," Shorty Fletcher said.

"That don't make me no difference," Jeff Binkley said, licking his upper lip. "If I'd of had the saying of it, I'd of murdered the sons of —— seven year ago."

V

Iron Filigree

Vince Blanc wasn't any ordinary blacksmith. He was more than a horseshoer. He seemed to get a lot of pleasure out of working with iron. He made a wrought-iron sign to hang in front of his blacksmith shop—a big stallion rampant on a huge horseshoe, with "Blanc's Blacksmith Shop" spelled out in iron block letters six inches high.

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Vince was a scrawny little Frenchman with a sallow complexion. He had a little tuft of hair growing out from his lower lip. He walked to and from work naked to the waist. He was so stooped and thin no one would have taken him for a blacksmith.

Vince got the contract to build the steel cells for the new county jail. He lost money on the job, because he had to underbid the jail contractor in Cincinnati, but the work he did on these steel cages made the county jail a show place for years. He decorated one of the cages with lacey, wrought-iron scroll work. He wanted to finish them all that way, but the county commissioners were in a hurry for the job.

Vince's wife, Martha Blanc, was a fat woman. He was a Catholic, but she had been converted to the Campbellite faith. Every Sunday morning Vince would hitch up the surrey for Martha and she would drive around to get the two neighboring families, the Stufflebeans and the Riggses, to take them to church. Mrs. Blanc had a wide reputation for being neighborly.

The meals at the Blancs' never varied. Month in and month out they ate fried steak, bakery bread. flour gravy and drank boiled black coffee. Steak for breakfast, steak for dinner, steak for supper. Every day at eleven o'clock the neighbors would hear Mrs. Blanc pounding the steak for Vince's dinner. In about an hour he would come along, his bare back covered with coal dust, carrying two pounds of steak for the evening meal and the next day's breakfast. Mrs. Blanc always said that Vince was puny anyway and that he needed meat to give him strength.

As he grew thinner and more wizened his wife prospered in flesh. The blacksmith business wasn't so much any more, since automobiles came in, and Vince always refused to put in a line of automobile repairs. The horseshoeing and wheelwright work scarcely paid. But the Blancs had been frugal, and they had a comfortable sum drawing interest at the First National Bank.

One afternoon Vince came home complaining about his side. He was dead the next morning when Martha tried to awaken him. At that time Mrs. Blanc had grown so large that she rubbed against the door jambs when she went from one room to another. Soon she took to her bed too.

The Blancs had no known relatives. Both had been Orphans' Home children and they had grown up together alone. It was just as well, however, because the Stufflebeans and the Riggses, to whom Mrs. Blanc had been such a good neighbor, came in and attended to her and did the housework.

When Martha Blanc got down in her bed and couldn't get up she and the Stufflebeans and the Riggses were the closest friends in the world. But her illness made her cross and pettish. Sometimes she would favor one family and then the other. One day she wouldn't permit anyone but Mrs. Riggs to enter the bedroom and the next day she wouldn't eat any food except that which had been prepared by Mrs. Stufflebean. Instead of making the two families lose patience with her, Mrs. Blanc's petulance began to make them distrust each other, and slowly this feeling turned to hatred. When the two families began to speculate on whom Mrs. Blanc was going to favor in her will the enmity burst forth in all its bitterness.

On days when the Riggses were in the sick woman's favor they would run down the Stufflebeans to her for all they were worth. And when the Stufflebeans attained the privacy of the sickroom they would revile the Riggses.

All this time, instead of making her thin, Mrs. Blanc's strange malady caused her to grow larger and larger. It took the combined forces of one family to lift her while they changed the bedclothing.

Martha Blanc died one night. The next morning the Riggses and the Stufflebeans were out in the Blanc kitchen blackguarding one another. Up in the front part of the house the carpenters were hammering with cold chisels, trying to cut off the wrought iron hinges Vince Blanc had put on his front door. They had to get the door

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off before they could bring in Mrs. Blanc's great coffin.

Out in the front yard Earl Abernathy, the leading town mortician, and Ed Luckenbill, from the Green Front Furniture Store, were arguing about whose coffin was going to be used for the ceremony. The Riggses had gone to Abernathy's Funeral Home and made funeral arrangements a month before Mrs. Blanc died. Earl Abernathy had ordered a special-built coffin. Two weeks later the Stufflebeans had gone to the Green Front Furniture Store and given Ed Luckenbill Mrs. Blanc's measurements, so that he could have a coffin made for her.

For a while it looked as if there would have to be two funerals for the great sheeted pile that had been Martha Blanc. Then Earl Abernathy thought to go in and take the cadaver's measurements. He found that the Riggses had ordered the coffin from him two weeks too early. It was far too small.

Martha Blanc left her money to the county, specifying that it be used to finish the iron scroll work on the cells in the county jail.

VI

Willie Chalmers

Willie Chalmers went around town on a wooden platform with rollers. His legs were cut off at the hips. He scooted himself along with a couple of wooden blocks he held in his hands. His father was Old Man Chalmers, the wealthiest cotton buyer in the neighborhood.

Chalmers' cotton gin was a clump of sheet iron sheds built on the flats down near the Swinging Bridge. The Chalmers gin had four buildings: the scale house, the engine room, the suction house and the ginning rooms.

Old Man Chalmers made a sight of money short-weighing the farmers on their cotton. One day a farmer named Clem Sheets drove up with a double-decked load of cotton. When he got his wagon on the scales a big mongrel hound of his, weighing about seventy-five pounds, crawled under the wagon. Old Man Chalmers was in the scale house and he didn't say anything. Clem Sheets didn't say anything either. The cotton was weighed in and the dog got weighed along with it. When Clem drove back from the suction house to get the weight of his wagon deducted, the dog started to crawl back under the wagon again. Clem began to yell at it and cuss it. It was getting out, but Old Man Chalmers was too sharp to let Clem get away with anything like that. He said, very coldly: "Let that dog get under there, Clem!" and they spent about half an hour coaxing the dog back under the wagon.

At that, Old Man Chalmers probably short-weighed Clem Sheets a-plenty. That was the way he made his big money. The scale men all knew what they were expected to do.

He was so tight he wouldn't spend money for equipment that the gin needed badly. All the pulley belts were patched and laced until they would scarcely hold together.

The State inspector kept telling Old Man Chalmers he'd better get a railing built around that big fly wheel in the engine room.

Willie was the old man's middle boy. All of Old Man Chalmers' boys, except Willie, had turned out bad. The oldest, Dick, was always getting into some kind of a scrape. Finally the old man got tired of spending money to get him out. He never would have done it anyway if Mrs. Chalmers hadn't prevailed on him. He got tired of it finally, though, and he let Dick get sent down to McAlester to the penitentiary for a ten-year stretch. The youngest boy, Kaye, started getting drunk and going down to the Hotel La France in Muskogee before he was sixteen.

Everyone agreed that Willie was a good boy. He was a hard worker. He stayed around the gin season in and season out and the old man kept him at a salary he couldn't have hired a good suction feeder for.

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One afternoon Willie was working around the engine room. As he stooped over to pick up a bit of waste, something on the big fly wheel, where the factory inspector had recommended the railing, caught in his overall suspenders. The big wheel whirled him around and around, battering his legs against a steel beam.

By the time they could get the engine stopped Willie's legs were beaten to a pulp. Old Man Chalmers was off somewhere in his car. There was a nigger farmer in the gin yard with a big load of cotton. They loaded Willie on it and carried him up to Dr. Boyd's office. Dr. Boyd gave him a narcotic and fixed his legs up as best he could. They put him back on the load of cotton and carried him over to the M. K. & T. station to send him to the hospital at Muskogee. That was before Earl Abernathy bought his convertible ambulance-hearse.

After the nigger farmer had hauled Willie over to the 5:45 passenger, he drove back down to the Chalmers gin to sell his cotton. Old Man Chalmers was there when he drove up on the scales.

"Why, man, I can't buy that cotton. It's all bloody," Old Man Chalmers said.

"That's blood from your own son, Mr. Chalmers," said the nigger farmer quietly.

"I don't care if it's blood from Jesus Christ," said Old Man Chalmers. "It's done ruint your load of cotton. Drive on off them scales. There's another wagon waiting to get weighed."

VII

Shorty Kilgore

Shorty Kilgore came to our town at the time of the oil boom, and after it was over he stayed on. He was a mechanic, and he had a good job at the Ford Garage.

Shorty was about five feet tall. He was young, but he had a wizened face. He didn't have any beard. His face was fuzzy when he didn't shave, and when he did shave his shoebutton eyes would glitter out of two patches of heavy down. His hair was always clipped to the scalp, but he usually wore a felt skull-cap. He wore a pair of black, greasy unionalls all the time. Shorty always had such an expression around his mouth that you were surprised when words came out of it instead of shrill monkey whistles. When he stood out in front of the Ford Garage with one hand on the gasoline pump he seemed ready to scurry with apish celerity up the tall red pump and perch chattering on the round light at the top.

He never bathed and he used to sleep in an old Ford sedan that was stored in the back of the garage. But he was quite a hand with the women.

One night a driller named Emmet Green drove up to the Ford Garage and asked Shorty to adjust his timer. Emmet had a girl named Alvera in his coupé with him.

Shorty was kind of drunk.

"What have you got on for tomorra night, sister?" he said to the girl.

The girl smiled and said, "I don't know. What you?"

Emmet got out of the coupé and slapped Shorty with his open hand. He slapped Shorty so hard that it popped like a paper bag full of air.

Shorty hunched his head down between his arms and started whimpering.

Emmet came up to him with his arm out ready to slap his jaws again as soon as he raised his head. As he got up close to Shorty, the little one jerked his head up and bumped into Emmet.

Emmet went, "Ah-h-h-h," very softly and terribly. He clasped his belly with both his hands and turned around and stalked out of the garage. He walked like his legs were being moved with strings.

He walked all the way up the stairs to Dr. Boyd's office over the First National Bank. The doctor found that Shorty's razor had caught Emmet right between the belt and the lower points of his vest.

Shorty got in Emmet's Ford coupé with the girl named Alvera and drove away, and nobody in our town has heard of either of them from that day to this.

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THE PROGRESSIVE HOLY LAND

BY BENNINGTON ORTH

Most Americans, asked to name the most radical American State, would undoubtedly nominate Wisconsin. For years, thanks to the ideas associated with the fame of Robert M. LaFollette the elder and Victor L. Berger, both now dead, it has appeared to stand in the very forefront of the Progressive movement. To the average Babbitt, indeed, it has come to signify everything extreme and subversive in politics, and he thinks of it only to shudder. Yet the plain fact is that Wisconsin is one of the most conservative States in the Union. It may talk radicalism in loud and alarming tones, but when it comes to practise it lags behind many other States, including even some of the great Tory States of the East. But before I present the evidence let me describe briefly the local political line-up.

There are four major political parties in Wisconsin. Arranged in the order of their strength they are: first, the LaFollette Progressives; second, the Stalwart Republicans; third, the Socialists; and fourth, the Democrats. The Democrats really don't count. Were it not for their national affiliations, they would be negligible. Occasionally they land one or two assemblymen, but never a State senator. When Democrats from other States, on moving to Milwaukee, offer their services to the local organization, they get the cold shoulder, and the reason is obvious: the party bosses despair of ever rising above fourth place, and accordingly want to keep the ranks as small as possible, so that the offices will be sure to go round when the party wins nationally—without any help from Wisconsin. Even during the Smith boom, they kept this strangle-hold on the organization. Walsh men and independent Smith men were given short shrift in the primary.

Thus we may disregard the Democracy. This leaves three real parties: the Progressives, the Republican Stalwarts, and the Socialists. By an anomaly carefully fostered by the LaFollette machine, the Progressives and the Stalwarts vote in the same primary, which is called Republican. But the Progressives are in no sense a mere faction of Republicans, for the Stalwarts are the real Republicans in the State, and the Progressives are a distinct political party. Each of these parties has its own factions, as in the case of other parties in other States. The only thing unusual in the situation is that Wisconsin is the only State in the Union, so far as I know, in which two absolutely distinct political parties habitually participate in one and the same primary.

Numerically, the rank and file membership of the Stalwart party is probably slightly larger than that of the Progressive party. Why then, you will ask, have the Progressives, up to this year, always controlled the State Assembly overwhelmingly, and the Senate safely, and why have they always elected their candidate for Governor by a wide margin? The reason lies in two things. First, there is the execrable management of Ex-Senator Lenroot, boss of the Stalwarts. To give just one example of his incompetence, consider the substitution, in the middle of the senatorial campaign of 1925, of a reputed Klansman for a Catholic! No wonder all his political enemies turned to and boosted him for a Federal judgeship last Spring,

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for judges have to keep out of politics. That was the only way, short of death, that the Stalwart politicians could find to rid their organization of this Old Man of the Sea.

The second reason for the Progressive ascendancy is that the Socialist primaries are a farce. The one thing that the Socialists will absolutely not tolerate in their organization is any independence of thought or action. Their candidates are hand-picked by their machine. It is *lèse majesté* to run for office without permission. Accordingly, nearly all the Socialists vote as Progressives in the Republican primaries, and in return for their help the Progressives leave the Socialist candidates unopposed in many districts, and see that a sufficiency of Socialists is appointed to lucrative State offices, including judgeships, by Progressive Governors. But such is the magic of the Republican party name, that the Progressive minority, having stolen the primary with the aid of Socialists voting where they don't belong, is nearly always able to carry the succeeding election over the numerically stronger Stalwarts, running independently.

Three years ago, following the death of the elder LaFollette, the Progressives split into two factions, but the Stalwarts were so demoralized that even though the Progressive vote had to be divided between two candidates, one of them (Zimmerman) triumphed over the single Stalwart. The presence of a fourth candidate, running independently in the Republican primary, probably contributed to this result.

Last year, due to Lenroot's interference, Hoover wasn't a candidate in the primaries. The Progressive, Senator Norris, was thus unopposed. With no candidate to rally behind, the Stalwarts lost control of the delegation to the Republican National Convention, and thus we saw the usual quadrennial anomaly: a delegation of non-Republicans duly elected to a Republican convention.

In the gubernatorial primary there were again two Progressives, Governor Zimmerman and Congressman Beck. Opposed to them were a Stalwart and an independent. But this time the Stalwart, Kohler, a millionaire plumbing manufacturer and personal friend of Hoover, was nominated, largely through the sulking of a disgruntled Progressive, Attorney General Ekern, who thought that one of the factions of the Progressive machine ought to have run him as its candidate instead of Congressman Beck. In the election, one Progressive faction (the Zimmerman) supported Hoover, and the other (the Beck-Blaine-LaFollette, Jr.) supported Smith. Intelligent management by National Committeeman Vits, the Progressive disorganization, and the Democratic lack of any organization at all pulled Hoover and Kohler through.

Yet, up to the present session, the LaFollette machine had been for years in absolute and unquestioned control of the Governor's office, and of both branches of the Legislature. What was its record of accomplishment?

II

For answer, let us compare Wisconsin with that citadel of reaction, Massachusetts.

Massachusetts adopted the Australian ballot before Wisconsin had even been admitted to Statehood. Massachusetts has had a non-partisan ballot for years, with all the candidates for each office grouped together. It is impossible in that State to vote a straight ticket. But Wisconsin, no doubt to facilitate the minority control above described, is still laboring under the obsolete straight-ticket system.

Massachusetts adopted one of the first corrupt-practices acts in America, far back in 1892; Wisconsin did not follow until 1911.

Workmen's compensation? Massachusetts and Wisconsin adopted it simultaneously in 1911.

Jury trial in contempt cases? Massachusetts adopted it in 1911; Wisconsin did not follow until 1923.

Now for the trinity worshipped by all

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true followers of the great LaFollette, namely, the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. Where does LaFollette's own State, held in the hollow of his hand for years, stand on these, his pet measures?

Massachusetts adopted the initiative and referendum back in 1917, as a result of the Constitutional Convention of that year. Wisconsin has been trying ever since to get the amendment, and hasn't yet succeeded. They haven't even been able to get a Constitutional Convention. The I. and R. carried the Assembly in 1919, only to be rejected in the Senate, 25 to 4. In 1921 it was killed in the Senate by 14 to 14, 17 votes being required for its adoption. (Mind you, the Progressives controlled that Senate!) In 1923 it barely passed the Senate, 17 to 13, and was concurred in by the Assembly. And now we come to the fundamental secret of Wisconsin Progressivism.

Here was a serious situation. For years the LaFollettites had been howling for the initiative and referendum, and making it the basic issue of Progressivism. And now they were about to lose that issue! It has been truly said that "hope ends in fruition." And it is no less true that a popular issue loses its vote-getting appeal as soon as it is enacted into law. Here was their pet issue going on the rocks of fruition! What was to be done about it?

The Progressives were too firmly in control of the Legislature in 1925 to be able to count on the opposition to kill the bill for them, and they didn't dare kill it themselves. So some master of political strategy drew the amendment (it had to be passed twice) slightly different from the one which had passed in 1923. Then they passed it with a whoop, by 55 to 34 in the Assembly and by 21 to 9 in the Senate. And of course the courts promptly declared it at variance with the amendment of 1923 and hence ineffective.

Thus the whole procedure—two passages through the Legislature and then submission to the electorate—had to be begun all over again. So the issue was saved for three more elections at least.

In 1927 the Progressives let the Stalwarts kill the initiative and referendum bill by the narrow margin of one vote in the Senate, and it never reached the Assembly. This year the Progressives were so disorganized that they forgot to introduce it at all. So the precious issue is safe through the election of 1934.

Thus Wisconsin, the citadel of Progressivism, hasn't yet got even one leg over the most fundamental of all the LaFollette reforms—which the rock-ribbed Republican State of Massachusetts quietly adopted 'way back in 1917.

It is true that Wisconsin has the recall, while Massachusetts has not, but I believe that the chief reason for the success of this measure was an overwhelming popular demand for some check on politicians who cared more for issues than for accomplishments.

III

Progressives, as everyone knows, are the friends of Labor. For years, in Wisconsin, unemployment insurance and the eight-hour day have been very effective vote-getting issues.

Unemployment insurance was defeated by 10 to 19 in the Senate in 1921, the year of its first appearance. It nearly passed, by 16 to 17, in 1923, with the Progressives in control. How often Progressive measures nearly pass! But always it seems to be easy for the machine to let one or two of its own men duck a vote, or even backslide and vote against it, in order that a valuable issue may be preserved.

In 1925 unemployment insurance failed in the Senate by 12 to 20. But by 1927 the Senate had begun to tire of shouldering all the odium for the defeat of the measure, so that year it was killed by an Assembly overwhelmingly controlled by the party sponsoring it! The Assembly again shouldered the blame in 1929.

Another way to kill a popular measure, and thus preserve it as an issue, is for both houses to pass it overwhelmingly, but for

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one to adopt amendments which the other refuses to accept. This has the advantage of giving a large number of members of both branches the record of having voted for a popular bill, which nevertheless fails to become a law. For example, take the eight-hour law in 1919. The bill was introduced in the Senate by a rank Stalwart. Whereupon the Progressives, not to be outdone, made it much more radical by striking out all the exemptions. This made it altogether too raw to pass even the radical Assembly, which insisted on restoring the exemptions. Thus the measure failed between the two houses.

In 1921 the Senate killed it. In 1923 it overwhelmingly passed the Assembly, and the Senate, after several futile attempts to amend it to death, finally became fearful that the Assembly was so much in favor of it that it might swallow the amendments. So the Senate took the bull by the horns and killed it. In 1925 the Senate killed it again. Popular interest then began to lag, and it wasn't even introduced in 1927.

But the most remarkable bit of evidence which I have to present is the fate of the old-age pension bill of 1923. It was introduced in the Senate and received a unanimously adverse committee report. This lulled to sleep both the Stalwarts who were sincerely opposed to it, and the Progressives who wished to preserve it as an issue. But it so happened that certain members of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, finding the time hanging heavily on their hands because of the Eighteenth Amendment—for many of the Eagles were distinguished bartenders before January 16, 1920—conceived the idea of gaining a little agreeable notoriety for their order by backing old-age pensions. So they worked quietly on the Senators, and actually jammed the bill through in three days, by a vote of 14 to 13. By the time everyone woke up to what was going on, it was too late to stop it.

Then the Eagles went to sleep, and the Wisconsin Manufacturers' Association and the Milwaukee Association of Commerce began bringing pressure to bear on the Governor, a Progressive, to veto the nefarious measure when it should reach him. But it never reached him. While the Eagles slept and the Stalwarts wrung their hands, the Progressive machine quietly killed the bill by 23 to 45 on an off day in the lower house. Thus the issue was saved for another campaign.

In this case the Progressives were not only concerned with preserving a popular issue. They also were a bit fearful that the estimates of the conservatives might be correct, and that the measure really might cost the State $5,000,000, a year, as alleged by its opponents. This would have caused such an uprising among the tax-payers that the Progressives might have been turned completely out of power.

In the next session, 1925, the Eagles cut loose and paddled their own canoe. A test vote in the Senate showed 17 to 13 in favor of the measure, so everyone climbed on to the bandwagon and old-age pensions passed by 16 to 5, with eight pairs. Then came an attempt to kill it again in the Assembly, but this time the Eagles were not asleep. So thereupon the Progressives tried to amend the measure to death. If you don't believe it, examine the Progressive names attached to the amendments.

The attempt to kill the bill failed, but as usual the machine managed to accomplish, by indirection, precisely what it wanted. One of the amendments converted the measure from the State-wide to the county-option plan, and required a two-thirds vote of all the members of the county board to put it into operation in any county. As a result, in the four years which have followed, old-age pensions have been adopted by only five small and unimportant counties. The county board of Milwaukee county, although composed almost unanimously of Progressives and Socialists, has been able to muster enough noes and enough absentees to kill the measure every time it has come up.

Thus the pocketbooks of the voters have been spared and a popular issue has

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been preserved. But unfortunately the Eagles are not politicians. They want more than mere advertising; they are looking for actual accomplishment. So, by cutting loose from all party entanglements, the order has been able this year, after a long struggle, to get the law amended to require only a *majority* vote in each county board. It now looks as if the county taxes of Milwaukee were soon to be doubled, in which event the Progressives on the county board will have a lot to explain. As one prominent Progressive assemblyman said to me, "I guess our crowd were asleep to let that get through. Our party leadership is all shot to hell since Old Bob died."

IV

The Socialists, for years in control of the city government of Milwaukee, have never put a single tenet of Socialism into effect there. The LaFollettites, after years of strangle-hold on the State government, have yet to show any sound and solid Progressive accomplishments. They have simply gone on leading lost causes—even when in the majority. They have been picturesque. They have shouted from the housetops. They have spread Progressive principles to the four corners of the country, and alarmed all the Chambers of Commerce. They have erected a really beautiful statue of Fighting Bob in the chamber of horrors of the national Capitol. They have spread the belief that Wisconsin is Red. But all the while a scrutiny of its Compiled Statutes will show it to be one of the most conservative States in the Union.

The Wisconsin Legislature, I believe, is the cleanest and least venial in America. The State officials, in the main, are honest and capable. But Wisconsin is not, and never was, Progressive. Least of all is the LaFollette machine. The really Progressive voters of the State, I suspect, are just beginning to find it out.

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MIDAS ON A GOATSKIN

BY J. FRANK DOBIE

"He's the second sorriest white man in Viznaga," my host said. "The sorriest white man keeps a Mexican woman without marrying her, but Dee Davis lawfully wedded his *pelada*. He's the town scavenger, works at night, and sleeps most of the day. He'll probably be awake 'long about four o'clock this evening and more than ready to tell you the kind of yarns you want to hear."

Viznaga is a hundred miles or so west of San Antonio, Texas. We found Dee Davis just awaking from his siesta. He occupied a one-room shack and sat on a goatskin in the doorway, on the shady side of the house.

"I'm a great hand for goatskins," he said. "They make good settin' and they make good pallets."

I sat in a rawhide-bottomed chair out on the hard, swept ground, shaded by an umbrella-China tree as well as by the wall. There was a wooden bench for my friend. The shack was set back in a yard fenced with palings that had never been painted. Across the yard from the shack and farther toward the front was a little frame house occupied by Dee Davis's Mexican wife and their three or four half-breed children. The yard, or patio, was gay with red and orange zinnias and blue morning-glories. Out in a ramshackle picket corral to the rear a boy was playing with a burro.

"No, Mister," went on Dee Davis, who had got strung out in no time, "I don't reckon anything ever would have come of my dad's picking up those silver bars if it hadn't of been for a surveyor in Del Rio.

"You see, Dad and my uncle Ben were frontiersmen of the old style and while they'd had a lot of experiences—yes, Mister, a lot of experiences—they didn't know a thing about minerals. Well, along back in the eighties they took up some State land on Mud creek and begun trying to farm a little. Mud creek's east of Del Rio. The old Spanish crossing on Mud was worn deep and always washed, but it was still used a little. One day, not long after an awful rain, a reg'lar gulley-washer and fence-lifter, Dad and Uncle Ben started to town. As they were going down into the creek, by heifers, what should show up right square in the old trail but the corner of some sort of metal bar. They got down out of their buggy and pried the bar out and then three other bars. The stuff was so heavy that after they put it in the buggy they had to walk and lead the horse. Instead of going on into town with it, they went back home. Well, they turned it over to Ma and then more or less forgot all about it, I guess—just went on struggling for a living.

"At that time I was just a kid and was away from home working for the San Antonio Land and Cattle Company, the 7 D outfit, but I happened to ride in just a few days after the find. The Old Man and Uncle Ben never mentioned it, but Ma was so proud she was nearly busting, and as soon as I got inside the house she said she wanted to show me something. In one of the rooms was a bed with an old-timey covering on it that came down to the floor. She carried me to this bed, pulled up the part of the cover that draped over to the floor, and told me to look. I looked, and, by heifers, there was bars as big as hogs. Yes, Mister, as big as hogs.

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"Nothing was done, however. We were a long ways from any kind of buying center and never saw anybody. As I said in the beginning, I don't know how long those bars might have stayed right there under that bed if it hadn't of been for the surveyor. I won't call his name, because he's still alive and enjoying the fruits of his visit. My dad was a mighty interesting talker, and this surveyor used to come to see him just to hear him talk. Well, on one of these visits he stayed all night and slept on the bed that hid the bars. One of his shoes got under the bed, and next morning in stooping down to get it he saw the bars. At least that's the explanation he gave. Then, of course, he got the whole story as to how the bars come to be there and where they were dug up.

"'What you going to do with 'em?' he asked Dad.

"'Oh, I don't know,' Dad says to him. 'Nothing much, I guess. Ma here figgers the stuff might be silver, but I don't know what it is. More'n likely it's not anything worth having.'

"'Well,' says the surveyor, 'you'd better let me get it assayed. I'm going down to Piedras Negras in my wagin next week and can take it along as well as not.'

"The upshot was that he took all the bars. Two or three months later when Dad saw him and asked him how the assay turned out, he kinder laughed and says, 'Aw pshaw, 'twan't nothing but babbitting.' Then he went on to explain how he'd left the whole caboodle down there to Piedras Negras because it wasn't worth hauling back.

"Well, it wasn't but a short time before we noticed that this surveyor, who had been dog poor, begun to build a good house and bought a good-sized tract of land. He always seemed to have money and went right up. Also, he quit coming round to visit his old friend. Yes, Mister, quit coming round.

"Some years went by and Dad died. The country had been consider'bly fenced up, though it's nothing but a ranch country yet, and the roads were changed. I was still follering cows, over in Old Mexico a good part of the time. Nobody was left out on Mud creek. Uncle Ben had moved to Del Rio. One day when I was in there I asked him if he could go back to the old trail crossing on Mud. The idea of them bars and of there being more where they come from seemed to stick in my head.

"'Sure, I can go to the crossing,' says Uncle Ben. 'It's right on the old Spanish Trail. Furthermore, it's plainly marked by the ruins of an old house on the east bank.'

"'Well,' says I, 'we'll go over there sometime when we have a little time to spare.'

"Finally, two or three years later, we got off. First we went up to the ruins of the house. About all left of it was a tumble-down stick-and-mud chimney and the burned mesquite stumps of what had been the foundation to a room about twelve by fourteen square, I guess.

"Uncle Ben and Dad had found the bars right down the bank from this place. Just across, on the west side of the creek, the side next to Del Rio, was a *motte* of *palo blanco* [hackberry] trees. The day was awfully hot and we crossed back over there to eat our dinner under the shade and rest up a little before we dug any. About the time we got our horses staked I noticed a little cloud in the northwest. In less than half an hour it was raining pitchforks and bob-tailed heifer yearlings and Mud creek was tearing down with water enough to swim a steamboat. There was nothing for us to do but go back to Del Rio.

"I've never been back to hunt those bars again. That was close to forty years ago. I've had to raise a family since then, but my youngest boy—the one out there fooling with the burro—is nine years old now. As soon as he is twelve and able to shift for himself a little I'm going back into that country and make several investigations."

Old Dee shifted his position on the goatskin.

"My eyes won't stand much light," he explained. "I have worked so long at night

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that I can see better in the darkness than in the daylight."

I noticed that his eyes were weak, but they had a strange light in them—the light made by dreams. It was very pleasant as we sat there in the shade, by the bright zinnias and the soft morning-glories. Pretty soon Dee Davis would have to milk his cow and then in the dark do his work as scavenger for the town. Viznaga has no sewer system. Still there was no hurry. Dee Davis's mind was far away. He went on.

II

"You see the old Spanish Trail crossed over into Texas from Mexico at the mouth of the Pecos river, came on east, circling Seminole hill just west of Devil's river, on southeast across Mud creek, across Pinto creek, and on finally to San Antonio. From there it went to New Orleans. It was the route used by the *antiguas* for carrying their gold and silver out of Mexico to New Orleans. The country was full of Indians; it's still full of dead Spaniards and of bullion and bags of money that the Indians captured and buried or caused the original owners to bury.

"Seminole hill hides a lot of that treasure. It's a long, rough hill west of where Painted Cave canyon runs into Devil's river. They say that a big jag of Quantrill's loot is located about Seminole too, but I never took much stock in this guerrilla treasure. But listen, Mister, and I'll tell you about something that I do take stock in—yes, sir, take consider'ble stock in.

"Last Winter an old Mexican *pastor* named Santiago was staying here in Viznaga with some of his *parientes*. He's a little bit kin to my wife. Now, about nine-tenths of the time an old Mexican sheep herder don't have a thing to do but explore every cave and examine every rock his sheep get close to. Old Santiago had a dog that did most of the actual herding. Well, something like two years ago now he was herding sheep about Seminole hill.

"According to his story—and I don't doubt his word—he went pie-rooting into a cave and stepped right on top of more money than he'd ever seen before all put together. It was just laying there on the floor, some of it stacked up and some of it scattered around in every which way. He begun to gather some of it up and had put three pieces in his *hato*—a kind of wallet, that is, that *pastores* carry their provisions in—when he heard the ungodliest noise behind him that he had ever heard in all his born days. He said it was like the sounds of rattling trace-chains and of dried cowhides being drug at the end of a rope, and panther yells, and the groans of a dying man all mixed up. He was scared half out of his skin. He got out of the cave as fast as his legs would carry him and he never went back.

"But he got out with the three coins still in his *hato*. They were old square 'dobe dollars like the Spanish used to make. As soon as he got a chance, he took them to Villa Acuna across the river from Del Rio, and there a barkeeper traded him three bottles of beer and three silver dollars, American, for them.

"Well, you know how superstitious Mexicans are. Wild horses could not drag old Santiago back inside that cave, but he promised to take me out there and show me the mouth of it. We were just waiting for milder weather when John McKnight from Sonora sent in here and got him to herd sheep. Santiago has an invalid wife and they taken her along too. Maybe he'll be back this Winter. If he is, we'll go out to the cave. It won't take but a day."

Dee Davis rolled another cigarette from his supply of Black Horse leaf tobacco and corn shucks. His Mexican wife, plump and easy-going, came out into the yard and began watering the flowers from a tin can. He hardly noticed her, though, glancing in her direction, he seemed to inhale a whiff of tobacco and shuck with a trifle more of deliberation. He was a spare man, and his gray moustaches that drooped in Western sheriff style hid only partly a certain nervousness of the facial muscles, but

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his few gestures and low voice were as deliberate—and as natural—as the flop of a burro's ears.

"What I'd rather get at than Santiago's cave, though," Dee Davis resumed, "is that old smelter across the Rio Grande in Mexico just below the mouth of the Pecos. That smelter was not put there to grind corn on, or to boil *frijoles* in, or to roast goat ribs over, or anything like that. No, Mister, not for anything like that.

"It's kinder under a bluff that fronts the river. I know one ranchman who had an expert mining engineer with him and they spent a whole week exploring up and down the bluff and back in the mountains beyond. I could of told them in a minute that the mine was not above the mouth of the Pecos. If it had of been above, the trails made by miners carrying *pantahuelas* could still be seen. I've peered over every foot of that ground and not a *pantahuela* trail is to be seen. You don't know what a *pantahuela* is? Well, it's a kind of hod, shaped like a stretcher, with a pair of handles in front and a pair behind so that two men can carry it. That's what the slave Indians carried ore on.

"No, sir, the mine that supplied that smelter—and it was a big mine—was below the mouth of the Pecos. It's covered up now by a bed of gravel that has probably washed in there during the last eighty or ninety years. All a man has to do to uncover the shaft is to take a few teams and scrapers and clear out the gravel. The mouth of the shaft will then be as plain as daylight. That will take a little capital. You ought to do this. I wish you would. All I want is a third for my information.

"Now, there is an old lost mine away back in the Santa Rosa Mountains that the Mexicans call El Lipano. The story goes that the Lipan Indians used to work it. It was gold and as rich as twenty-dollar gold pieces. El Lipano didn't have no smelter. The Lipans didn't need one.

"That long bluff overlooking the smelter and the lost mine in the gravel is worth looking into itself. I guess maybe you never met old Uncle Dick Sanders. He used to live up in the Fort Sill country, where he died. He was government interpreter for the Comanche Indians and a great *hombre* among them. He knew a good part of the world when it belonged to nobody but the Comanches—but he didn't know the Rio Grande country. I first got acquainted with him when I was going up the trail through the Indian Territory to Dodge City. Then twenty-five years later he came down here exploring. About the time he got ready to go back he told me why he had come.

"It seems that not long before Sanders made this trip a very, very old Comanche warrior who was dying sent for him.

"'I'm dying,' the Comanche said. 'I want nothing more on this earth. You can do nothing for me. But you have been a true friend to me and my people. Before I leave I want to do you a favor.

"'Many Winters ago,' the old Indian went on, as Uncle Dick Sanders repeated the story to me, 'when I was young and the Comanches were many and active like the deer on the hills, a band of us were horse-raiding down on the Rio Grande, a hard day's ride west of San Antonio.

"'We were on a long bluff south of the river and still farther off to the south we saw a Spanish train winding among the mountains. The soldier guard was in front and some *carretas* pulled by oxen came on behind. We were hid so that the Spaniards couldn't see us, and we saw that at a certain place the soldiers would go down into a deep, narrow canyon out of sight of the *carretas*. We made a dash, cut off three *carretas*, and killed the drivers. But there was nothing in the *carretas* but coins of silver and gold. They were in cowhide bags —*maletas*, the Mexicans call them. We loaded these *maletas* on our horses and ran back toward the river.

"'But what use had we in those days for gold and silver? Some of the coins were good for ornaments, it is true, but we did not know how to trade with them. We traded with buffalo robes and horses. There were some deep cracks in the rock bluff

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and we poured handfuls of the shining pieces into these cracks. The rest we brought across the Rio Grande and hid in a hole over which we piled rocks. This place was between two forks, one a running river walled with rock and the other a deep, dry canyon. Not far below where these forks come together the water empties into the Rio Grande. It is all a rough mountain country.

"'Go to those rocks piled up over a hole between the two forks and you will find gold and silver enough to make you rich as long as you live. I alone am left as a witness. For a long while two other Comanches who were with me on that raid lived here, but they are dead.'

"After the Comanche got through telling old Uncle Dick Sanders his tale, he asked for a lump of charcoal and a dressed deerskin. Then he drew on the skin a sketch of the Rio Grande, the bluffs to the south, a stream with a west prong to the north, and the place of the buried coins. Of course he put no names on the map. The only name he knew was Rio Grande del Norte. Sanders showed me the buckskin map. I tell only of what I know. The charcoal lines had splotched until you could hardly trace them, but Sanders had got an Indian to mark down the original lines with a kind of greenish paint or whatever it is that Indians use for paint. And Sanders had been circulating out west from San Antonio sixty or seventy-five miles—'a hard day's ride,' as the Indian said—trying to fit his map to the ground. He had some sort of theory that the Comanche had mistook the Frio river for the Rio Grande. Naturally he hadn't got very far in locating the ground, much less the money. He was disgusted with the whole business. Told me I could use his information and have whatever I found.

"Now, to put the matter in a nutshell, the old Comanche was right as to the direction from San Antonio—west, but he was all off as to the distance. From San Antonio due west to where Painted Cave canyon runs into Devil's river, under Seminole hill, is nigh two hundred miles and is a good four days' ride on a good grass horse. But I am satisfied that Devil's river and Painted Cave canyon are the forks that the Indians hid the *maletas* of gold between and that the long bluff on the south side of the Rio Grande, over the gravel mine, is where they poured coins into the chinks."

III

Dee Davis got up, reached for a stick, squatted on the ground, and outlined the deerskin map that Uncle Dick Sanders had shown him. Then he sat down again and while he studied the map he had made was silent. I did not want the tales to stop.

It was wonderfully pleasant sitting there in the shade by the flowers, the shadows growing longer and the evening—as we call afternoon—growing cooler. I remarked that I had just been out in the Big Bend country and had camped with a pack outfit on Reagan canyon. Now Reagan canyon, as everybody who belongs to the soil of the Southwest knows, is where the Reagan boys were ranching in the late eighties when a Negro cowhand of theirs found what has ever since been famed as the Lost Nigger Mine—best known of all legendary mines pertaining to the Rio Grande world. I expected that Dee Davis would know something about this. He did.

"Listen, son," he interposed in his soft voice, "I don't expect you to tell me all you know about the Lost Nigger Mine, and I know some things that I can't tell you. You'll understand that. You see I hunted cows on both sides of the Rio Grande in that very country and got a good deal farther into the mountains, I guess, than any of the Reagans ever got. You may not believe me, but I will swear on a stack of Bibles that I can lead you straight to the Reagan nigger, Ben Kelly, who found the mine. Of course I can't tell you where he is. You'll understand that, though it wouldn't do anybody much good to talk to him, for he's half crazy. You see, it was this away.

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"One morning the Reagans sent this nigger out to find a very valuable horse that had got away with a saddle on. A few hours later Jim Reagan rode up on the nigger and asked him if he had found the horse.

"'No, sah,' the nigger says, 'but just looky here, Mr. Jim, I's found a gold mine.'

"'Damn your soul,' says Jim Reagan, 'we're not paying you to hunt gold mines. Pull your freight and bring in that horse.'

"Yes, Mister, that's the way Jim Reagan took the news of the greatest gold mine that's ever been found in the Southwest—but he repented a million times afterward.

"Well, the nigger didn't show up in camp for supper, and after the Reagan boys had et and talked a while they decided that after all maybe the nigger *had* struck gold. They didn't know any more about mining than a hog does about Sunday, but once they got interested in the subject they went wild. It seems that one of them suggested that they get Ben Kelly to show them the mine and then kill him so as to have a clear field to work in. Now they had a Mexican cook. This cook could hear them talking there in camp. He had not been with them long and, unbeknownst to them, he could understand English. Of course they always talked to him in Mexican.

"Along about midnight, after the Reagans had gone to bed, the nigger came in—and came in mighty quiet. He was a Seminole nigger from down in Mexico below Eagle Pass and stood in well with the Mexican cook. The cook told him what he had heard the Reagans planning. The nigger never waited to get a cup of coffee. He took a fresh horse off the picket line and lit a shuck. Some says that he went north and some says that he went south. Of course I'm giving you pretty much the version that the nigger gave me. There are other versions, and the Reagans themselves have a very different story to tell.

"Anyway, the nigger took some ore with him, and a chunk of that ore got into the hands of Lock Campbell, who was conductor on the S. P. Railroad between Sanderson and San Antonio. Campbell had it assayed and it run $78,000 to the ton. Well, as everybody knows, Campbell and the Reagans then began searching the country for nigger Ben Kelly. They spent thousands of dollars in the search and offered big rewards. Meantime they grubstaked prospector after prospector to look for the mine that only the nigger had seen.

"As I said before, I'm not a-telling where the nigger is. I've tried to get him to go with me out into the Big Bend, but he won't budge. He had a kind of scare that a man, especially one as ignorant as he is, never gets over. Yes, Mister, never gets over.

"I've knowed a lot of the men who looked for the Lost Nigger Mine. Not one of them has gone to the right place. I'll say this much: the right place is not on the Texas side of the Rio Grande at all and it's not below the mouth of Reagan canyon on the Mexican side.

IV

"One other thing I'll tell you. Go to that round mountain down in the *vegas* on the Mexican side just opposite the old Reagan headquarters camp. They call this mountain El Diablo, also Niggerhead; some calls it El Capitan. Well, about half way up it is a kind of shelf, or mesa, maybe two acres wide. On this shelf close back against the mountain wall is a *chapote* [Mexican persimmon] bush. Look under that *chapote* and you'll see a hole about the size of an old-timey dug well. Look down this hole and you'll see an old ladder—the kind made without nails, rungs being tied on the poles with rawhide and the fibre of Spanish dagger. Well, right by that hole, back a little and sorter hid behind the *chapote*, I once upon a time found a *macapal*. I guess you want me to tell you what that is. It's a kind of carrier in which Mexican miners used to bring ore up ladders. It's fastened on the head and shoulders.

"Now, I never heard of a *macapal* being used to haul water up in. And I didn't see

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any water in that hole. No, Mister, I didn't see any water.

"As I said, as soon as my boy gets to be twelve years old—he's nine now—I'm going out in that country and use some of the knowledge I've been accumulating."

Dee Davis leaned over and began lacing the brogan shoes on his stockingless feet. It was about time for him to begin work. But I was loath to leave. How pleasant it was there! Maybe Dee Davis is "the second sorriest white man in Viznaga." I don't know, but it seemed to me then, and it seems to me still, that there are many ways of living worse than the way of this village scavenger with a soft goatskin to sit on, and aromatic Black Horse tobacco leisurely inhaled through a clean white shuck, and bright zinnias and blue morning-glories in the door-yard, and long siestas while the shadows of evening lengthen to soften the light of day, and an easy-going Mexican wife, and, playing around a patient burro out in the corral, a bright little half-breed urchin of nine who will be twelve *mañana*, as it were, and then——.

Then silver bars as big as hogs out of Mud creek, and heaps of old square adobe dollars in Santiago's cave on Seminole hill, and Uncle Dick Sanders' gold in the chinks of the long bluff across the Rio Grande, and somewhere in the gravel down under the bluff a fine old mine that a few mules and scrapers might uncover in a day, and, maybe so, the golden Lipano out in the Santa Rosas beyond, and certainly and above all the great Lost Nigger Mine of wire gold far up the Rio Bravo in the solitude of the Big Bend.

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EDITORIAL

It is a thousand pities that Bishop James Cannon, Jr.'s pastoral epistle of August 3 last, by title "Unspotted from the World" (*Immaculatum ab hoc sæculo*), has not had universal circulation in the Republic, for it is one of the most searching and illuminating moral documents of the modern era, and, moreover, it has behind it the impeccable authority of the ranking American ecclesiastic, *primus inter pares* in the Established Church. Whether or not Monsignor Cannon, by Methodist canon law, is actually infallible when he speaks from the chair I do not know, but certainly no patriotic American would venture to question him on a matter of faith or morals. If he is good enough to advise Dr. Hoover about such high concerns of state as Law Enforcement in the Bible Belt and the trapping and training of Christian jurisconsults for the Federal bench, then he is certainly good enough to advise the rest of us about such lowly things as games of chance.

This is precisely what he does in the bull *Immaculatum*. Does the Holy Ghost frown upon draw-poker? Is it in contempt of Scripture to buy fifty shares of First National on a 5% margin, hoping for a continuance of miracles? Are the gates of Hell ajar for patrons of hand-books and the *pari-mutuel*? These and many like questions the learned bishop answers, and to the answering of them he brings not only his singular gifts as a specialist in moral science and the natural certitudes of one close to Omniscience, but also a long and gaudy career as a practical speculator in "houses and lots, timber stumpage, coal, cotton, bank stock, and stocks and bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange"—sometimes, to be sure, painfully nicked and even stung, but most engenerally, as they say in his own Southland, getting away with it. In brief, he speaks not alone *ex cathedra*, like his colleague of Rome, but also as an insider. There is in him no hollow theorizing. He has slid down the ticker-tape to woe and lamentation and he has shinned up its fascinating coils to triumph and hosannas.

Unfortunately, his ideas on the subject run to 17,500 words, and so they have reached but a small minority of the American people. Dr. Hoover, Charlie Curtis, Speaker Longworth and Mr. Chief Justice Taft, one may assume plausibly, have read his bull in full, for they are his associates in the government and the ministers of his divinations, but not a single newspaper in the land has printed his whole text, and most of their summaries have shown the influence of the Beer Trust. Even the denominational journals have done little better, though here, of course, the Beer Trust cannot be blamed. The bishop himself struck off 50,000 copies for free distribution, but they were gone before even all of the clergy had been reached, and so the great bulk of the laity continue to pant for light and leading. Cash customers, to be sure, are still accommodated with reprints at the rate of ten cents for three copies, thirty cents for ten, and $1 for forty—but cash customers, as everyone knows, are not numerous at moral counters: if, indeed, they were not so tight Dr. Cannon would never have run short of money, and thus his instructive experience would have been lost to the world. As it is, the greatest American state paper since Harding's Inaugural is almost as obscure as a novel by Henry James, and multitudes of Americans seem doomed to live and die without hearing anything more than the vaguest reports of it.

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II

It would be a pleasure to print the complete text in this place, but the pressure of literary matter forbids, and so I must content myself, like the various *Christian Advocates*, with a brief summary. After rehearsing at length his adventures as a trader for twenty years, including a laudable and altruistic fling at speculation in flour during the late war, the bishop presents it as his conclusion that there is "very much latent hypocrisy in the attitude of very many [Christian] people on this subject" and that "the time has come to brush aside much muddled thinking" about it.

It is absurd, he contends, to hold that the mere element of chance makes any given transaction a gamble. There is such an element in practically every imaginable affair of business. Even the most cagey deacon, his nose close to the board, may fall into "faulty judgment of persons holding positions of trust," or of "circumstances which may arise," or of "actual values," and so come to grief, both his native pawkiness and his prayers to God to the contrary notwithstanding. "Elements of chance, therefore, do not necessarily indicate gambling."

But what, then, is the test? The test, obviously, is the extent to which those elements dominate all others. When they have complete sway, as in "the throwing of dice, the shooting of craps and the purchase of lottery tickets," then the transaction is a gamble pure and simple, and may be plausibly condemned as subversive of sound morals, and hence in contempt of divine revelation. But the instant "an element of skill or intelligence" enters in, the ban is lifted, and the professing Christian may take advantage of his luck quite as innocently as the damned and miserable Darwinian.

Monsignor Cannon, as everyone knows, is a frank and courageous man, and so it is not surprising to see him face boldly the implications of his doctrine. What of playing poker: would it be seemly in a Methodist? What of taking a chance on the horses: would it shake a bishop's franchise to bind and loose? His answer is candid and crystal-clear: "Chance *and skill* enter into card-playing; chance *and knowledge* into horse-racing." And Wall Street, that hell-hole? It, too, gets a bath in milk, maybe even in Coca-Cola:

> The purchase and quick re-sale of stocks is not any more gambling than the purchase and quick resale of [building] lots, and the length of time a man may hold stock or lots depends largely upon the temperament and ability of the man. Some men are quick, active, able traders, and some slow, conservative and able, but the element of gambling may be present or absent in each. Furthermore, the amount of margin upon which a man trades does not determine the gambling element. If a man can buy a lot which he wishes to resell at a profit with a very small cash payment . . ., there is no reason to call him a gambler because he . . . sells it very shortly after for a profit. And in the same way a man can buy stock for a very small cash payment . . . and there is no reason to call him a gambler because he sells the stock shortly after at a profit.

In all this, as specialists in moral theology are well aware, Monsignor Cannon is supported by the most esteemed experts of the age. I turn, for example, to the eminent Dr. Kenneth E. Kirk of Oxford, examining chaplain to the Bishops of St. Alban's and Sheffield, and find him, in his well-known treatise on "Conscience and Its Problems," saying almost precisely the same thing. What is more, Dr. Kirk's great learning enables him to show that all the accepted authorities of Christendom, running back to the Council of Toledo in the year 653, have been unanimously of the same opinion. Even when it is carried to excess, he argues, gambling cannot be a mortal sin; what is evil in it is simply the excess, not the act itself. That fact differentiates it sharply from all the categories of true wickedness. "A thing which is inherently sinful . . . can never be 'abused.' . . . We do not speak of an 'abuse' of, or of 'over-indulgence' in adultery. . . ." One act of adultery is as offensive to God as a long and complicated series, and may bring the same appalling retribution—as many a poor sinner has discovered to his surprise. But not even the most implacable moralist would argue seriously that wagering a cent on the fall

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of a die could justify boiling the culprit in brimstone and asphalt for 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 years.

What Dr. Kirk thus dismisses as plainly absurd has been dismissed likewise by a magnificent procession of doctors of both laws, stretching back to Apostolic times and including such impeccable canonists as Suárez, Grotius, Pufendorf, Ballerini, Billuart, Coninck, Gotti, Busenbaum, and the holy saints, Alphonsus Liguori, Thomas Aquinas, Gregory of Nyssa, John Chrysostom, Basil of Cappadocia, and the incomparable Augustine. The casting of lots, indeed, has the countenance of Scripture itself, as we learn from Acts 1, 26.

III

So it appears that the Holy Spirit guided the hand of Monsignor Cannon when he composed his great bull *Immaculatum*, just as it guided him when he scotched the Pope's conspiracy to insinuate Al Smith into the White House. His reasoning is cogent, his theology is sound, and if secular proofs were needed to support him they could be found in his own life, for he has speculated copiously for twenty years, sometimes winning and sometimes losing, and yet he remains *immaculatum ab hoc sæculo*—unspotted from the world. Unfortunately, this is not enough: there is still something that his lordship must take into consideration. That something, in a word, is the Civil Law. Suppose it to be true that "chance *and skill* enter into card-playing" for stakes: the laws of half the States make playing a misdemeanor. Again, suppose it to be true that "chance *and knowledge* enter into horse-racing": the laws of three-fourths of them make engaging in it a felony. More, those laws are all supported by the great body of Christians which Dr. Cannon leads and adorns. They are all intrinsically Methodistic. They have all been put upon the lawbooks by Methodist influence, and whenever a culprit is jailed under them it is to the tune of Methodist hallelujahs.

Here, I suspect, the learned bishop gets into deep waters. He is up to his middle; nay, up to his neck. If he argues that it is the duty of every good citizen to obey the laws, even when they prohibit acts that moral theology countenances, then his whole elaborate defense of games of chance goes to pieces, and he becomes by his own confession an encourager of lawlessness. And if, on the other hand, he argues that it is no one's duty to obey a law which goes beyond the ordnances of God, then he becomes a scofflaw open and unmitigated, and by his own theology has only Hell to look forward to. The dilemma, I venture, is one that has already wrung some sweat from him, and more will bead his brow hereafter. For the nearer he gets back to Acts 1, 26, in defending his speculations in "houses and lots, timber stumpage, coal, cotton, bank stock, and stocks and bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange," the nearer the rest of us will get to John 11, 1–11, in defending our dalliance with wines and liquors. How is he going to wriggle out of that difficulty? How is he going to maintain his thesis that only gambling *without* "skill" and "knowledge" is really gambling, and escape the inevitable corollary that drinking *with* "skill" and "knowledge," *i.e.*, without getting drunk, is virtuous also?

My question, of course, is purely rhetorical. The bishop may sweat a bit, but he will somehow manage it. More, he will satisfy his Methodist lieges. Yet more, he will hear no challenge from Dr. Hoover, nor from Mr. Chief Justice Taft. There may come some protests from the gamblers who now rot in a thousand jails, but that is as far as it will go. His lordship has nothing in common with such vulgar fellows: he has kept strictly within the letter of the law. He remains the head of the Established Church, and the fount of authority in matters of moral theology. He continues to issue his bulls and ukases, and they run at both ends of Pennsylvania avenue. As for the rest of us, we may be damned.

H. L. M.

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FEAR, FREEDOM, AND MASSACHUSETTS

BY H. M. KALLEN

THE history of freedom is the history of prohibitions. A bill of rights is defined, not by what it acknowledges, but by what it forbids. Political or ecclesiastical power imposes itself by *force majeure*. In a constitution, the functions of government are the institutional aspects of the privileges of governors; government has powers, the people only duties: the rights of the people are limitations upon the powers of government and the privileges of governors. In the Constitution of the United States these rights are established by amendment; they are in their turn impositions by *force majeure;* the important phrase is, *Congress shall make no laws. . . .*

That their import was and remains revolutionary and has been recognized as such may be gathered from the fact that in the early years of the Republic a man could be tried for sedition on the charge that he had published statements "intending to condemn the principle of revolution," while in these latter days men can be charged with sedition or disorderly conduct if they read the Bill of Rights aloud in a public place. Political freedom is thus a nullifying of political power; the liberties of one group or class of a society are defined by a restriction upon the activities of another; there is no freedom without a corresponding bondage; no bondage without a reciprocal liberty.

The philosophical insight into liberty is no less paradoxical than its political establishment. Philosophers who endeavor to set forth freedom as a positive quality of experience like colors or tastes or smells or sounds, find themselves defeated. They cannot exhibit it as they can exhibit or demonstrate, say, the color blue, the president of Harvard University, a hippopotamus, baked beans or a dodecahedron. The most they can do is to argue what freedom is not; even Bergson, the subtlest and profoundest of contemporary philosophers of freedom, ends by demonstrating it in a negation.

Yet both history and experience testify that in spite of its negative definition, freedom has a positive character. It may be that this character lies beyond all definition, and is independent of attendant circumstances, social, intellectual or other. It is a definite and concrete quality of feeling which may come to anybody on occasion and which almost nobody can identify and point to.

This feeling is not to be confused with the feeling of release from confinement or with the relaxation of restrictions of whatever kind. Nor is it the same as the feeling of security. Both release and security refer to an environment; each requires the presence of some other. You are secure when you sense in this presence the existence of external guarantees of your safety from it. You are released when a bond, physical or intellectual or emotional, is broken or removed or otherwise nullified. But you are free when you feel free; and you can feel free in jail or in church, in the Army or in the shop, in the wide open spaces or in a subway rush.

Feeling of this kind, however, does not make political history. It does not set up or pull down social institutions. It is still, effortless, quietist, like the passing of a lazy hour. The freedom of social aspiration and political idealism is conditioned upon

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an environment; it is a function of both release and security, an aspect of the conflicts and conciliations of the daily life. Political and social philosophies, revolutionary doctrines, Fascist or communist or democratic revelations are merely inventions for extending or suppressing this freedom. It is something which accompanies every aspect of the common round, and is no less an eventuation of the subway rush than of legislation, tax-collecting and policing.

Indeed, the trivial episodes of the daily life manifest the sequences which lead to it far more clearly than the overlaid complexes of our institutional organization. Liberty may appear as a more self-evident truth and a more inalienable right during a single subway ride from the Battery to the Bronx than during a whole session of the Legislature. . . . Review such a ride, anyone who has taken it. At the start, down at South Ferry, the cars are relatively empty. You enter briskly, pause, look around, comfortably choose the one place out of the many open to you to sit down in, and sit there at ease. You unfold your paper, stretch your legs, and spread your elbows. . . . The stations are a diversion. You are glad to look up, to observe the new passengers. You feel kindly toward them and welcome them. You notice the pretty girls and remark the remarkable men. You share the common joke of a loquacious drunk or a babbling baby. A spirit of community develops in your car. A friendly contagion spreads among the passengers, a sense of belonging together.

But soon the process changes. At the third or fourth station you find yourself feeling differently, irritable, not kindly, and you don't know why. As station succeeds station and more people take places in the car, your irritability grows to something like anxiety. First you have to draw in your legs, then you have to squeeze your elbows to your side and give up trying to read your paper. Soon you can't take a deep breath or stir in your seat. Your eyes can see only half a dozen inches in front of you, up and down the billowing façade of a fat shopgirl, reeking sweat and cheap perfume. You discover that you have been feeling crowded; that you want to kick out, and can't; that you want to elbow and push and can't; that you want to swear, and are doing so, only silently. At each station, with the additional load, you feel more disturbed, more apprehensive. The newcomers call out your ill-will. Without knowing it, you wriggle, and shove this way and that, all to no avail, except to awaken the ill-will of your neighbors. They are too many, and alone in this crowd, you are afraid to express yourself openly. You think hateful things, you murmur them—but get no relief.

On all sides, in all directions, you are cabin'd, cribbed, confined, compressed. All your impulses are blocked; and blocked, they turn to rage, and also the rage is bottled up, deepening that feeling of anxiety feeding your apprehension. Your emotions become confused: rage and fear intermingle and cannot be separated from one another. You are all of a tremble. Finally you reach your station. You hurry home with quick, jerky steps. You find fault with the dinner, you slap the little boy, you give the little woman hell. She wonders why and you wonder why. You quarrel. Then you are awfully sorry and maybe you take them to the movies to make up for it. But having slapped the baby, and helled its mother, you feel better. You have blown off steam.

But suppose that you could not blow off steam, not this day, nor any other day. Suppose that nevertheless you must go on travelling, as New Yorkers do in those subways of theirs, and that there is no wife or child, no kith or kin to take the journeys out on; nobody weaker, not even an alley cat, on whom you can vent those accumulating pent-up feelings. What happens then? Stored up in you, they become a permanent and explosive item of your character; they define how you react to all the world around you—on your job, at the theatre, wherever you may be and what-

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ever you may be doing. They make of you an anxious, irritable, intolerant dyspeptic, at odds with the universe. People begin to talk of you as being rude (as New Yorkers conspicuously are), bad-tempered, a little queer, a little off. Later they begin to call you eccentric. Your posture has become tense and you are seen talking to yourself, making strange pugnacious little gestures, gritting your teeth, pushing, crowding, snarling and scowling. You are always having a fight or on the verge of it.

If the metropolitan social structure did not provide innumerable outlets, by way of speakeasies, prizefights, baseball games and other sinful amusements, for such pent-up feelings, the condition just described would be far more general. Even with such outlets, the people of New York show a tension, a high-pitched nervousness which carries ominous implications. . . . For the reaction against crowding is not an acquired trait of human nature, not a peculiarity and accident of some form of civilized association. The reaction is primitive, instinctive, unconditional, and seems common to all mammals. Its opposite, the acceptance of crowding, is acquired. Even herd-animals react against crowding, and crowding is acquiesced in, accepted, habitual only under the stress of great hunger or a greater fear of the open. Pawlow speaks of a reflex of freedom. He tells how it took three months of hunger and feeding to break down a dog's intolerance of being chained; how the intolerance re-appeared within six weeks when the chaining was unaccompanied by food. Watson and other psychologists have found that human infants are infallibly thrown into a rage by holding them so as to prevent movement.

Out of these facts springs the notion that liberty is an inalienable right. Because of them, liberties are invariably indicated by means of prohibitions—all, prohibitions of crowding. Living beings constitutionally require a certain amount of room for the smooth, self-initiated, self-governed movements of the organism. Room is freedom, freedom is room.

II

In a world like ours, however, room is not an inexhaustible commodity. It has a competitive value proportional to the number, the range and the variety of the interests which strive to fill it. Each imposes a limitation upon the others; each compels a mode of action or adjustment which would not otherwise ensue. When other people are near, even servants, even slaves, even the best-beloved, none of us does precisely what he feels like doing. Automatically their nearness works as a limitation. An ideal of liberty in a society, hence, would be the mutuality and equivalence of such limitations; freedom would be the equality of all men in their limitations. But our world no more enables such an equality than it provides inexhaustible room. Limitations vary in degree and scope and intensity. Who cannot point out this individual or that who is freer than his fellows? And who, as a rule, is freer than any of his fellows for any other reason than that he crowds them more effectively than they crowd him? On most levels of social life, the difference between license and liberty is simply the fact that license is the liberty which the other fellow takes. What we do ourselves is liberty; what the neighbor does is license, or, as our statutes call it, criminal anarchy.

This rule holds with ironic force in the relations between one society and another. No single person, save perhaps a unitarian god,—certainly no trinitarian one—is an individuality of, for and by himself. For practical purposes, every man is a place of overlapping and coincidence for all sorts of groups. A man is at once a son, a brother, a husband, a father, an immigrant or a native, a laborer or a capitalist, a baseball player, an Irishman, a Catholic, a plumber, a Knight of Columbus, a Republican, a Rotarian, a Bostonian, a citizen of the United States, of Massachusetts, and endlessly so forth. Every one of such expressions classifies the poor fellow by locating him in a certain group, definable by certain

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ways of behaving. You do not expect a plumber to behave like an undertaker, nor a doctor like a Christian Science healer, nor a Klansman like an adult, nor a college president like a man of courage and candor, nor a trades unionist like an open-shopper. Each of these terms names a system of interests which lay claim on an individual's loyalty; and the expectation is that he will realize himself in each and all of them equally and harmoniously at the same time.

Of course this expectation is itself never realized. Not only is there crowding within the same group, there is ever more crowding among the different groups. Conflicts go on in a man's heart between his interests as a husband and a son, as a churchman and a citizen, a party-member and a patriot—endlessly. He is always more or less choosing between groups which crowd one another in him. His loyalties are by no means rigid and set. He may avoid the crowding in one group by joining another: the Catholic may turn Methodist, the plumber lawyer, the patriot internationalist, the citizen of the United States citizen of England, and the like. But except by suicide he cannot find a space empty of all groups, or escape crowding from some.

Groups may congest a culture as individuals congest a subway during the rush hour. Safeguarding our precious liberties, drawing bills of rights, are the recognition of this fact. In effect, they are a prohibition of unhealthy crowding, an endeavor after an equal distribution of social room, a sort of tenement law for the national life.

To what degree a bill of rights is effective depends in a large measure upon the intrinsic nature of the classes and groups to whose mutual relations it gives an order. Some groups are comparatively homogeneous. The forces of their cohesion operate directly on the individual from infancy. They are the attitudes of spirit, the technique and rhythm of speech and conduct which together make up the dynamics of family and nationality. They imply a continuous racial and religious tradition which assimilates the newborn by an unconscious contagion, suffusing him with practically ineradicable attitudes and ideals. The homogeneity of a group of this type may be so great—as until recently it was in China, and until early in the Nineteenth Century, among the Jews—as to be tantamount to arrested development. Groups may, on the other hand, become so heterogeneous as to have only a nominal unity like any accidental crowd or mob. The degree of integration ranges all the way from absolutism to anarchy. To be a unity, to live and to grow, a group must find its own optimum ratio between solidarity and diversification. Change, variety and novelty, manifoldness of contact and impact are indispensable to its power and development. Growth and excellence appear to require a modicum of conflict for their unfoldment. Crowding vitalizes where it does not repress.

The recognition of this fact underlies the prevailing conception of sportsmanship, the ideals of fair play, the vision of social justice with its various freedoms and securities. When, in a country as prosperous and powerful as the United States, this fact is forgotten or ignored by some classes or groups, a pathological state of the social mind is to be inferred.

III

Inwardly, the cause of a pathological state of the social mind may be a kind of rigidity due to social old age, a sort of group arterio-sclerosis in which thought and behavior are characterized by tradition without adaptability, and hence by anxiety in the face of anything in the environment different, unaccustomed or unexpected. Or the cause may be a multiplicity of groups so intense in their allegiance within and in their conflicts without as to allow for only the weakest kind of unity of the whole.

In either case the history of the society

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reproduces the phenomena of the journey in the subway. Emotional tension appears, accumulates, and finally discharges in feuds, in gang, civil and class wars, and, at the end, in revolution. Between the beginnings of the tension and its relaxation there appear all the stages of class wish-thinking—programmes of ameliorative reform, new compensating religions and philosophies, utopian reconstructions, all purporting somehow to negate the social crowding and to relax the tension. Each group elaborates a social vision involving the subjection or nullification of the others, and a social philosophy rationalizing this. When these fail, the tension relaxes itself by breaking out as action. The group which feels too crowded declares its liberties as a system of restraint upon those who crowd it; an old order is reënforced or a new one is set up.

What is usually called the American Revolution was an event of the first type. The crowding which preceded it was tenuous and at long distance; today it is the easiest commonplace of any free policy. Yet, *via* the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights it erected the negation of crowding into a principle which was used, as in the case of Joseph Dennie, to crowd those who opposed it; and Thomas Jefferson could write amid the general approval: "A little rebellion now and then is a good thing. Pray God we may never be twenty years without a rebellion." His prayer cannot be said to have been either answered or unanswered. The nation has known only one great civil war. But in the different States, apart and together, there have occurred warfares of considerable dimensions in which crowded masses have endeavored to vindicate the principle of the American Revolution against the crowding classes—religious wars, industrial conflicts, battles for property and privilege. Nevertheless, since the Civil War there has been nothing resembling a rebellion. Not even the judicial murders by the Federal courts in the Haymarket case in Chicago, which arrayed the authority of a State against the power of the nation, led to rebellion. Indeed, the Eighteenth Amendment has brought us closer to rebellion than far more serious encroachments upon the rights of the people. The essential story of American liberty is rather a story of growing civil obedience, of a nullification of rights, of a diversion of the reflex of freedom from the political field. Already before Lincoln's day Ellery Channing could say: "We have lived to hear the strange doctrine that to expose the measures of rulers is treason." And during his candidacy, the most usurping of Presidents who ever held executive power could declare: "We have forgotten the principles of our origin if we have forgotten how to object, how to resist, how to agitate, how to pull down and build up, even to the extent of revolutionary practices if necessary."

Mr. Wilson was, of course, mistaken as usual. We have not forgotten; we have offset and redirected. Tyranny in industry and intolerance in religion work their easy way through corruption in politics. Liberty has ceased to matter in the United States. As the embattled farmer has been succeeded by the picketed laborer, and the great landlord or merchant by the investment banker, so liberty has been replaced by security—some say, securities—as the American ideal. The Eighteenth Amendment is an aspect of the aspiration toward security. It is a symbol of the interest in property and of the anxiety about possessions, of the fear which the employer feels toward his hands, the rich toward the poor, which the *parvenu*, the plutocrat, feels toward everybody. Liquor, which is an instrument of at least subjective liberty, is a menace to security, to profits on earth and rewards in Heaven. The Constitution that prohibits its use by amendment has become a palladium, not of liberty but of security. The duty of blind obedience to law becomes, in the mouth of the current President, the chiefest of commandments. "Loyalty to the Constitution," now a rule of security, becomes the religion of the

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possessing classes. They regard this document drawn up by lawyers and merchants as members of lesser sects regard the Bible, the Book of Mormon, or "Science and Health." It is a revelation which safeguards the established order, which justifies the groups whose liberty is the more successful crowding of other groups in the possessions and privileges their anarchy has won them.

The outcry about the inviolability and the sanctity of their justification is a measure of the doubt they actually, if perhaps subconsciously, feel about it. The resistance to non-conformity, variation and novelty is a measure of the inward feeling of insecurity, of the fear and anxiety, ungrounded in social or economic actualities, from which these classes suffer: a millionaire Massachusetts ex-Governor will prosecute a pauper boy professing communism for calling him during a time of public excitement, a murderer; and a no less neurotic court will sentence the youth to a year in jail.

The social state of mind under such circumstances may be described as paranoiac. Delusions of grandeur and delusions of persecution fuse in it. A person is held to be paranoiac when he regards himself as of signal power, dignity and worth and is profoundly convinced that the world is somehow conspiring to destroy that worth, dignity and power. He is especially driven by the persecution complex. In the same way groups, classes, societies, manifest paranoia. Before the war, the ruling classes of Germany enjoyed a considerable degree of this excitement. Jews as a nationality show on occasion more than a trace of it, and the privileged classes of the United States have hardly recovered from the violent phase which came on with the war. "Privileged" describes equally poor Southern whites keeping Negroes under, and richer Northern ones enjoying the advantages of "nativity" and wealth. The Ku Klux Klan and the "American" plan of anti-union organizations are alike instances of it.

IV

Among the local manifestations of this state of mind—which has a range from Maine to California and from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico—one of the most persistent and interesting is that of Massachusetts. It has been argued that there is an ancestral taint in her native sons, whose sign and index is the New England conscience; that Puritanism, with its doctrine of divine election, with its repressions, intolerances and witch-burnings, is a syndrome of pathological rages and apprehensions, without a ground in the actualities of existence. That may or may not be so, but it doesn't matter. For the Massachusetts which signifies in the making of the United States was not Puritan but post-Puritan. It was, if you prefer, a Massachusetts which had been sick and had become well again—the Massachusetts of Benjamin Franklin and the Adamses, of the Boston Tea Party and the Abolition Movement, of Unitarianism and free public education. The capital of this Massachusetts used to be called the Athens of America. It was the Massachusetts of the period between 1830 and 1900, of the period when very little that was spiritually significant in the national life failed to have its starting-point or its development and career in Massachusetts. Emerson, Longfellow and Lowell, Theodore Parker and Channing, Thoreau and Howells and Hawthorne were Massachusetts men. The New England School was a Massachusetts flowering.

The fertile soil of this flowering was first shipping and overseas trade, a commerce that reached to the far ends of the world; then the textile and the shoe industries, with their factory development in such towns as Lawrence and Lowell and New Bedford, Braintree and Brockton and Haverhill; then interest and rents from capital investment in the exploitation of the West, of its railroads and copper and coal and iron mines. Income from these sources enabled, between 1840 and 1900, a wide and spirited contact with the cul-

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tures of the whole world. The arts of China and Japan, German philosophy, the literature of the Latins, the tastes of the British, were spread upon the intellectual tables of Massachusetts. Life took on a spaciousness, a tolerance, an ease that manifested themselves in a humanitarianism which made Massachusetts famous among the States. Contemporary sentimentalists refer to the period as the Golden Day.

But by 1900 the Golden Day had dimmed to a somehow ominous red nightfall. There were signs—Barrett Wendell's "Literary History of America" was an outstanding one—that in Massachusetts the forward look had been replaced by retrospect, anticipation by regret, the creative imagination by scholastic reflection. Boston, once the centre of intellectual activity, had become a seat of regretful recollection. Her literary and artistic life had changed from the eager making of the future to a genteel mulling over of the past and a far from genteel anxiety about the present.

The causes of this change were many, and not a few are continuing. Some of them lie in the abandoned farms of New England, with their testimony to the decay of the economy of the independent farmer and the urban wage-worker before the lure of the western frontier. One was the tendency of the sons of investors to follow their fathers' investments as the flag follows the dollar and the Bible. The West draws away many of the unpossessing native-born. The chores of the farm cease to be done by the hired girl who is the neighbor's daughter and the farm hand who is the neighbor's son, both the master's peers, children at his table; the drudgery of the factory ceases to be done by the farm women of the country round. A caste of hewers of wood and drawers of water of another race and faith take up their lives in Massachusetts. They are Irish Roman Catholics. Distrusted and often persecuted for their faith—the old Puritan breaking out—they are welcomed for their meniality. Boston's shanty Irish were to the Boston of a generation ago objects at once of contempt and pity.

Miserable in Ireland, the Irish naturally brought the habits of their misery to Massachusetts. Homeborn misery was a shining prosperity beside that imported kind. The latter gave the natives, particularly the employing natives, a fine chance to practice charity and formal loving kindness, and so to feel superior. This sentiment helped to redress the balance against "that certain condescension in foreigners" under which the native feeling of inferiority chafed. Charity, generosity, even of the "scientific" type, are widespread modes of social self-assurance; they reënforce the givers' own sense of self-sufficiency; they perpetuate the takers' dependence, putting them under obligation and keeping them inferior. . . .

The immigrant population did not, however, submit entirely to this inferiority. As it grew in numbers, it grew in political power. The Catholic Irish were reënforced by Catholic French-Canadians and by Catholic Italians and Poles and Lithuanians. They spread in and around Boston, down into the mill towns. They took up abandoned farms and made a living where the Yankee native no longer could. Very soon politicians became cognizant of a Catholic vote, and a Catholic political power to which they naturally deferred, and whose leaders they were forced to recognize. Neither in the municipal councils nor in the State Legislature did the Yankee any longer have a free hand. In politics he was being crowded, and by "aliens." He got what he wanted, but no longer freely. He had to pay—and to "aliens."

The immigrants at the same time ceased to stay content as a caste of unskilled and menial workers. Municipal day laborers, street cleaners, policemen and clerks became municipal contractors, builders and engineers. The daughters of cooks and maids and charwomen became nurses, store clerks, stenographers and schoolmarms. Their sons became aldermen and priests, Congressmen and merchants, lawyers and doctors and bankers. Meetings which had begun as contacts between magnanimous

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masters and grateful servants became confrontations of competitors. Their sign and portent was especially the multiplication of churches, whose size and decorations outdid anything the Congregational and Unitarian meeting-houses and even the Episcopalian cathedrals could boast of.

V

Not even the kindest and most democratic will can welcome freely and endure easily the transformation of an accepted inferiority into a claim to equality, and into a competitive claim at that. And native Massachusetts, especially native Boston, was far from the superlative of kindness and democracy. In all directions it felt itself crowded. It found itself compelled to give way, in politics, in business, in the public school system. It became embittered, suspicious and anxious.

Fear replaced courage in business. Corruption dislodged what remained of candor in politics. Deep in the post-Puritan heart, to hold undiminished what was at hand became more necessary than to seek new gains. Newspapers began to print advertisements: "Protestants only." Repeating old mistakes got preference over making new experiments. Thus the automotive industry, which might have developed in New England, was forced to seek, and found, a centre westward; the looting of the New Haven Railroad became a financial classic; the deterioration of the local textile and boot and shoe industries, is something the Bay State chambers of commerce still yawp over.

The whole picture today is one of economic stagnation turning toward decay. Of course scapegoats are sought for it; some blame freight discriminations against New England; others inadequate advertising and the like. But these are mere rationalizations. The fundamental fact is a certain failure of nerve under the impact of squatter crowding—a panicky defensive, as contrasted with a confident progressive, posture of the mind in a roomy field.

This can be seen even more clearly in fashionable society. Here the self-exalted of low degree cannot reach. Statutes may require Harvard College to celebrate its annual commencement in the presence of a Roman Catholic mayor or even Governor. Policy, with an eye on taxation, may inhibit the publication, in the Harvard catalogue, of the terms of the Dudleian bequest for a series of lectures, of which the third is to be "for the detecting and conviction and exposing the idolatry of the Romish Church, their tyranny, usurpations, damnable heresies, fatal errors, abominable superstitions, and other crying wickednesses in their high places: and finally that the Church of Rome is that mystical Babylon, that man of sin, that apostate church, spoken of in the New Testament." But nothing can compel Colonial Dames or Daughters of the American Revolution to meet scions of the A. O. H. at hops and teas—unless they are *monsignori* or titled travellers just over. Social snobbery was sharpened in the degree that political and economic bars were forced down. Its contagion to other fields spread most effectively in the colleges, for they are, in the current American economy, fashionable by first intent and educational only incidentally.

To these snobberies, born of anxiety and fear, the parvenu competitors replied with a counter snobbery. They belittled the things they were excluded from. So long as a quarter of a century ago Harvard's one great president, Charles William Eliot, observed that Massachusetts was a Roman Catholic Commonwealth. And Boston, with its children of Covenanters from Beacon Hill all the way to Brookline, and with its Irish Catholics in South Boston and Dorchester and Roxbury, and all that this implies, is, he might have added, an Ulster in this commonwealth. Significantly, the political lines and the sectarian ones do not coincide. Although the local Cardinal is a Republican, the Irish Catholics of Boston are Democrats. The Catholics of other origins through the rest of the State

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vote Republican when a Catholic is not a candidate for office on the other ticket. But Republican or Democrat, the Catholics of the whole State met, as was natural, snobbery with snobbery. They built their own colleges, and nothing gave them greater satisfaction than to get a football game with Harvard and win it. They multiplied parochial schools, and every so often demand a portion of the public school funds for their upkeep. To offset the Y. M. C. A.'s, they set up Young Men's Catholic Associations. To meet the challenge of the fraternal orders they set up the Knights of Columbus. To establish, if not their superiority, at least their equality to the offspring of the American Revolution (both sexes), and to the Colonial Dames (one sex), they sought, and secured, in ever-growing numbers, papal orders and papal titles, setting up a theocratic aristocracy of their own. Cardinal O'Connell, the very wealthy prince of the Church and opponent of the child labor amendment, who is the head of Massachusetts Catholicism, is said to hold that in Massachusetts the Church takes precedence of the State, and to have insisted on sitting above the Governor at public functions where both are present.

Against this growing Catholic system the Protestant order was crowded into a veritable Ulster, anxious, wary, harsh, unhappy, louder and louder in its claims on superiority and excellence, weaker and weaker in its ability to make them good; substituting more and more deviousness for courage, repression for fair fight, genealogy for achievement.

Upon the progressive anxiety neurosis which characterized the mind of Massachusetts between 1900 and 1917 came the impact of the Great War. Between 1914 and 1917 the social conflict fell into new lines. The Irish, passionate Hibernian nationalists, were against the British and eager for an independent Ireland; the post-Puritans were of course, pro-British to the last dowager. Both, thus, could be all the more anti-one-another. With Mr. Wilson's going over to the Allies, however, this intensified antagonism was driven underground. Its symbolic objects became, in successive ever-widening circles, the Germans, the Russians, the radicals, all aliens and immigrants. Emotion broke into dramatic action at two critical points. One was the Boston police strike. In this, an Irish Catholic police force appointed and paid by the city came into conflict with a Yankee Protestant commissioner, appointed and paid by the State, much to Mr. Calvin Coolidge's subsequent advantage. The other was the Sacco-Vanzetti case. In this, freethinking immigrant radicals of Catholic origin became the victims of a gigantic persecution complex involving in its prejudices and indecencies not only the Tory machinery of Massachusetts justice, but the presidents of Harvard College and of the M. I. T. and the whilom Governor of the State.

A lesser peak was the anti-Jewish movement in Harvard College, initiated by the authorities. Another was the cabal of blackmail and political corruption involving Daniel Coakley, a politician of influence, and Pelletier, the district attorney of Suffolk county, a veritable prince of Catholic society. This cabal worked by compromising men of family and collecting fees for silence; it came into the public eye when it entangled motion-picture magnates: the attorney general who prosecuted it received an honorary degree from Harvard, being characterized by Mr. Lowell as "our Hercules who cleaned out the Augean stables." To offset this victory of post-Puritanism were the Ponzi affair, the corruption of Mr. Tufts, district attorney for the neighboring county of Middlesex, and the corruption of Mr. Reading, attorney general for Massachusetts. A gayer item is the picture of Alvan T. Fuller, who has motored to his immortality upon his rôle in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, being sued for libel by his opponent in his first campaign for Governor, being found guilty and condemned to pay damages of one dollar, and then in his turn suing a boy

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radical of alien origin who called him a murderer, and getting Massachusetts justice for himself in the shape of a sentence of one year in jail for the youth. A hardly less brilliant one is the picture of the Massachusetts Legislature twice ignoring the recommendation of its own judicial council to so revise judicial procedure that the higher courts could review every action of the lower. To adopt this recommendation would reflect on Webster Thayer. . . . In a word, the ten years since the end of the Great War exhibit an unequalled disintegration of the legal, the industrial, and the social morality of the State.

VI

The compensation for this demoralization of conduct is automatically a concentration upon principle. What can be done must not be said or written. If it is written, it may not be read. Human nature is weak, especially in Massachusetts, and who knows to what crimes and laxnesses it might not be induced to by what it reads in books—except the Bible—and by what it sees on the stage and in the motion-pictures? For years the Puritan conscience and the fears of the upper classes kept guard against the contagion of ideas through the instrumentality of the precious Watch and Ward Society, which counts members of the Harvard faculty as well as uneducated clergymen among its supporters. For years there existed, parallel to its censorship, a Catholic censorship which succeeded in keeping out of the public libraries books on the Inquisition and others uncomplimentary to the cult. As the cult grew richer and more powerful, it grew bolder, and the range of censorship wider. Fighting for its monopoly upon the minds and emotions of its adherents, it found in censorship a basis for harmony and coöperation with what survived of Puritanism.

Though this remark sounds like a paradox, it is none. Roman Catholicism is perhaps the most powerful Puritanic single force in the United States today. It comes by its Puritanism honestly. Thinking of Catholicism, we think of the ostensibly immutable "deposit of faith" of the Roman Church, of its institutional age, and its enduring power. We cannot remember what a difference time and place and circumstance make, what a profound difference the American scene. Americanism is a heresy condemned in the encyclical *Pascendi Gregis*, but persisting and growing none the less. Its latest accretion is Al Smith's assertion, unchallenged by a single Catholic in the country, of the complete separation of Church and State. The Pope, it is true, has made the remarks of the imperious Mussolini an occasion to reject this heresy, but that is an irrelevancy.

Independently of the Americanist contagion, American Catholicism comes honestly by its Puritanism. It is Puritan from its beginnings. For there are two types of Catholicism. One is of the essence of the Catholicism which prevailed prior to the Protestant Reformation. This kind survives in no small degree in Italy, in Spain, in Bavaria and in France. Although it is not as humane as it used to be, it has lost nothing of that urbane and worldly-wise acceptance of the human weakness which is the chief prop of ecclesiastical power. The other type of Catholicism is the Catholicism of the counter-Reformation. This is a purged and puritanized Catholicism, which takes sin almost as seriously as the Calvinists and lives for salvation as ascetically. Its priesthood is more completely separated and more professional than the Calvinist. You find that kind of Catholicism among the Poles, and you find it among the Irish. Both the Irish and the Poles were subject nationalities, political inferiors to whom nationalism was a compensatory vision in which religion played a predominant rôle, accentuated by oppression.

Now, the institutional upkeep of Catholicism rests on the notion that life beyond this world is something far more important and far more precious than life in this world, that it matters far, far more

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how you live when you are dead than how you live while you are alive. Your behavior in the flesh must hence be such as to assure you a desirable life out of it: for *ipso facto* neither Purgatory nor Hell is desirable. The ecclesiastical hierarchy are the professional keepers, interpreters and administrators of the "deposit of faith," that revealed rule of life and belief which, executed, must lead straight to the mansions in the sky. This deposit is uniquely true, and its professional keepers and interpreters are infallible. They speak as having authority on all matters of morality and doctrine. What they condemn is evil, what they approve is good. Their judgment falls on items ranging from relativity in physics to fashions in female garments, but the items they appear to stress seem chiefly sexual. Vocationally committed to the repression of sex in themselves, they speak with greatest authority on the human relations founded in sexuality. Their habit is to forbid the reading of what is opposed to their teaching.

Thus it comes about that through the incidence of puritanical Catholicism upon the surviving Puritanism of the Massachusetts tradition, Boston maintains an *Index Expurgatorius* which has made it the laughing stock of the civilized world. The official Irish-Catholic censor of plays, the district attorney's office and the municipal police add the weight of civil authority to the private efforts of the Watch and Ward Society, and have the unofficial intent of the Church behind them. Works by such writers as Bertrand Russell, Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, H. G. Wells and Sinclair Lewis cannot be sold in Boston. A play such as Maxwell Anderson's "God of the Lightnings" could not be produced because, being based on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, it was guilty both of *lese majestatis* and blasphemy. A poor play like Michael Gold's "Fiesta," dealing with a Catholic community in Mexico, staged with all the correct academic sanctions by the Harvard Dramatic Society, was forbidden in Boston and its production in Cambridge was suppressed by the police. Poor President Lowell was much disturbed that Harvard men could even attempt such a production. The censor was bombarded with anonymous letters denouncing it. The dramatic critic of the Boston *Transcript* received inquiries asking whether "Fiesta" attacked the Constitution of the United States. And one embattled lady-errant wrote to the *Transcript* that the "real motives" of such a person as the author were "propaganda for communism and atheism, . . . wrecking Christian civilization."

A recent symptom is the resurrection and revamping of the blasphemy law of 1637. When in August 1928, I said at the first Sacco-Vanzetti memorial meeting that if those men were anarchists, then Jesus Christ was an anarchist, a warrant was issued to arrest me for blasphemy. The consequent publicity compelled the withdrawing of the warrant. Anthony Bimba, on the other hand, a year before, was charged with blasphemy in Brockton and found guilty of sedition, with which he was not charged. While his case was pending Mayor Nichols of Boston would permit no protest meetings or collections on his behalf. Poor Bimba lacked my advantages!

VII

Such is the clinical history of Massachusetts. If it does not set forth the stigmata of a paranoiac condition, then no social group can be paranoiac. Here are the delusions of grandeur, the delusions of persecution, economic, social, political, and a consequent homicidal attitude toward men and ideas, expressed especially in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the revival of the blasphemy law, the range and virulence of the censorship.

The root of this condition is a profound and silent conflict in the inner nature and outer character of the Commonwealth. It is the crowding and the repression of old privilege by old inferiority come to new power. It is the refusal of both openly to acknowledge that the conflict exists and

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to bring it into the open. It is the lack of will to integrate and coördinate the conflicting interests on the level of social realism. Such an integration would be freedom. But Massachusetts, torn between a formerly repressed cult now emboldened by plenty and power, and a privileged aristocracy reduced to nervous anxiety about its status, prefers to live in fear and to project its fears upon men and letters of liberal spirit and progressive ideals.

Only the other day there appeared new manifestations of the sickness of Massachusetts which should be added to the record. One set bears upon the Sacco-Vanzetti case. This atrocity, the beneficiaries and defenders of Massachusetts justice insist, must and shall be forgotten. They can endure to face it so little that their behavior makes a *prima facie* exhibition of what is known, in the words of that so righteous and honorable judge, Webster Thayer, as "consciousness of guilt." Thus, first of all, they prevented the Sacco-Vanzetti Memorial Committee from holding the second annual memorial meeting in Boston.

The committee could not secure a hall. Public officials would not allow Faneuil Hall to be used for such a purpose; the trustees of the Old South Meeting House were equally averse to having that forum of freedom desecrated by an exercise of free speech. Owners of commercial halls were frank to say that they did not dare hire their halls to the committee because they knew that they would be hounded by the municipal authorities afterward. An appeal, through paid advertisements in the daily press, met with no response. One paper, the Boston *Globe*, refused to print the advertisement.

The memorial meeting thus had to be held in the Town Hall, New York City. But in Boston the repression did not fail to bring exactly the consequences it was designed to prevent. Announcement was made that tribute would be paid to the memories of Sacco and Vanzetti on the Common, Sunday, August 25. The police declared they would break up any meeting at which Sacco and Vanzetti should be mentioned. They appeared, one hundred strong, headed by that prince of Boston intellectuals, Superintendent Michael J. Crowley. He took away the permits from the speakers and then arrested them for speaking without a permit. The result: Boston papers carried the names of Sacco and Vanzetti on the front page again, and the press of the world rang anew with the shame of Massachusetts.

Another set of manifestations bears upon that deep-lying conflict of which the Sacco-Vanzetti case is one symptom: the conflict between rising Catholic and slipping Puritan power. What started the hopeful rumpus was the charge, made by a wholesale druggist prominent in Republican politics, that the Republicans had lost Massachusetts to Al Smith because of the injection of the religious issue. This was tantamount to a charge of blasphemy against one of the most vicious and corrupting lies of our public life, the lie of the separation of church and state, of the banishment of religion from politics and politics from religion. It made Mr. James M. Curley, eminent in the Catholic aristocracy of Massachusetts, very, very angry. He demanded specifications.

Whereupon the tactics and campaign methods of the identical James M. Curley were specified. To which Mr. Curley, following the new classic tradition of Joseph Warner and Alvan T. Fuller, has responded with a threat to sue for criminal libel. As I write these lines, there is a prospect that when the Grand Jury meets the real causes of the sickness of Massachusetts may begin to be laid bare to the cleansing open air. That it is a hopeful prospect I cannot believe. The appearance *must* be kept up. The pretense of social peace, intellectual tolerance and political parity between one and the other will not yet be relinquished. They will continue for many years to come to make freedom of thought and idealism of character the victims of their hatred for each other.

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JEFFERSON: NEW STYLE

BY JOHN DONALD WADE

Tom Watson's people were midde class farmers. Once Quakers but finally Baptists, they moved to Georgia about 1750, after living for a while in Pennsylvania and North Carolina.

He was born in a proper time for the Civil War to do its work for him. It shattered and impoverished the social system he was part of, and killed this one and that one of his relatives. His father, wounded twice in body, suffered in spirit something little short of annihilation. He quit his newly bepillared house, and gave over his hereditary will to plant things for the joy of his progeny—apple and grape and quince. Thenceforth, he would plant only what he could sell. Then he left his farm, opened a restaurant, gambled, and offered himself as steady dupe for all sharpers.

This father young Tom thought was one to avoid—but his mother was adorable. He was at school, and he was taking music lessons. There were books for him to read; there was a fiddle for him to play, and an alarming knife for the menacing of objectionable school-mates. For the rest, he acquired freckles to match his hair, walked in his sleep, and developed an enduring habit of keeping journals. Soon it was time for him to go away to college, so that he might the better advance himself in the world, and to a Baptist college so that his mother might be the better assured of his advance in worlds more considerable.

His time at Mercer University went chiefly in prodigious reading, and in debate and declamation and dispute. But he could not argue away his poverty. People recognized him for a man of promise, but the recognition could not be drawn upon at any bank. It was soon plain that the poor pay he had for a Summer's teaching, augmented by the sale of his sister's gold watch and his grandfather's silver cup and his own books (value: six dollars), would not hold out further than his second year.

The sober fact was that he had to go to work, and in the Georgia of 1874 there was not much work to be had. He looked about here and there, vainly, and at last journeyed to a convention of rural Baptists, hoping that some deacon there, perhaps, would point him jobward. But the deacons' counsel was mainly celestial, and the boon he craved was immediate. Desperate, he went to a place near a little town named Sylvania, and there, after much canvassing, set up a school with himself as master.

It was a wretched land and it had brought to the ruin of the Civil War a population already ground under by economic shifts. The people had found a philosophy for their necessities. They were kindly, loyal, and in their way aspiring; and Watson's association with them taught him that they were worthy. He was a passionate soul, and he resolved then that something must be done to relieve the abuses they were subjected to.

But school teaching and altruistic impulse did not wholly engross him. He studied law, entertained himself desultorily with a Sylvanian nymph or so, wrote poetry, and played busily on his fiddle. Soon he was an out-and-out lawyer. Living with a former school-mate of his who was a candidate for the ministry, he considered applying for a temperance lectureship, but

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ended, teetotaling satyr that he was, by acquiring a reputation for immorality.

In November, 1876, he went back to live in Thomson, Ga., where he had been born in 1856. The town itself had changed little since his childhood, but in the State at large much was happening—particularly the movement for the organization of farmers—to give a young lawyer something to think about. As yet Watson thought chiefly of himself. He inaugurated what was to become an extremely successful law practice, married the foster daughter of a seldom-do-well doctor, and assumed more and more, as time went on, the support of any of his relatives, or his relatives' relatives, who found their own support more than they could manage.

Above all, he was pointedly concerned to have it known that he could not be imposed upon. The boy who toted a knife was the father of a man who toted pistols, one of which he at length used to shoot a rival barrister. The victim, Watson said, was trying to destroy him, and he retaliated by wounding him in the hand. To the satisfaction of both prosecutor and defendant, an accommodating judge arranged to have the case dropped.

Then arose a circumstance nobody had anticipated. The farmers of the community muttered that such a shooting match among farmers would never have been silenced so easily. Soon afterward the accommodating judge came up for reëlection by the Legislature. Watson himself, running for that body, was opposed by an acknowledged partisan of the judge. If he would only declare against the judge, he could command almost the entire vote of the farmers. But that declaration against a man who had so recently befriended him was a little more than he could achieve. So he said that he was not against his benefactor at all, but promised that if elected he would exert his influence in the matter of the judgeship, precisely as directed by his constituents.

Another phase of his candidacy had to do with his winning the support of the Negroes. Hard put by his opponent, who also sought this prize, he so far committed himself as to be generally, if falsely, accused of having compromised with Republicanism.

Already master of an exceedingly practical brand of politics, he won the race by a satisfactory margin. And he took with him two things that lasted. One was a definite respect for the political power of organized farmers, and the other, a reputation of being ready for his own ends to endanger the sacred Democratic unanimity.

II

In the Legislature he exerted himself, ineffectually, it proved, in the interest of temperance, tenant farmers, tenanted convicts, and Confederate veterans. The veterans had already the blanket right to peddle anything whatever, but they constituted a formidable political group, and he thought they should have specifically granted to them the right to peddle sewing-machines.

During the session he worked to have that body elect to the United States Senate J. C. C. Black, a resident of Augusta, the metropolis of his congressional district, and incidentally one of the lawyers who had volunteered to defend him when he was arraigned for shooting. Black's opponent was thought of as a kind of second-degree renegade. As Governor, he had granted high political favor to a Georgian who was believed to have sold out to the Yankees. But for all Black's being identified with the Old Order, and for all Watson's likening him to the "redoubtable and chivalrous Henry of Navarre," he was defeated. He could not prevail against the magnanimous—or submissive—programme of Henry Grady, which demanded that all bloody shirts be put under ground with as much speed as was consistent with proper ceremony.

Between Watson and Grady personally there was no bloody shirt whatever. Following Black's defeat, they celebrated at

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Grady's house, with several other gentlemen, the victory of Grady's candidate. It was a mighty meeting. There was much food and much drink. Grady graced it all with his customary all-enveloping genialness, and Watson, responding with a protracted playing of his fiddle, was awarded, as a gift for his wife, the lovely table decoration, a violin made of tuberoses.

There was no doubt by now that he was a man to be reckoned with. He was diminutive and scrawny, and his voice was often distinctly treble, but all this, he knew, weighed little against him in a State that had lately deified the shrill dwarf, Alex Stephens. Speaking, he was irresistible, swinging his audiences delightedly down the dizzy transitions he made from impalpable illusion, to stories of a man who could smell the gravy and know the sex of the hog—and then back up again to what seemed the final citadel of erudition.

One day his plea might be for temperance; the next for the acquittal of a crony who had regrettably shot down and killed a man; the next, before his *alma mater*, for a revival of the ancient faith which had characterized Southern youth before they turned up smeared with cynicism. There was a plea to be made also for Grover Cleveland, and one for a low tariff, and again and again and again a plea for the advancement of Tom Watson, who would not let himself be imposed upon.

But he was inescapably a Southerner, and by all his associations, a farmer, and both Southerners and farmers were imposed upon. And he was also a father who had been robbed lately of a child whom death took in spite of all his weapons and all his frantic bribes. Fathers, also, it seemed, were imposed upon—by Someone whose identity he could never be quite sure about. Clearly some Power not to be held friendly, a Power whom thinking of somehow set an itch in one's trigger-finger. It was not, evidently, the Person so extravagantly esteemed by churchmen. But who that Person might be was also a mystery—apparently quite beyond pistol-reach.

Other enemies were more tangible. The same North which oppressed the South was identical with the industrialism which oppressed the farmer. The West, daily more powerful, was, as fate had it, as much the natural enemy of industrialism as ever the South was. He burned to effect a treaty between those sections against their common tyrant. The defunct Granger movement, reborn as the Farmers' Alliance, had already done something toward accomplishing that purpose. Even in Georgia politics, complicated by racial and sectional animosities, it had shown itself potent.

The specific move for him individually to make was to go to Congress. The expedient thing for him to do in order to be elected was to affiliate himself, locally, with the cause which he wished truly, in his heart, to see triumph nationally. His campaign, then, was made in all sincerity, and with no touch of personal antagonism for his rival. He was hardly arrayed *against* anybody. The negative aspects of his outlook yielded to his advocacy of principles historically associated with agrarian interests. Everything, in his mind, went down before that advocacy, including the sacred Democratic unanimity. After all, he told the Georgia Legislature in the Summer of 1891, he would give a prize to anybody who could point to any real distinction between orthodox Democrats and orthodox Republicans. For his part, he was a Democrat still, but a Farmers' Alliance man in addition. He was running, in short, it seemed to stanch party men, with the hare and the hounds. They lost no time in declaring him fraudulent.

But he was elected in spite of them. The Farmers' Alliance had already named a Governor, and in the Fall of 1891 Watson established in Atlanta the *People's Party Paper*, a weekly calculated for the needs of his rural followers.

In Congress he worked valiantly, and actually accomplished the legislation which established the rural free delivery of mail. The House, largely untrustworthy, he announced, and too frequently drunk (a

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charge not sustained), could never, he told his fellow members, make him into a scapegoat. He wanted them to understand that never while he lived would he, a Georgian, be bulldozed by any representative from New York, nor forget the usages which had immemorially obtained among gentlemen.

All of that undeniably sounded grand in Georgia ears, but it could not placate the Democratic organization for his acknowledgedly writing propaganda for another organization than their own. The author of the People's Party Campaign Book, 1892, seemed to all good Democrats to be imperatively in need of extermination.

They gerrymandered his district, summoned J. C. C. Black, the redoubtable and chivalrous, to run against him, and at length defeated him, after a campaign of unprecedented tumultuousness, marked most memorably by Watson's protecting against a mob one of his Negro ward-heelers, and by the bright voice of Watson's lady supporters, piping, to the tune of "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "The Young Wife's Song," lately composed by their most versatile captain—in a mood more fiscal than connubial. Watson held always, with a force that time promises to accentuate, that the election was unfairly manœuvred against him. He remained, however, in politics, issuing a daily paper in supplement to his already existing weekly, appealing to Methodist cohesiveness in behalf of one of his candidates, and stumping all Georgia as a sort of messiah of Populism, more Luther, he told himself—and thanked God—than Erasmus.

He ran again for Congress in 1894, and was again defeated—again, he said, dishonestly. But a run-over election held soon afterward, on his demand, gave the same result.

In 1896, against his will, he was the Populist candidate for Vice-President of the United States on a ticket headed by Bryan of the Democratic ticket, but substituting Watson for Bryan's Democratic running-mate. This candidacy involved arduous campaigning in many parts of the country, and when it failed Watson apparently took stock of himself and decided to abandon Luther a while, and try Erasmus, to be a little less Jackson and a little more Jefferson.

He retired from public life and took sanctuary in his home in Thomson. There, using as a nucleus a "Story of France" which had appeared first in his weekly, he determined to write a more voluminous story which should make evident for everyone the force of his doctrines. This work, running well over 2000 pages, was published by the Macmillans, after much of it had been deleted as too radical, in 1899. It was received with great favor in Europe as well as America, and it holds some of its force to this day.

III

While he was writing it, he set himself to do next a popular history of the United States, and after that perhaps a life of Lee, but the wide endorsement of the "France" influenced him to undertake a life of Napoleon. This work, running over 700 pages, appeared in 1902. The product of a somewhat slackened exhaustiveness of preparation, it was nevertheless a commendable piece of work.

"The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson" (1903) and "Bethany" (1904), a sentimental, structureless novel of Civil War Georgia, deal with subjects nearer their author than ever Corsica was, or Rheims. They exhibit an author immeasurably less detached than the author of the "France," and less able to put down his old irascibleness, which too often, in Thomson or at the Augusta Fair, armed itself, and went menacing.

In 1904, the Populists made him their candidate for the Presidency. Watson himself had advocated Hearst for that office, but he accepted the nomination and conducted a vigorous and able campaign.

During the Summer he went to New York upon the summons of Arthur Brisbane, who wished him to become an ed-

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itor for the Hearst papers. The proposal somehow did not suit him, but the trip resulted in his meeting the promoter of two magazines, the *Smart Set* and *Town Topics*, and in his determination to edit a New York magazine himself. This publication, a monthly, *Tom Watson's Magazine*, ran from March, 1905, to September, 1906. For a while Watson himself lived in New York, but soon, in consideration of "his interests and local attachments," he went back to Thomson. From that fastness he continued to edit the magazine, assisted by an editorial board, among whom was his twenty-four year old son. Maxim Gorky, Theodore Dreiser and Edgar Lee Masters were among his contributors. He himself, beside his regular editorials, began in the June number his "Life and Times of Andrew Jackson," a work more irascible than his "Jefferson" by as much as his house in Thomson, "Hickory Hill," followed the pompousness of "The Hermitage" more than the dignity of "Monticello."

Soon he decided that in connection with the New York magazine he had been taken in by a promoter whom he should have recognized from the first as a Yankee sharper. The breaking off of their relationship, accompanied by a profuse crackling of incriminatory sparks on both sides, should never, he determined, deprive him of his pulpit as editor. The *People's Party Paper* had been abandoned since about 1900, and it was necessary to begin anew. The *Jeffersonian*, a weekly published first in Augusta and later in Atlanta, appeared in October, 1906, and *Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine*, a monthly published in Atlanta, appeared in January, 1907. The editor himself remained at his home in Thomson.

It was in connection with this absentee editorship that he formed a relation with his executive lieutenant, Mrs. Lytle. An unattached woman some ten years his junior, her physical massiveness and her aggressively capable mind put her in pointed contrast to the demure frailness of Mrs. Watson. That lady, now that she was no longer bearing children, had subsided into the position of a revered wraith, highly useful as an object of romantic allusion in his speeches, and as one to frighten away from his window the birds that distracted him at his writing.

Under Mrs. Lytle's régime the entire publishing activities of her master were transferred to Thomson. She too moved down as part of the equipment, first to a residence near the master's, and soon—past the concrete fountains reminiscent of Versailles—into the elysium of "Hickory Hill" itself. Watson's publications were rarely carried on by sufficiently business-like methods. If money due was collected, and if a proper amount of advertising was secured, it was Mrs. Lytle who was to thank. Her uses to him became yearly more indispensable, and personal. When he died, it was she and not Mrs. Watson who attended him, and he made provision for her support.

She could talk in such a fashion as not to set men snoring when they came down from Atlanta to "Hickory Hill" to learn from the sage who ruled it the things they must do if they really wished to be Governor. She knew also, consummately well, how to mix the drinks which the sage found more and more necessary for his happiness and the happiness of his guests.

In the Fall of 1904 Watson officially started his campaign for the disfranchisement of the Negro, to the end, he said, that white voters, freed of a Negro balance of power, might safely exercise individual independence in their politics. When Hoke Smith, aspiring for the governorship, endorsed this programme, he gained Watson's vigorous support. Elected, Smith brought about the promised change, as well as a regulation of both railways and liquor, by measures Watson had long advocated. The two of them were then for a long time hand in glove. But finally, because Smith would not, out of friendship for him, commute the sentence of a criminal whom he had unsuccessfully defended, Watson turned violently against him. His desertion of Smith, he maintained, could

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not be explained on such a basis. But the conviction that it was mainly personal was not diminished when in Smith's campaign to succeed himself, he was defeated, largely through Watson's efforts, by a politician whose philosophy was vastly more remote from Watson's than Smith's was.

Again the Populist candidate for President in 1908, he had brought home to him a knowledge that the party was moribund —that its one-time members had repudiated the only agency likely to offer them relief. What served as an even more damaging commentary upon the wisdom of his followers was his delivery of their vote, in the recent Governor's race in Georgia, to a man whom he instinctively believed a Tory. The exigencies of politics could scarcely have held up before him a more nauseous irony. The whole world, he concluded, and publicly advised, often and fervidly, was plunging hell-ward.

And as with the other angels he went hurtling headlong to perdition, he could think of no occupation possible under the circumstances better than that of pinching and tweaking the most refulgent of his fellows—they, it seemed to him, had evidently in the past been most predatory. These galling inflictions he brought about chiefly through his weekly newspaper, which had largely superseded his monthly. Among the brightest of these spirits, doomed with him, were various ecclesiastics, particularly Catholics, and those Protestants who busied themselves with foreign missions. He would not give any of those brethren any rest. His Catholic animosities, indeed, soon blazed into an obsession, the prosecution of which cost him, before all was done, some $200,000. Tried for alleged indecency in his lampoons against Holy Church, he was acquitted. Upon being threatened with a change of venue to some place out of Georgia, he sent word succinctly to the authorities in Washington that he would await upon his doorstep, with pistols, any extraditionary officer sent for him.

He also swept violently into a celebrated law case of 1913–15. A Jew convicted of murder in the Georgia courts was being aided in his efforts for a reversal of verdict by some rich Jews resident in New York. The circumstance seemed to Watson only another instance of Yankee intrusion into Southern affairs, and he was furious. Had he not often warned those Philistines that he would brook no impertinence from them? The fact that a fusillade against the Yankees in the affair would inescapably set loose an unreasoning racial hatred, and that it would in great likelihood result in a violation of Georgia sovereignty graver than any Yankee violation, did not check him. He took that risk unblenchingly, and the hatred he released, along with a little hemp rope, did the rest. And he looked upon his work and—for all he ever said to the contrary—found it good.

Anybody who opposed his undertakings, especially any Georgian, brought down on himself a swirling cyclone of denunciation, made up not only of what Watson thought of him, but of any damaging rumor Watson had heard of him—from a friend who had it for his part also from a friend, who had it, if one's recollection could be trusted, from a Tennessee lady visiting friends of his last Summer. One most flagrant case of this sort was publicly exposed by an opponent of Watson's in Atlanta. But Watson's followers felt, with him, that he was always in danger of being persecuted, and the net result of such episodes was not a remitted loyalty for their chief but an intensified dislike for his foes.

Except among these followers, whose virtues, however numerous, were beyond contest homely, the world everywhere ran less and less to his desire. The election of Wilson to the Presidency was especially bitter to him. The man seemed to him clearly a traitor to the South—as he had repeatedly pointed out on many of his pages while Wilson was still at Princeton. For the South to endorse Wilson now rather than its sons who had proved faithful, was quite unthinkable.

Then the War came—a bad war, he would

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swear—and did swear; and then the draft law—a bad law, an indefensible law, he would swear—and did. And that, for a time, was the end of all his testifying. His paper was quashed, and the fact that he continued publishing indirectly was small comfort to him. It was as if he had been emasculated.

IV

He was racked by asthma. In the Summer of 1917 his daughter died; and in the Spring of 1918 his son, his sole remaining child, slipped actually from his arms, beyond life, with dazing unexpectedness. And the dark world which was left had utterly topping it, the one man whom he loathed most unreservedly. Torpor seemed the only thing left for him.

He had come, he said, to the end, and it was a sorry mess of mockery that was offered to one who had set out from a Baptist college with such lofty notions. Beyond any question he had sincerely labored for his farmers everywhere, and for his South, and particularly for Georgia.

That was why long ago he had opposed Henry Grady's man for the Senate. It had seemed to him that Grady, with his blandishments, was imposing upon Southern farmers, and through them upon Southern culture at large, a more drastic defeat than Grant had done with a bludgeon. It was not possible to attack Grady personally; his error was clearly one of judgment only; he was true and lovable—and what was most important—he was dead. But as sure as ever gun was iron the thing Grady furthered was calculated to impose upon the South that final defeat which is a defeat of viewpoint.

To beat the North at its own game, as Grady's logic seemed to counsel, involved beyond any escape a necessity that the South become a party to that game. It seemed to Watson a bad game from start to finish, industrialism, and he believed that it would entail consequences subversive to the development of such men as he found admirable. That was to him a fact, and no amount of reservation on the part of bland new-Southists could prevent an industrial society from breeding industrial men to run it. As for him, if a choice were necessary, he preferred poverty, which patently is within endurance, to a prosperity founded on assumptions he thought fatal to all dignity and completeness of living.

His aim had been to save the conditions that had made possible such a man as Lee. But all the scores were marked against him, and most of the men one could look to as potential Lees were by plasmic provision sharp enough to read the scores, and to adjust their games accordingly, even at the sacrifice of potential Leedom.

He had set himself to check the entire current of the Nineteenth Century, and he had been forsaken in his effort by the very men whom he was most anxious to keep inviolate from that stream. Those men were with that current now, floating blithely and making money briskly as they floated, and denouncing him—when they could snatch from their enterprises a poor moment for public matters—as a very grave menace indeed.

Against the large force of their current he was not very gravely dangerous after all. In the eagerness of his opposition he received as allies persons whose sole qualification was their like-mindedness with him in this one regard. The result was that his army took on the appearance of a mob generalled by an autocrat, who, to retain his power, was capable of expedient concession to the mood of his supporters. Rather than be linked with such an organization, many valid men who were essentially with him in his fear of industrialism were led to disavow all his works. It seemed better to them, on the whole, to endorse the opportunism of their own kind than to endorse alien men whose identity with them in this one matter could not compensate for their general reputation in other matters.

What Watson wanted, along with many others, was a South that should be prosperous without being mechanized. It prob-

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ably did not occur to him that he was ordering out the moon for a pancake. He must have known that his wish was incalculably more difficult of achievement unless he could have wise men to help him. They would not help. At last many of them proceeded from a passive resistance to the new order to something that could not be distinguished from acquiescence in it. Very well, then, he would do the best he could without them. That best, arrived at with so little worthy coöperation, is what much of the South learned to think most richly delectable.

Undoubtedly, some admirable people, whose antagonism to the new order overshadowed all other considerations, continued to follow him. The rank-and-file of his forces, when not governed by the narrowest self-interest, were controlled chiefly by the impulse which brands as evil anything that is unfamiliar.

With such aid, he in fact threw up here and there some firm dykes. But dykes must be maintained, and only skillful engineers were equal to that task. The inducements offered such labor by agencies concerned to have the dykes broken were continually more irresistible. And who could think that common workmen, unguided, or maliciously guided by spies, would not go about their business in such a way as actually to hasten the crumbling of their defenses? Things having run on in that fashion so long, was it sensible, anyway, by 1900, to hope for an agrarian party that one might look to for any good—to expect intelligent action from a group whose natural leaders kept always deserting to the enemy?

Who were those dastards, that he might read them his anathema? Rich men, generally urbane and urban—in short, most men he would in general most have delighted to have as friends. But who really cared for his anathemas? At last he must have recognized, with his discernment, that in parts of the South other than Georgia, where he had not been present, the current of industrialism flowed on.

The final result of all his labor had been only to annul the primacy which Georgia long occupied in the South. A nimble, inconstant widow, that State had appeared earliest at the grand ball of Reconciliation, on the arm of Mr. Grady. Forced at last by Watson to repudiate the party, she did not by her less enthusiastic attendance halt the twanging of the fiddles. That was indeed contrary to one's expectations.

Somehow, inexplicably, he had been imposed upon all along—perhaps to the quite cosmic extent of having all his dearest purposes thwarted by the very concessions he had himself admitted into his programme, as regrettable but unimportant corollaries. Had the food he had been giving out been really no more than mooncake, fit in a world like ours not to nourish but to impair his people? Had the really vulgar devices he had resorted to to make them eat it, forever demolished in his own heart the gusty largeness and the classic dignity he had hoped to make jealously regnant there? He would not suffer these things to be. But what can terrorize inexorableness, or whip it into discipline? Such thoughts, moving straight toward madness, constituted an insolent intrusion, more than he could endure—or would,—even as a bewildered man in a world bound at large straight hell-ward.

V

Suddenly he entered the race for Congress. Defeated, he as usual contested the election—vainly.

Next, he put himself up to be named as the person Georgia Democrats would make the nominee of their party in the presidential race of 1920. He was unequivocally against the League of Nations. After a heated campaign he obtained a plurality of votes, but his attempt to seat his delegation in the Democratic Convention was not effective.

He had spun about so long and so orgiastically in political affairs that he could not be still. There was a place in the Senate to

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be occupied, and he had as well run for that too. So there was another campaign, tumultuous as always, carried on by means of ceaseless tours over the State, always along with the man who was then his choice of the candidates for Governor—a man whom he had loved long since, but most belligerently opposed a while, before taking him again to his heart. These oratorical pilgrimages were most taxing to him. Weighted with grief, broken with illness, he went everywhere, storming, unreservedly worshipped by his supporters, and unreservedly decried by nearly all people to whom he was truly kin.

One night when he was tired, and dizzy for a little sleep, some youngsters in a hotel where he was stopping maintained their boisterous hilarity in spite of all his pleas. At length, into the midst of those youngsters' card-game, came crashing a huge book, and huger imprecations, hurled with deft aim from an overhanging balcony, by a scrawny old man in underclothes. It was a symbolic deed—proving beyond cavil the ancient taunt of his enemies that he would stop at nothing to bring about his desire. For the Revelation he hurled with such impious hand was a history of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

But wickedness may for a moment flourish, and the apostate in this matter was gathered up into the Senate which he desired.

There he spoke stringently, as aforetimes, of banks and bankers, demanded the refund of taxes collected on cotton during 1865, disapproved of making reparations to Colombia for America's activities in Panama, and denounced, among other things, the American Legion, Prohibition, and Coca-Cola. And most sensationally, in charges not sustained in any part—like former charges of his in Washington—he declared that American officers in France were often vindictively barbarous toward American enlisted men.

During all of this time he was unwell, and in the latter part of September, 1922, it came to him that he had preferred his last charge, that with no chance of doubt he had reached his finish. He remembered, perhaps, that Daniel Webster, lying in Washington, like him far from his interests and local attachments, had also recognized that he must be gone. Like Webster, then, to those about him he gave assurance: I am not, he said, afraid to die.

But the sure meaning of those words is beyond anybody's ever laying hold of it. Whether piety or nihilism would do better to cherish them is a thing that only pietists or nihilists may decide with any degree of certitude. Never in words did he question ultimate divinity, but he was under an impression, apparently, that it was extremely ultimate—hardly conscious of preposterous clerics mumbling its name as a talisman—hardly aware of the thousand yarns spun to chronicle its alleged preposterous activities.

There was one thing, he said once, he wanted written on his grave—that he was the enemy of tyrants, priests, and trucklers. The request has not been honored, and it begins to seem that his most enduring monument is the truly excellent watermelon hawked by his name through the revolving Summers.

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AMERICANA

ALABAMA

CULTURAL note by the editor of the eminent *Alabama Christian Advocate:*

> Genuine culture sits becomingly on the brow of the Christian, and where it may be acquired without hurt to character, it is unstintedly recommended. The Christian, clad in the robes of culture and refinement, may be used of God to win some of the noble and the rich and the mighty to Him. . . .
>
> A principal feature of worship is hymn singing. Great old hymns, written by God-called and God-inspired men, will, if sung in the spirit of reverence, touch the hardest heart and help the neediest soul. Such hymns, however, sung in the midst of frivolous conversations, the chewing of gum, the writing of notes, the listless glancing around, cannot do their best.
>
> Once more, prayer is one of the most important features of public worship. There are different postures for one engaged in prayer. One is with bowed head and closed eyes; one is "meekly kneeling upon your knees;" still another is standing. But, nowhere and by no denomination is upright sitting commended as a posture of prayer. All too frequently people may be seen sitting straight up during prayer, gazing around, and sometimes carrying on a conversation. Such is the height of irreverence. The Holy Spirit, unless it is His custom to push Himself on people, cannot find lodgment in such irreverent hearts.

ARKANSAS

PROPHECY by Brother Ben M. Bogard, editor of the *Baptist and Commoner*, published in Little Rock:

> Mussolini is likely the fellow who will get power over Europe and he may be the one to destroy the Pope. Woe be to the world when he does, for then he will drive all of God's children to the caves of the earth. After that Jesus will come.

THE science of Law Enforcement in this great State, as expounded in an official opinion by the Hon. John H. Caldwell, LL.B., Assistant Attorney General:

> Initiated Act No. 1 prohibits the teaching, in effect, that mankind ascended or descended from an order of animals lower than a man. Reduced to its finality, the law simply prohibits the atheistical teaching that man was ever, at any time, under any circumstance, anything else but a man. As I interpret this act, teachers may today teach the theory that mankind ascended or descended from a lower order of mankind but are prohibited from teaching the theory that mankind ascended or descended from a lower order of animals. Some want to teach the theory that mankind was, in the remote past, an animal of some species or class lower than man, whereas this law prohibits such teaching in the tax supported schools of this State.
>
> As I understand this book, the author deals with the woman as a woman all the way through and never treats her as anything else but a woman. As to the other forms of life, whether in the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom, makes no difference. No Arkansas law attempts to prohibit the teacher from teaching the child that the giant oak ascended from an acorn or that the butterfly ascended from the caterpillar through a process of evolution.
>
> Initiated Act No. 1 is confined to only one of the millions of species of creation, *i.e.* mankind. This is very unsatisfactory to a certain class of people apparently anxious to destroy faith in the story of creation as set forth in Genesis, to prevent which this act was wisely enacted by the people.
>
> Therefore, so long as the book submitted treats the subject matter as a woman all the way through and never as having at any time existed in the form of some animal lower than mankind, I do not think the teaching thereof is a violation of the law, and you are so advised.

CALIFORNIA

SOCIETY news from the eminent Los Angeles *Times:*

> The Polo (Ill.) Society will hold its semi-annual picnic on Sunday at Echo Park, President M. W. Myers announced yesterday. It will begin at 1 P.M. Ice cream will be served those who take a dish and spoon.

GEORGIA

CIRCULAR broadcast among the corn-fed Christians of this great State:

> Papers throughout the South are printing what is alleged to be a letter written by Jesus Christ.
>
> In this letter is an injunction that it shall be published to the world by whoever finds it, together with the statement that misfortune and bad luck will follow the persons having possession of it, in the event that it is not given publicity. There is likewise a promise that who-

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ever has a copy of it in his possession will prosper.

The letter was written by Jesus Christ after His Crucifixion and signed by the angel Gabriel, ninety-nine years after the Saviour's birth, and deposited by him under a stone at the foot of the Cross. On the stone appeared the legend, "Blessed is he who shalt turn me over." No one knew what the inscription meant, or seemed to have sufficient curiosity to investigate until the stone was turned over by a little child and the letter discovered.

The little child passed it on to one who became a convert to the Christian faith. He failed to have the letter published. He kept it, however, as a sacred memento of Christ, and it passed down to different generations of his family for more than one thousand years. During this period the family suffered misfortunes, migrated to different countries, and finally came to America, bringing the letter with them. They settled in Virginia, and then moved farther South, followed by misfortune. At last the only surviving member called a neighbor, a Mrs. Thompson, to her deathbed, and, giving her the letter, related its history for more than a thousand years.

The Thompson woman began the attempt to have it published, and it first appeared in the Rome, Ga., *Tribune*, on October 31, 1891. It then appeared in the Dalton, Ga., *Citizen*, and a Mrs. Wortman clipped it out and kept it in her possession without making an effort to have it published. She was followed by misfortune, which is attributed to her neglect to have it published. Miss Ruby Cricified, of Trexavant, Tenn., is also said to have had a copy and failed to have it published for three years. She was followed by lots of misfortune, which she attributed to her neglect. Here is the letter:

"Whosoever works on the Sabbath Day shall be cursed. I command you to go to church and keep holy the Lord's Day without any manner of work.

"You shall not idle and misspend your time bedecking yourselves in superfluous or costly apparel and vain dress, for I have ordered it a day of rest. I will have that day kept holy that your sins may be forgiven you; you will not break My commandments but observe and keep them.

"You shall cease work every Saturday at 6 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the preparations for the Sabbath shall begin. I advise you to fast five days in the year, beginning Good Friday and continuing the five days following, in remembrance of the five bloody wounds I received for you and kind; you shall love one another and cause them that are baptized to come to church and receive the Holy Sacraments, that is to say, baptism and then the supper of the Lord, and be made a member thereof, and I will give you long life and many blessings.

"He that has a copy of this letter written by Me and keeps it without publishing it to others shall not prosper. But they that publish it to others shall be blessed by Me, and be their sins as many as the stars at night, if they truly believe they shall be pardoned, and they that believe not this letter and My commandments will have My plagues upon them, and you will be consumed with your children, goods and cattle and all other enjoyments that I have given you. Do but once think what I have suffered for you, and if you do it will be well for you in this world and in the world to come. Whosoever shall have a copy of this letter and keep it in their house, nothing shall hurt them. Neither pestilence, thunder nor lightning, and if any woman be in birth and put her trust in Me, she shall be delivered of her child.

"You shall bear no more news of Me except through the Holy Scriptures until the Day of Judgment. All goodness and prosperity shall be in the house where a copy of this letter is found."

WANT AD in the Atlanta *Journal:*

WANTED—At once, a sick stenographer who is willing to work 3 hours each day for her good board and bed at the most beautiful and healthy summer resort in the world. We are not interested in your present occupation nor your previous condition of servitude. You must come highly recommended and of excellent character and know your onions. Even long dresses will not bar you, nor the color of your eyes or hair. Even false teeth are permissible. No flapper will be considered. My wife don't like it. I had one once, never again. Write Patterson's Boat House, Lakemont, Ga., on Lake Rabun.

"THE DIMPLE IN
GEORGIA'S CHEEK"

ILLINOIS

BUSINESS card of a Chicago scientist:

Telephone: Long Beach 0391

K. HERBERT, P.D.

Rheumatism, Cancer, Lumbago, etc., *per-man-ent-ly* eliminated from your system without medicine or knife.

There is an antidote for every ill,
So let us eat, drink, and discretely distil,
That which is provided by free will

4840 N. HERMITAGE AVE.
CHICAGO, ILL.

A NEW crime is invented in the same marvelous town, and the fact is broadcast to the nation by the alert Associated Press:

If the case of Dr. Val Freeman is any precedent, the legal rate for sarcasm in Judge Albert George's court is $25 per sarcasm.

Dr. Freeman, halted by a motorcycle policeman, explained to the officer that he was rushing to the bedside of a patient. The policeman, Franklin Martyn, parleyed with the physician twenty-five minutes before permitting him to proceed, Dr. Freeman said.

Two days after the incident, Officer Martyn received this note from the doctor: "The patient I was rushing to see when you stopped me died

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the next day. You are invited to his funeral."

Dr. Freeman appeared before Judge George yesterday. Officer Martyn said he had offered to ride with the physician, but was refused. The court fined Dr. Freeman $25 "for his sarcasm."

INDIANA

FROM the chaste columns of *Our Sunday Visitor*, the celebrated Catholic journal published at Huntington:

ONWARD CHRISTIAN MAIDENS

BY ANNA F. DORING

Onward, Christian Maidens, marching on before,
We belong to the Crusaders, leading, as of yore.
Though with all modesty we do dress,
Yet plenty of style do we possess,
Although back and chest be covered well,
And our arms so draped that you can tell,
We belong to the Crusaders.

Onward, Christian Maidens, forward with the strife,
We belong to the Crusaders, keeping clean our life.
Though standing or sitting, if you please,
With skirts we have well-covered knees.
Our lines and our curves we don't reveal
To strangers' stare; but modestly conceal,—
We belong to the Crusaders.

Onward, Christian Maidens, this our battle cry;
We are brave Crusaders, let it resound to the sky.
To this our loyal promise, we'll ever more be true;
Never shall we falter, whatever others may do,
Showing by our example and good deportment express
That we are Christian Maidens by word and deed and dress,—
For we belong to the Crusaders.

KANSAS

A CHAMPION of Lyons goes to his reward, as reported by the Chicago *Defender:*

John Horton, who followed the profession of eating, fell dead here from heart disease shortly after he lunched lightly on a pound of frankfurters, swallowed whole. Horton, making his living at eating stunts, was mentioned in a "believe it or not" cartoon for measuring off a stack of wheat cakes two feet high and consuming them all at one sitting. A half case of eggs, shell and all, were called a light assignment for the eater, who customarily washed them down with a case of soda pop.

KENTUCKY

A FREE American citizen of Uniontown feels favorably disposed toward the candidacy of another for county jailer and writes about it in the *Telegram*, the town paper:

In regard to the kind treatment Mr. B. M. Sellars gave me while I was in the Union county jail I want to say: I was there 125 days and I could not ask for any better treatment and I don't think we could find any man in Union county who would make a better jailer than Mr. Sellars. He feeds good and plenty of it, and treats the boys nice. I think he is an extra good jailer. He does his best to keep the jail nice and clean. Don't forget, kind friends, he is a poor crippled man and needs our help and I hope he has friends enough to reëlect him. He will certainly get my vote and my wife says she is going to vote for him for her sympathy goes out for the crippled and afflicted. Mr. Sellars was good enough to treat the boys in jail to a bushel of apples at a time, also a stalk of bananas and when he bought fish extra for himself he would see that the boys in jail got their part. Now how much better man would you want for jailer than he is? He would buy cigarettes by the carton and give the boys. He did this more than once.

I also want to say a good word for Mr. Tom Markham. He is a nice man. Us boys in jail never asked him for a favor but what he granted it. I don't think we could beat him for deputy sheriff.

ELDON HENDERSON.

THE troubles of Baptist pastors in the Bible country, as set forth by one of them in the *Western Recorder* of Louisville:

There is another unpleasant fact that must be faced sooner or later in every man's ministry—that the law of supply and demand operates in all realms of life. The writer knows a church that became pastorless recently, in which the pulpit committee received eighty applications and recommendations. Recently I went to a nearby church in the interest of a churchless brother and was talking to the chairman of the committee. After we got acquainted, I asked him how many names he had. He replied, sixteen. While he and I were talking his business partner came from the postoffice with a letter for him. When he opened it and handed it to me to read, I said, "Well, Brother, you can make it seventeen." The church had been pastorless but about two weeks. So far as I know, they are still without a pastor and I am reasonably sure that they have a half hundred more or less names by now.

One thing that takes some of the joy out of attending our Conventions is the large number of brethren there who are hoping and looking for something to turn up—Micawber fashion. But a few brethren are exempt, if all the facts could be known. Every pastorless church, be it large or small, is swamped with mail from known and unknown brethren, numbers of them from without the State.

The preacher does not have the position of prestige in his community he once had. This is

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a changing world. The school teacher likewise does not have the position that he once had. Our prestige, for the lack of a better term, is passing. How soon the people begin saying, "We need a new preacher, don't you think?" And so it goes, soon or later the brother is called to another field. The sad part of it is that most of the time it is later.

LOUISIANA

PASTOR E. P. ALLDREDGE, in the *Baptist Message* of Shreveport, adds another count to the damning indictment of the Pope:

> Roman Catholics do not build hospitals in Catholic lands, except for priests and nuns. . . . They build hospitals . . . in the United States in order to make Catholics.

MARYLAND

THE *Prince George's Enquirer-Gazette* of Upper Marlboro gives a worthy dominie a friendly hand:

> One lady member of St. John's Church, Broad Creek, while attending church service last Sunday, wore the back of her dress in front and *vice versa*, and nobody noticed it except herself when evening came. That shows that the Rev. Dr. W. H. Heigham, who will conduct services at St. John's on Sunday at 11 A.M. always gets the undivided attention of his flock.

THE HON. PHILLIPS LEE GOLDSBOROUGH, LL.D., Senator of the United States, recounts to a gaping reporter for the Baltimore *Sunpaper* his observations in foreign parts:

> We landed at Plymouth, being taken to the docks from the *President Harding* in lighters. Taking the night train we reached London at 2 A.M. The Park Lane Hotel, where we stopped, was quite popular with Americans, we found the next day, when we encountered two Baltimoreans whom we knew, likewise stopping there.
>
> While in London I called around at the Embassy to pay my respects to Ambassador Dawes. He was just driving away as I drew up, so I went inside and had a chat with Mr. Atherton, *chargé d'affaires*. Later Mr. Dawes' secretary called around to see me at my hotel and invited me to dine with the Ambassador the next day. This pleasure was denied me, however, as I was leaving for Paris at the time.
>
> Rural England is very attractive, with the beautiful lawns and the vivid coloring of the trees, shrubs and flowers. I went to Sulgrave Manor, birthplace of George Washington's ancestors, and it was very well kept. The house itself was in an excellent state of preservation, American aid, I believe, having had much to do with this condition.
>
> The happiest moment of my life was when I saw the Statue of Liberty looming in New York harbor. It was sundown as we approached it and mists were rising from the water. It was a most inspiring sight indeed.

MICHIGAN

NOTE on the state of human thought in Kalamazoo, broadcast to the four corners of the world by the Associated Press:

> Eugene Burgess, 53-year-old taxicab driver, sat in the Kalamazoo County Jail last night and told officers why he beat Mrs. Etta L. Fairchilds, 75-year-old inmate of an old ladies' home, to death.
>
> "I have done the right thing," he said. "That woman could make you have any kind of a disease."
>
> Burgess' wife sat beside him and corroborated his statements. "The woman is dead and I'm glad of it," she said.
>
> According to their story, told to the county prosecutor, Burgess and his wife believed Mrs. Fairchilds was a witch and could kill people merely by the power of her will. They said she bragged she had killed 100 people a year for the past twenty-five years, including her husband in her list of victims. So, they said, they invited the aged woman to supper Thursday evening and killed her while she ate.
>
> Burgess said he beat Mrs. Fairchilds' head with a lead pipe and a hammer, tied cement blocks to the body and dropped it into a well at the rear of their home. He said:
>
> "I stagger lots of times—can't see at times, have aches and pains in my head and arms and have trouble to breathe. If you men felt like me, you wouldn't be sorry. It was either Mrs. Fairchilds' life or ours."
>
> He said Mrs. Fairchilds had bewitched his 17-year-old daughter, Eugenie, and intended to cause the girl's death by witchcraft.

MISSISSIPPI

PETITION addressed to Jahveh by the Rev. Dr. T. D. Bateman, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Columbus, at the annual convention of the Mississippi Press Association:

> Eternal God, our Heavenly Father, we ask thy blessings upon these newspaper people who are wont to communicate with the ends of the earth. They are people who can smell a revolution in China, people who have a license to enter the gates of princes and potentates, but who will have a mighty hard time getting inside the gates of Paradise.
>
> Have mercy on these people who are tempted by every devil, from the printer's devil to the devils of newspaper headlines, and these same who are so busy listening to the songs of the wires and the songs of women that ofttimes the voice of God finds no listener among them and no place in their hearts.
>
> Have mercy, O God, upon these people who

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have to carry all kinds of things in the cause of their newspaper. Have mercy, O Lord, on these people who are invited to so many luncheons and banquets that they must sacrifice their digestion on the altar of free advertising.

Have mercy, O Lord, upon people who are chased by the Colonial Dames, W. C. T. U., Kiwanis, and Chamber of Commerce. Have mercy on these people who have to hobnob alike with Jew and Gentile, white and black, Democrat and Republican, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopalians, those who came over on the *Mayflower*, those who came over in the *Cauliflower*.

Have mercy, O Lord, on these people and help them in their dash from ballroom to church social and back to rum-runners, and who have to associate with anybody from Andy Mellon to Andy Gump. Any of them would walk two miles for a good story.

Make this a good convention in the Friendly City. It's an easy matter to break into the *Commercial-Dispatch*. But how will some of them break into the Pearly Gates? We pray Thy blessings upon them. When they have done with newspapers and stories and their cares are finished here, may they have a finer story for St. Peter than they ever had in newspapers here. And though it is so hard for newspaper men to get into the Kingdom, may they receive a warmer welcome in Jerusalem than they do in Columbus today. Amen.

NEW JERSEY

FIERY protest by a 100% American in the Atlantic City *Daily Press:*

Your paper is primarily a commercial enterprise, but even business propositions are governed by ethics that protect the public. You would hardly publish a letter in your columns from a Russian advocating anarchy or from any European professing Communism or Socialism as they know it there, and yet you print . . . the letter of an Oriental heathen, and I say it respectfully as a fact, advocating the most diabolical of crimes called birth control.

Hebrew and Christian readers of your paper know that this crime is beyond murder or rebellion or war in gravity. The Bible shows it, and in Tobias we have further reference to its heinousness, and common sense and reason, if not religion, point to it as the most vicious of all sins, the destroyer of homes, the feeder for insane asylums and jails and indirectly the road to the electric chair or gallows.

It is inconceivable you should open your column to such a letter by a Chinese because some innocent children laughed at him. I am going to take it up with Washington, because such a man with such ideas has no right in the United States and should be deported, like anarchists are. If he has anything more to say on the subject let him write in his own language.

What we Americans need and what God gave us is self-control and children as we wish them, after we consult God in prayer.

AN AMERICAN.

NORTH CAROLINA

A SCIENTIST comes to Lenoir and lets the people know about himself:

TO THE SICK

Great scientists have been searching for some remedy to restore the sick to normal health, and at last a new health science has been discovered. It is a proven a success. It is simple and you are guaranteed to feel better after the first treatment; you then continue to improve if taken long enough. If you are sick, you owe it to yourself to try this new health science. I guarantee it to help you. Call to see Dr. Crismond, whose office is over the Bank of Lenoir. Your ailments and the cause will be thoroughly explained without cost to you. Below is only a few diseases which this new science restores to normal health.

Typhoid fever	Eczema
Pneumonia	Bladder trouble
Small-pox	Proctitis
Pellagry	Hemorrhoids
Measles	Constipation
Heart dropsy	Nervousness
Malarial fever	Stomach trouble
Paralysis	Barber's Itch
High blood pressure	Liver trouble
Sciatica	Mastitis
Gall-stones	Ovaritis
Diabetes	Asthma
Rheumatism	Catarrah of the head
Bright's disease	Diseases of the eyes
Epileptic fits	Low blood pressure
Influenza	Dropsy
Hay fever	Pleursy
Female trouble	Tonsilitis
Nasal catarrah	Sinus trouble

OHIO

CONTRIBUTION to the American vocabulary by an advertiser in the eminent Cincinnati *Union:*

TO THE PUBLIC

I carry a complete line of proprietary and patented medicines, and sick room supplies. I am now *packaging* unpatented medicines at my store, instead of buying them *packaged*. This enables me to give employment to a larger number of clerks. Come in and ask for a list of medicines we ourselves *package*. Use these drugs and give employment to people living in this neighborhood.

ASHTON COLLIER
DRUGGIST
2980 Gilbert Ave., Opposite Buena Vista,
Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, O.

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PENNSYLVANIA

BLOTTER advertisement of a learned tailor of Philadelphia:

A GOOD MESSAGE

The Lord's board of health wants us to be clean and healthy. The Bible prescribes what to eat and drink, in what houses to live just in order that we may feel well and healthy with grace of God, and again the Lord wants us to have clean clothes, because they may be full of deadly germs. Read Leviticus, Chapters xi–xv. Thank God for his suggestions. Some readers may send in their work for French cleaning and pressing. David March, the Tailor, at 1320 N. 25th street, knows best how to get rid of those germs. His workmanship is as high as the sky. His prices are lower than grass.

DAVID MARCH
TAILOR
DYER AND CLEANER
Come today—Right away 1320 N. 25th St.

WISCONSIN

FROM *Flour & Feed*, a celebrated trade paper published in Milwaukee:

J. A. McLean, of the Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, while attending a district conference of dealers and salesmen at Eau Claire, Wis., faithful Kiwanian that he is, attended the meeting of the Eau Claire Kiwanis Club. . . . He told them this: "Next to Christ, Moses was the greatest of all salesmen. He sold a line of goods that he could not show to his customers, and kept sold himself for thirty-eight years on a line he had never seen himself." He believed in the manufacturer.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

ADVANCED prose from *transition*, the organ of the exiles of the Left Bank:

FAULA AND FLONA
by Theo Rutra

The lilygushes ring and ting the bilbels in the ivelley. Lilools sart slingslongdang into the clish of sun. The pool dries must. The morlowlei loors in the meaves. The sardinewungs flir flar and meere. A flishflashfling hoohoos and haas. Long shill the mellohoolooloos. The rangomane clanks jungling flight. The elegoat mickmecks and crools. A rabotick ringrangs the stam. A plutocrass with throat of steel. Then woor of meadowcalif's rout. The hedgeking gloos. And matemaids click fer dartalays.

LOS ANGELES lends one of its sorcerers to India:

LOOK HERE! LOOK HERE!! LOOK HERE!!!

Wonderful Cure! No Operation!! No Risk!!!

The wonderful result of hard study and prayer for over thirty-two years has enabled me to effect a complete cure of the following dire diseases by means of Mantras chanted even at a place far remote from the residence of the patients. I can guarantee the complete cure of Abscesses, Boils, Carbuncles, Fistula, Bubos, Diabetic-carbuncles or abscesses, Gum-boils or Tonsil-enlargements and all kinds of abscesses external or internal. There is no more necessity for submitting to the surgical operation or for the application of external medicines. Thousands resort to the latter method of cure, spending hundreds, thousands and even lakhs of Rupees according to the nature of the complaint. In most cases, such treatments are ineffectual and some cases end fatally too. But by the Grace of the Almighty, I am able to cure all these foul diseases without the pain and dangers generally attending upon such other treatments.

If any one communicates to me the nature of his or her complaint within twenty-fours after he or she perceives the first symptoms of any one of the dire diseases enumerated above by urgent wire reply paid, giving me his full address, I assure you that at the very moment of the receipt of the telegraphic message, all the pain will vanish, the poison will be removed from the system, the swelling will subside and by the Grace of God, there will be complete cure. If the communication reaches me twenty-four hours after the first appearance of the attack, either it will vanish or burst and the puss will come out and it could be cured by the application of plaster, without giving any pain or trouble.

The fees I charge for the above cure are as follows:—the calculation of one's income being entirely left to one's own conscience. Those who get an annual income of Rs. 1000 will have to pay Rs. 5 and Rs. 5 for every Rs. 1000 of his additional income. Those whose income exceeds Rs. 10000 will pay Rs. 100 on every Rs. 10000 of their annual income. Those who get an income of over Rs. 100000 per annum will pay Rs. 10000 on every Rs. 100000 of their total income. Those whose income is over Rs. 10000000 in a year will have to pay Rs. 1000000 on every Rs. 10000000 of their income per annum. The calculation of the income is entirely left to the conscience of the persons concerned. Treatment is free for the poor.

Those who require my personal attendance on the patients shall have to send me Rs. 1000 as my fees by telegraphic money order besides defraying the cost of the journey and other incidental expenses. I shall incur afterwards for a distance of from 1 yard to 1000 miles from my residence and the fees also will enhance at the same rate.

In your communication, please state the name of the patient and that of his or her mother and the exact place and nature of the attack.

E. K. KABEEB MOHAMED MARIKAR, *Assessor*
Mutupet, Tanjore District.

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AN EAST SIDE MOTHER

BY MICHAEL GOLD

My mother never learned to like shoes. In Hungary, in her native village, she had never worn them, and she could see no reason for wearing them here.

"Does one wear shoes on one's hands?" she would ask. "How can one work in shoes? Shoes are only for rich lazy people to show off in."

So she paddled about in bare feet whenever she could. This annoyed my father at those times when he was ambitious. To him not wearing shoes was like confessing to the world that one was poor. But my mother had no such false pride, and she would even walk barefooted in the street.

Once my father bought her a diamond ring on the instalment plan. It was during one of his periods of greatness, when he had earned a big week's pay, and the boss had hinted at a foreman's job for him.

It was on a Saturday night, and he had been drinking beer with his fellow-workmen. He came home flushed and dramatic. With many flourishes and the hocus-pocus of a magician he extracted the ring from his vest pocket and placed it on my mother's finger.

"At last, Katie!" he said, kissing her with great ceremony, "at last you have a diamond ring! At last you can write home to Hungary that you, too, are wearing diamonds in America!"

"Pouf!" said my mother, angrily, pushing him away. She snatched the ring from her finger as if it burned her. "What foolishness!"

"Foolishness!" my father exclaimed, indignantly. "What! it is foolish to wear diamonds?"

"Yes," said my stubborn mother.

"Everyone wears diamonds!" said my father, "everyone with a little pride."

"Let others be proud! I am a work horse," said my mother.

My father spat in disgust, and stalked off.

The ring remained in the family. It was our only negotiable capital. It was hidden among some towels and sheets in the bureau. In time of need it traveled to the pawnshop, to buy us food and rent. Many East Side families aspire to jewelry only for this reason. Money vanishes. Jewelry remains. This is the crude credit system of the East Side.

My mother was fond of calling herself a work horse. She was proud of the fact that she could work hard. She wanted no diamond rings, no fancy dresses, no decorations. She had a strong sense of reality, and felt that when one was poor only strength could help one. But my father was a romantic, and dreamed of a bright, easy future.

My humble, funny little East Side mother! How can I ever forget that dark little woman with bright eyes, who hobbled about all day in bare feet, cursing in Elizabethan Yiddish, using the words ladies do not use, smacking us, beating us, fighting with her neighbors, helping her neighbors, busy from morn to midnight in the tenement struggle for life.

She would have stolen or killed for us. She would have let a railroad train run over her body if it could have helped us. She loved us all with the fierce painful love of a mother-wolf, and scolded us continually like a magpie.

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Mother! Momma! I am still bound to you by the cords of birth. I can't forget you. I must remain faithful to the poor because I can't be faithless to you. I believe in the poor because I have known you. The world must be made gracious for the poor. You taught me that.

II

What a hard life she had led! She had known nothing but work since her tenth year. Her father had died then in Hungary, and she was the oldest of a family of eight. She went to work in a bakery, and then did a man's labor on a farm.

When she was eighteen relatives gathered seventy-five gulden, and sent her to America as the last hope of her family. She was to work here and send for her brothers and sisters.

The crossing made a deep mark on her mind. She spent seventeen agonized days in the filthy steerage, eating nothing but herrings and potatoes, because there was no *kosher* food.

Her first night in America was spent amid groans and confusion on the floor of a crowded cellar for immigrants. It was called the Nigger-House.

A relative found her the next morning. He took her to a job. It was in an East Side restaurant where she was paid $5 a month, with meals. She slept on a mattress in the kitchen. The working hours were from five in the morning to midnight.

In a year she saved enough money to send a ticket to her oldest brother.

"Yes, I have had all kinds of good times in America," she would chuckle grimly, when she told us of this time. "Yes, that first year in the restaurant I had lots of fun with the pots and pans. It's lucky I'm alive yet. It is a good land, but not for the poor. When the Messiah comes to America, he had better come in a fine automobile, with a dozen servants. If he comes on a white horse people will think he is just another poor immigrant, and set him to work washing dishes in a restaurant."

She and my father were married in the old Jewish style; that is, they were brought together by a professional matrimonial broker. He charged them a commission for the service. It is as good a method as any. My parents came to love each other with an emotion deeper than romance; I am sure my father would have died for my mother. But she also made his head ache, and he told her so often.

She was a buttinsky. She tried to reform everybody, and fought people because they were "bad." She spoke her mind freely, and told everyone exactly where the path of duty lay. She was always engaged in some complicated ethical brawl, and my father had to listen to all the details.

Also, she was always finding people in trouble who needed her help. She helped them for days, weeks and months, with money, food, advice and the work of her hands. She was a midwife in many hasty births, a nurse in sickness, a peacemaker in family battles. She knew how to make a poultice for boils by chewing bread and mixing it with yellow soap; and how to cure colds with kerosene, and the uses of herbs and other peasant remedies. She was a splendid cook and bread-baker, and shared all her secrets with the neighbors.

When a woman fell sick, the distracted husband appealed to my mother; and for weeks she'd drop in twice a day, to cook the meals, and scrub the floors, and bathe the children, to joke, gossip, scold, love, to scatter her strength and goodness in the dark home. It would have shocked her if anyone had offered to pay for these services. It was simply something that had to be done for a neighbor.

Once there was a woman on our street who was going crazy. Her cigarmaker husband had deserted her and her two children. The woman had crazy spells, and could not sleep. She begged my mother to sleep with her. She was afraid she would kill her children during one of her spells. So my mother slept there every night for more than a month.

How often have I seen her help families

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who were evicted because they could not pay their rent. She wrapped herself in her old shawl, and went begging through the tenements for pennies. Puffing with her bronchitis, she dragged herself up and down the steep landings of a hundred tenements, telling the sad tale with new emotion each time. This is an old custom on the East Side; whenever a family is to be evicted, the neighboring mothers put on their shawls and beg from door to door.

My poor father, worrying over his own load of American troubles, had to listen to the tremendous details of all these tragedies. My mother could discover so many sick people. And so many bad people who needed to be fought. No wonder my father drank beer. No wonder he grabbed his head between his hands, and groaned:

"Stop! you give me a headache! I can't listen any more!"

"It is not your head, but your selfishness!" retorted my mother.

"One has to be selfish in America," said my father. "It is dog eat dog over here. But you, you neglect your own family to help every passing stranger."

"*Pfui*, what a lie!" my mother spat. "When have my children been neglected?"

"But for God's sake," pleaded my father, "haven't we enough troubles of our own? You're like a man with consumption. It's not enough for him to have it; he has to go skating so that he can break his leg, too."

"*Nu*, I can stand a broken leg," said my mother. "What is a leg when there is so much misery in the world?"

III

My mother was opposed to the Italians, Irish, Germans and every other variety of Christian with whom we were surrounded.

"May eight and eighty black years fall on these *Goyim!*" she said, her black eyes flashing. "They live like pigs; they have ruined the world. And they hate and kill Jews. They may seem friendly to us to our faces, but behind our backs they laugh at us. I know them well. I have seen them in Hungary."

My father sat one evening at the supper table, drinking beer and reading a Yiddish newspaper. In the hot kitchen my mother was washing the dishes, and humming a Hungarian folk song.

"*Nu, nu!*" my father exclaimed, striking the table with his fist, "another railroad accident! Katie, I have always said it's dangerous to travel on these American railroads!"

"What has happened?" my mother gasped, appearing from the kitchen with steaming hands and face.

"What has happened, you ask?" my father repeated in the important tone of a pedant. "What has happened is that seventeen innocent people were killed in a railroad accident in New Jersey! And whose fault was it? The fault of the rich American railroads!"

My mother was horrified. She wiped her boiling face with her apron and muttered: "God help us and shield us! Were there any Jews among the dead?"

My father glanced rapidly through the list of names. "No," he said, "only Christians were killed."

My mother sighed with relief. She went back into her kitchen. She was no longer interested; Christians did not seem like people to her. They were an enemy to be hated, feared and cursed. In Hungary three Christian peasant girls had once taunted her. Then they had gone in swimming, and had been drowned. This was God's punishment on them for persecuting a Jew. Another peasant had once plucked the beard of an old and reverend Jew, and God had struck him with lightning a week later. My mother was full of such anecdotes.

The East Side never forgets Europe. We children heard endless tales of the pogroms. Joey Cohen, who was born in Russia, could himself remember one. The Christians had hammered a nail into his uncle's head. When we passed a Christian church we were careful to spit three times; otherwise

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bad luck was sure to befall us. We were obsessed by wild stories of how the Christians loved to kidnap Jewish children and burn a cross on each cheek with a red-hot poker. They also cut off children's ears, and made a kind of soup. My friend Nigger had once seen Jewish ears for sale in the window of a Christian butcher-shop.

"In the old days," my mother said, "the Christians hunted the Jews like rabbits. They would gather thousands in a big marketplace, and stuff pork down their throats with swords, and order the Jews to be baptized. The Jews refused, of course. So they were burnt in great fires, and the Christians laughed and danced and made merry when they saw the poor Jews burning up like candles. Such are the Christians. May they burn some day, too."

All this sank into my heart, and in my bad dreams during the hot Summer nights dark Christian ogres the size of tenements moved all around me. They sat on my chest, and clutched my throat with slimy remorseless fingers, shrieking, "Jew! Jew! Jew!"

I would spend the long daylight hours wondering why the Christians hated us so, and form noble plans of leading valiant Jewish armies when I grew up, in defense of the Jews.

But my mother was incapable of real hatred. She had, in fact, many warm friends among our Italian and Irish neighbors. She was somewhat apologetic about it. "These are not like other Christians," she would say, "these are good people." How, indeed, could she resist another human being in trouble? How could she be indifferent when another was in pain? Her nature was made for universal sympathy, without thought of prejudice. Her hatred of Christians was only the outcry of a motherly soul against the boundless cruelty of life.

Betsy was an Italian woman who lived in the next tenement. She had a long, emaciated face covered with moles, and yellow like an old wood carving. Her coffee-colored eyes always seemed to have a veil over them, as if she were hiding a terrible secret. She avoided people. Swathed in her long black scarf she stole down the street furtively, as if conscious of the eyes of the world.

Her husband was in jail for murder. One Summer night (I shall never forget it), he burst from the tenement into the street, screaming like a madman. A revolver was in his hand. We were sitting on the stoop, eating ice-cream cones. The spectacle of this wild swarthy Italian in his undershirt, shrieking, and waving a pistol, appalled us. He rushed by us, and dived into a cellar. A crowd gathered. A policeman ran up. He hadn't the nerve to follow the Italian into the cellar, but stood uncertainly on the sidewalk, growling: "Get up out of there, before I shoot yuh." At last the Italian stumbled out, sobbing like a child. His bronzed, rocky face was grotesquely twisted with grief. He wrung his hands, beat his chest, and clawed at his cheeks until the blood spurted. I have never heard such dreadful animal howls, the ferocious and dangerous agony of a dying wolf. He had just killed his brother in a quarrel over a card game.

This passion-blinded assassin was Betsy's husband. She was left with three children, and no friends, and could speak only Italian. So my mother visited her, and through sheer sympathy, learned, in the course of several visits, a kind of pigeon-Italian. It was marvelous to hear her hold hour-long conversations with this woman in a polyglot jargon that was a mixture of Italian, Yiddish, Hungarian and English. But the women understood each other.

My mother helped Betsy find a clothing shop that would give her basting work to do at home. And Betsy worshiped her. In the midst of her dreadful miseries she found time to knit a large beautiful red shawl of wool as a surprise for my mother. She brought it in one night, and cried and jabbered excitedly in Italian, and kissed my mother's hands. And my mother cried, and kissed her, too. We could not understand

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a word of what they were saying, but my mother kept repeating in Yiddish: "*Ach*, what a good woman this is! What a dear woman!" My mother treasured this shawl more than anything she owned, and liked to show it to everyone, and tell the story of how Betsy had made it.

A shawl like that was worth over $10, which was more than Betsy earned in a week. It must have taken weeks to knit, many overtime nights of weary midnight hours under the gaslight after weary sixteen-hour days at basting clothing. Such gifts are worthy of being treasured; they are knitted in love.

IV

There was an Irish family living on the top floor of our tenement. Mr. O'Brien was a truckdriver, a tall gloomy giant with a red face as hard as shark-leather. He came home from work at nine or ten o'clock at night, and powerful and hairy in his blue overalls, stamped ponderously up the stairs. If we children were playing in the halls he brushed through our games, scowling at us.

"Get the hell out of my way! You're thick as bedbugs," he muttered, and we scattered from under the feet of this ferocious great Christian.

His wife was also large and red-faced, a soft, sad mountain of flesh waddling around under perpetual baskets of laundry. All Christian ladies did washing, all except the Italians. Mrs. O'Brien was kinder to children than her husband, but we feared her almost as much.

This couple was one of the scandals of the tenement. Night after night, in the restless sleep of our little commune, we heard as in a coöperative nightmare the anguished screams of the Irish mother down the airshaft. Her husband was drunk and was beating her.

"No, no, Jack, don't!" she screamed. "You'll frighten the boy."

The couple had a mysterious child whom nobody had ever seen. The mother always mentioned him in these brutal midnight dramas.

"Tuh hell with the boy!" roared the man's voice, formidable and deep as a mad bull's. "Tuh hell with everything!"

Crash! he had knocked her down over a table. Windows flew open; heads popped into the airshaft from every side, like a shower of curious balloons; the tenement was awake and fascinated. We could hear a child's frightened whimpering, then crash! another powerful blow struck at a soft woman's body.

"Jack, don't! The neighbors will hear!"

"Tuh hell with the kikes! I'll set fire to the damn house and make the sheenies run like rats!"

Bang, crash, scream! The tenement listened with horror. These were the Christians again. No Jew was ever as violent as that. No Jew ever struck a woman. My mother, ever an agitator, led a campaign against the Irish couple, to force the landlord to put them out. "It is worse than the whores," said my mother. "Having Christians in a tenement is worse."

But one quiet afternoon, who should burst into my mother's kitchen, pale and stammering with fright, but the Irish washerlady.

"Quick, my boy is choking to death! Help me! Get a doctor, for God's sake!"

My mother, without a word, sped like a fireman up the stairs, and helped the child. It had swallowed a fish bone, and my mother, expert and brave in such emergencies, put her finger down his throat and dislodged the bone. Then she had a long, intimate talk with the Irish mother.

That night at the supper table, while my work-weary father was trying to eat hamburger steak, and read the Yiddish newspaper, and drink beer, and think about his troubles, and smoke and talk all at the same time, my mother irritated him by sighing profoundly.

"*Ach*, Meyer," she said, "that Irish washerlady has so many misfortunes."

"*Pfui!*" my father spat impatiently, "so have I!"

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"She is a good woman," said my mother, "even if she is a Christian. Her husband beats her, but she is sorry for him. He is not a bad man. He is only sad."

"*Gottenu!*" my father groaned in disgust with female logic. "I hope he beats you, too!"

"He was a farmer in Ireland," my mother went on dreamily. "He hates the city life here, but they are too poor to move to the country. And their boy has been sick for years, and all their money goes for doctors, so that's why he drinks and beats her, but her heart bleeds for him."

"Enough!" said my father, clutching his hair. "Enough, or I will go mad!"

My mother saw that he was really angry, so she took the empty plates into the kitchen. There she stirred something in a pot, and opened the stove to take out the noodle pudding. She brought it to the table.

"And Meyer," she said pensively, standing with the steaming pudding in her hands, "that woman used to gather mushrooms in the forest in Ireland. Just the way I loved to gather them in Hungary. We talked about that, too."

Next day I was playing with the boys. We had been seized with the impulse to draw horses in chalk on the pavement. Then there was a fight, because Joey Cohen had written under his horse, "NIGGER LOVES LEAH." He also wrote this on an express wagon, on the stoop, and on the bock beer sign standing in front of the saloon.

Nigger was about ready to punch Joey on the nose when Mrs. O'Brien shambled up to us, slow, sad and huge, looming over us with the perpetual basket of laundry under her arm.

"Don't fight, boys," she said kindly in her clear Christian speech. "Will one of you do something for me? I will give any boy a nickel who will go up and play with my little boy. He is sick."

We were dumfounded with fear. We stared at her and our mouths fell open. Even Nigger was scared.

Mrs. O'Brien looked right at me. "Will you do it?" she pleaded. I blushed, and suddenly ran off as if I had seen a devil. The other boys scattered. Mrs. O'Brien sighed, picked up her heavy basket, and hobbled on her way.

I told my mother that night. What did it all mean? Was the Christian washerlady trying to snare me into her home, where she would burn a cross on my face with a hot poker?

"No," said my mother thoughtfully. "Go up there; it will be a good deed. The Christian child is lonely. Nothing can happen to you."

She took me there herself the next morning. And I found nothing to fear. It was a gray morning. In the yellow gloom of a bedroom, narrow and damp like a coffin, a child with shrunken face lay in bed. His forehead was pale as marble, and streaked with blue veins, and altogether too round and large for his head. His head was also too large for his body, and dangled clumsily, though supported by a steel brace at the neck.

He looked at me with great mournful blue eyes, and his nose wrinkled like a baby's, and he cried.

"Don't be frightened, Johnnie," said his mother, "this boy is a friend who has come to play with you."

I wound my top and spun it on the floor, while he craned his stiff neck to watch. Then I put the top in his hand and tried to teach him to spin it, too. But he was too feeble, so he wept once more, and I was grieved for him.

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AN AMERICAN LEISURE CLASS

BY HOFFMAN NICKERSON

ALONE among the nations known to history, the American, since 1865, has despised leisure. He has confused it with mere idleness, persistently believing that the man who withholds his energies from the task of making money for his wife to spend is a futile and probably a vicious fellow. He has taken a pride in saying how hard he works. Until the other day even wealthy men kept up the motions of doing so; it was an affectation quite as clearly as Disraeli's "Sir, a gentleman is never busy!" Nevertheless, it was an affectation so typically American that it colored even our jests. The American hero of Booth Tarkington's play, "The Man From Home," when asked by a European nobleman whether there were indeed no leisure class in America, answered somewhat as follows: "Why, Duke, I guess you never saw our colored population!"

Now, in itself leisure is simply freedom from the necessity of earning a living, to which necessity most men have always been bound. It is far more than permission to loaf. The man of high energy, who is precisely the man most likely to achieve or to inherit leisure, soon finds loafing a bore. Nothing but his own limitations can then keep him from the exciting discovery that, in permitting him to work at other than money-getting jobs, leisure has put into his hands a tool, perhaps even a weapon, of great power. It is as a tool or weapon that we are here concerned with it.

The idea has always been familiar to the men of European stock. In Greek the very word for leisure, *scholé*, is the ancestor of our word *school* and the same root has at times meant an association or coöperating group. In his "Politics" Aristotle linked together the two as follows: "Leisure is necessary both for the development of virtue and for the performance of political duties": being a Greek, he would have identified virtue with wisdom—that is, with philosophy. Again in the same book we find: "That, in a well-ordered state, the citizens should have leisure and not have to provide for their daily wants, is generally acknowledged." And again in the "Ethics": "The object of business is leisure, as the object of war is the enjoyment of peace."

There is a pleasant Greek story illustrative of this last point—a story, moreover, not without honor in European letters, for from it the great Rabelais may well have taken his catalogue of the vast conquests planned by the unlucky Picrochole. It seems that a certain king on the Adriatic borders of the Greek world sat in his garden talking with a philosopher. This king was actively preparing for a campaign in Italy, where he expected to conquer a boorish people known as the Romans.

"And what," said the philosopher, "will you do when you have conquered these Romans?"

"Why then," said the king, "I shall cross to Africa by way of Sicily and conquer the Carthaginians."

"And then?"

"From Carthage I shall march across the Libyan desert, a feat never before attempted, into Egypt, which I shall conquer. From Egypt I shall move into Asia, and having reëstablished the Empire of Alexander in my own hands, I shall return here by way of Greece."

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"And when you have returned, what will be the crown of your labors?"

"Why, then I shall sit in my garden taking my ease and talking with learned men."

"But," said the philosopher, "that is what you are doing now."

It seems impossible to find in history any civilized people other than the Americans who have failed to agree with the Greeks. The Mohammedans of medieval North Africa had a proverb much like our "Three generations from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves," but among them the thing seems to have been caused by general fecklessness and Arabic instability, not by preference. How, then, did so exceptional a state of mind appear in America? Why is it now declining and what forces still support it, even in its decay? In other words, why has there been no American leisure class for at least two generations, and why is the present growth of such a class still resisted?

II

In analyzing human societies it seems impossible to go behind religion. Not necessarily religion in the sense of intimate personal belief, but in the sense of a corporate body—in the Latin, *religio*, a binding together. From that corporate body spring the conventions, decencies and sanctities acknowledged by society. If anyone doubts the unique power of corporate religion upon social habit he has only to travel from a community predominantly Protestant to one predominantly Catholic or *vice versa* in order to see how the texture of life changes between the two. Still better, let him go from any province of Christendom into any Mohammedan or other non-Christian country. All other factors—economic circumstances, climate and geographical opportunity, even race—appear merely to limit and condition rather than guide or direct human activities.

The predominant religion of the United States has always been that which is common to the Protestant bodies known in England as non-conformist. We may call it Bible Christianity. In no other country has the Bible Christian had a field so clear of opposition.

Of all the original Bible Christians only the Calvinists had in their founder a man of high speculative intellect capable of a consistent, well thought out, and finished scheme of theology, and therefore of morals. No other among them has ever sought to rival the vast monument built up by that sombre genius. Accordingly, the Calvinists have influenced the other Bible Christians far more than the latter have influenced them; in such matters, the situation is like the familiar one of the man with clear and definite opinions talking to one more indolent and vague. The second man can resist the first at particular points where he has a strong fragment of conviction to cling to; but at other points he is swept away. Thus the other Bible Christians unanimously reject the repulsive Calvinist God (Wesley aptly remarking that a Being who created souls for the express purpose of damning them had the exact attributes, not of God but of the Devil), but in the field of ethics, except for the Lutherans, John Calvin has desolated and laid waste all of Bible Christendom.

Calvin's ethics sprang from his theology as inevitably as prickly cactus springs from the alkali desert. Theologically, his main idea was his notion of Original Sin. Rationalizing away the kindlier Catholic doctrine that man, although fallen, nevertheless retained such traces of his divine origin as enabled him to coöperate with the divine grace in achieving his own salvation, the great heretic held all mankind, including himself, to be so depraved as to have lost every trace of original perfection in the image of God. This made salvation the exclusive work of undeserved grace.

Ethically, it followed of necessity that every natural instinct of so vile a being was damnably wrong. Obviously, in dealing with any criminal or debased creature the thing to do is to keep him out of mischief —as is done to perfection in prisons and

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reformatories. Accordingly, the early Bible Christians attacked the degree of leisure accorded the poor by the holy days of the medieval church, for you could not make a holy day for God without a holiday for man. Even in the earlier and less compact Lutheran movement which preceded Calvinism, we find the attack beginning; Luther himself, in his "Address to the German Nobles," proposed the non-observance of "all saints' days with their carousing, except Sundays." This hatred of Calvinism for all festivals needs no further exposition. In dealing with the leisure class at the top, the gentlemen, the matter was, of course, more complex—all the more because such lasting successes as the Bible Christians gained in Europe were but local and partial. Moreover, those successes were achieved within the framework of a traditional society and in alliance with self-interested factions of the very class to whose distinctive spirit Bible Christendom opposed itself.

In America, with no deep-rooted and august pagan and Catholic tradition to cramp him, the Bible Christian reached his full stature. In the matter of the fine arts, those adornments of leisure, the early Puritan, while not yet sufficiently divorced from tradition to tolerate ugliness, nevertheless did his best to make beauty austere. In regard to still another and more universal adornment of leisure, the drinking of wine, the attitude of the Bible Christian is familiar; the shouter Billy Sunday once added to the gaiety of nations by bellowing that if all gentlemen drank wine at dinner then he had no wish to be one. One could go on piling up instances indefinitely. The Bible Christian's reverence for the Jewish folk-lore of the Old Testament—for he professed the hitherto unheard of doctrine that every line in that varied collection was directly and literally inspired—forbade him to take lightly Genesis' curse against Adam that in the sweat of his face he should eat bread. Was not that curse also a command, and if so, was it not impious to escape it? So he delighted in St. Paul's exhortation to his disciples to be "diligent in business, serving the Lord."

Even in America, however, the Bible Christian long found himself combated both by the classical culture and by religion of a sort more urbane and ancient than his own. All the educated men of the Revolutionary time were steeped in the great pagans whose study Catholicism had continued. Individuals such as Washington, who had no Latin, are nevertheless found writing with classical precision, for that manner was part of the air they breathed. Gradually, however, this influence faded; if compelled to fix a date, one might say that the coming of the frontier to power with Jackson was symbolic of its decline. But most Southern gentlemen remained Episcopalian, *i.e.*, Anglican in religion, and therefore partook of the Catholic tradition in ethics. It is true that Calvin influenced the Anglican body (for that matter, his atmosphere not a little affected Seventeenth Century Roman Catholicism as well), but all the same Anglicanism resisted, and so long as the Southern gentleman helped mold the American national ideal the ethical tradition of civilization, including an esteem for leisure, was not without force and effect. Not until his fall was the Bible Christian without effective religious opposition.

III

Among secondary causes a local circumstance came in to reënforce his contempt for leisure: that was the necessity for clearing forest land. The intensity of effort required for such a task, together with its power of absorbing the energy and soul of man, have been little noted in letters, perhaps because few writers of books have ever done such work. Within historic times Europe has known no compulsion equally vast; even the considerable reclaimings of waste land which marked the transition from the Dark Ages to the high medieval time were on a far smaller scale. From the Atlantic to the prairies the pioneer Ameri-

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can had to hack and burn every step of his way. On a front of 1500 miles he penetrated to an average depth of nearly a thousand—a Gargantuan achievement that has deeply marked his descendants.

If anyone doubts the unique quality of such labor he has only to go out into the country and help clear a brush lot. No matter what he may have seen of athletics or soldiering, the present writer can promise him an experience he will not soon forget. He will find the trees resisting him with a stubbornness he will soon begin to call devilish perversity. The felling is the least of it; he must then rid himself, not only of his cuttings, but also of his roots and stumps. He will find oak and hickory saplings little taller than a man with taproots three feet deep in the earth, astonishingly tough and protected from direct attack by the circle of upper roots. He will be disgusted to learn that the stumps of larger trees can hardly be coaxed to burn; dry them in the sun for months and they will smolder and go out as on the day they were first painfully grubbed from the earth.

Moreover, the work is not merely mechanical; no tree stands precisely like another and no root system exactly copies the last. Accordingly, the mind, although not straining like the body, is nevertheless filled by successive problems. In the face of such opposition the woodsman finds himself morally altered; he lays on with a fury concentrated and prolonged by the appalling size of the job. Above all, he despises the wretch who cannot or will not equal his own labors; to see another quit before himself makes him angry. Let him remember that he is clearing, not the virgin forest, but only a few acres of brush, and he will begin not only to honor his ancestors, but also to appreciate why they scorned everything but their own ferocious industry.

Still another force that worked against leisure among the early Bible Christians was the custom of dividing an inheritance equally between the children of the deceased. Morally, this was not alien to the individualism of Bible Christianity; it was from the beginning the custom of the New York Dutch. On the other hand it was and is not identical with Bible Christianity; for instance, it has been characteristic of the French since their Revolution. Societies which consider chiefly ideal justice, together with the general tone of liberty found where many if not most men own property, prefer such an arrangement. Those eager for trained leaders and continuity in leadership prefer primogeniture, the custom by which estates are inherited intact by the eldest son. The history of primogeniture versus equal partage would repay study; for instance, in New York State the British custom never morally took root, whereas in South Carolina it remained law until 1781. Let it here suffice to say that the moral prestige behind equal partage is today so strong that there seems no prospect of change.

Nevertheless, the forces thus making against a leisure class have not prevented the appearance in America of a large group which, whatever it may pretend, really lives on inherited money; and from this group the beginnings of a leisure class are everywhere sprouting vigorously. That this is a desirable development needs little argument; sensible men will agree that our politics, arts and letters stand to benefit by the mere existence of such a class and those who dissent are probably inaccessible to reason.

A single point is perhaps worth mentioning—that a leisure class might do something to lessen the dullness of a commercial society. As to this the writer will content himself with calling witnesses. The first is Charles Francis Adams, the second of that name, whose father was Minister to England during the Civil War and whose son is today Secretary of the Navy. Adams, whose experience of multi-millionaires was not small, has testified thus: "Not one that I have ever known would I care to meet again, either in this world or in the next; nor is one of them associated in my mind with the idea of humor, thought or

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refinement. Mere money-getters and traders, they were essentially unattractive and uninteresting." The second witness is Theodore Roosevelt, whose worst enemies admitted his high ability and freedom from dullness. Charles Willis Thompson wrote in the *Commonweal* of January 16, 1928, that when in the White House Roosevelt once said to him: "I have to talk to millionaires but I wish I didn't. They bore me. You'd suppose the master of a great industry would be full of interesting things to say. But th y're not. They know their own businesses, but the moment they stop talking shop they haven't an idea. Outside of money-making they're dumb. I don't mean that as a unanimous condemnation," and here he named three millionaires who in his opinion had ideas outside their business, "but it applies to nearly all of them." If Adams and Roosevelt were right, such dullness among Americans of great wealth indicates a serious vital and intellectual deficiency in American leadership and one requiring correction.

But above all argument as to the desirability of the growing American leisure class is the stubborn fact that the very success of the business man has destroyed his dominance. As the success of the medieval landowner in assuring public order destroyed the necessity for a wealthy class concentrated upon fighting, just so the colossal achievement of the American business man in piling up wealth has destroyed the necessity for a leadership concentrated upon making money. Even if we grant the truth of the American proverb that it takes a smarter man to keep money than to make it, it remains true that keeping, unlike making, is seldom a full-time job.

IV

How then is the emerging American leisure class likely to organize itself? First, as to the preliminary point of economic organization; second, as to morals and manners.

Its economic basis can hardly be other than the ownership of land. The alternatives, bonds and mortgages—that is debts, or shares in businesses represented by stock—are alike disadvantageous. The principal of a debt cannot increase of itself; consequently, loss through the failure of a debtor to pay cannot be made good by an increase in the capital value of other debts owned by the creditor. Also, in normal times the income from debts in the shape of interest will be less than the income derived in dividends from an equal capital sum invested in stocks of which the future earnings are uncertain, or in land which is less immediately salable at its true value than securities. In turn, the ownership of stocks is unsuited to a leisure class in that their values fluctuate more and therefore require closer attention than either land or debts.

Land, on the contrary, would seem almost ideally suited to leisured ownership. The rapidity with which Americans trade in it nevertheless leaves it harder to liquidate than bonds or stock and in so far as it is non-liquid it gives a man local roots and attachments. "Landed fortunes are the only responsible ones," as Maurras has so often written. Land values tend to increase as communities grow more prosperous and to decline when their general prosperity declines; the landed man has therefore more incentive to true patriotism than any other, since his interests coincide so closely with those of the commonwealth. Land values can hardly be destroyed altogether; if the property has been well chosen in the first place, then the title can be wiped out only by adverse political developments from which no type of property is immune. Hence while individuals may prefer bonds and stock, land must be the sheet anchor of a future American leisure class, as it has been that of all corresponding classes in the past.

At the same time, the economic basis of that landed class must apparently differ from that of its forerunners in that the income producing property of the latter was chiefly agricultural and other rural land, whereas today city land is more profitable

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to hold. Furthermore, American farming has usually been wasteful at best, so that an increase in tenant farming would be disastrous even from the narrowly economic point of view. It has been suggested that large owners may prove more skilful than small independent men in the use of machinery, chemical fertilizers, and marketing methods, so that American agriculture may become a concentrated industry like manufacturing; but so far it seems equally probable that farming by small owners—perhaps combined in coöperative associations—will persist. Therefore, the landed leisure class seems likely to draw its income chiefly in rents on city land, but most of its members will probably live in the country; the present tendency in that direction is strong and increasing.

With regard to the sort of manners and morals our leisure class may build on its foundation of landed wealth, a single conspicuous instance is too striking to be passed over; it is to be found in the correspondence between the city strongholds of the medieval and Renaissance Italian nobles and the town-house of John D. Rockefeller Jr. in West 54th street, New York City. Finding it desirable to have footholds in their turbulent cities, the Italian nobles fortified. Tourists will remember the Florentine palaces built of great blocks of stone and the surviving forest of towers at San Gimignano. Precisely as if he was some picturesque and detested prince of the Renaissance, Mr. Rockefeller has likewise built himself a private fortress.

His reasons for so doing are unknown; it has been said that he feared assassination. At all events, he has taken great pains to protect himself. That his construction is of massive stone with doors of great strength, the lower windows small and heavily barred, is in no way remarkable. The astonishing thing is that he has cleared an open space between himself and such neighboring houses as he has allowed to stand; just as a military engineer might clear the ground outside the walls of a castle about to be besieged, so that none should approach under shelter of walls unconnected with the defense. Most striking of all is the care he has taken to shelter himself against escalade by savage looking rows of downward pointing iron spikes, some of them on the adjoining houses, but all uniform in design, so that they seem equally his work. On his western front there is a cluster of them two stories up. Near his south-eastern corner rows of them appear three stories up. Visible from the south are other rows no less than five and a half stories in the air! The place looks capable of resisting anything short of artillery, mining with high explosives, or treachery from within. Furthermore, during some years when the writer lived in that street, an armed guard—regularly relieved and of a genial temper as befits men at arms—was invariably posted before the door. The whole thing was a sort of portent or symbol, and was not to be viewed without mixed emotions.

This private fortress suggests the question whether the typical rich man of the future, like those medieval landowners from whom the tradition of the gentleman has come down, will be a soldier. If Communism were to gain ground or even if confiscatory taxation were to go beyond a certain point, then the rich might decide to spend most of their incomes on armed retainers, beside becoming soldiers themselves. Already a beginning is seen in the armed forces maintained by certain corporations, notably the various bodies of railroad police, in private detective agencies such as the Pinkertons, and in the armored cars and armed bank messengers now familiar to our city streets. Should our civilization return to the daily carrying of weapons familiar to all history, then arms would again become the chief business of the wealthy male.

Even should no such development occur, we may yet expect our landed class to have at least a military tinge. Arms are not only useful in themselves, that the rich may count individually for more than their mere numbers; they are also morally useful

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in their effect upon the temper of those acquainted with them. No class contemptuous or even too neglectful of arms can maintain a high temper. Even peace-time maneuvers afford some slight degree of hardship and even the mere sound of a shot reminds us of the supreme masculine virtue of courage. As to general esteem, few men or women do not love a fighting man, and those few are precisely the ones most likely to fear him.

The natural love of arms is so strong in the normal male as to make it easy for any leisure class to gain acquaintance with weapons. Many well-to-do boys and young men are already receiving a military education and there would be no great difficulty in teaching most of them the use of the rifle and perhaps a few rudiments of tactics. A certain number of men of income might wish to become regular Army officers, at least for some years; if so, their presence would certainly be welcomed by colleagues living on their pay, if only because each time an independent man quit the service to enjoy his wealth, promotion would be just that much faster for the others.

V

Next to war comes sport. Even safe sports have physical and some moral value, strengthening the will through competition and the self-control through the necessity of fair play even in hot blood. Still better in the intervals of wars are those sports which also make for courage through the need to face danger or hardship. Indeed many sports, although they may not bring home to the mind the idea of danger in connection with that of self-sacrifice, as soldiering does, nevertheless subject a man to real hazards, as peace-time maneuvers do not. Of this sort are big game hunting, any sport that necessitates riding on horses, football, boxing (in which a man at least risks painful blows), deep water cruising, aviation, and so on.

As to the non-military functions of the rich, politics will probably be the chief concern of the new landed men, and next to politics, letters and the arts—the three means by which opinion is formed. Some of the old arrogance toward commercial wealth may reappear. "The gentry consider the trader a hog," to misquote Vachel Lindsay's recent "Virginians." On the other hand, it is the mark of a landed class to cherish tradition and therefore since our new gentry must spring from and long remain intertwined with business it seems unlikely that its members will foul their own nest.

As a necessary means of self protection it would seem that they must develop the habit of occasionally excreting an undesirable member of their own body. All aristocracies, despite their tolerance of the doings of their members, have wielded this device of ostracism or excommunication with great effect. Such wholesome purgatives seem today a little disused. For instance, among the leading families of the Newport set there is a young man whose doings the *North American Review* has chronicled as follows: "[So and so] . . . has told with gusto how [as a newspaper reporter] he climbed a hotel fire-escape to enter Dunsany's room unannounced, when the latter was trying to escape reporters; . . . how he shadowed a man suspected by his paper of having separated from his wife; and how he sneaked into a . . . Long Island estate to peek through a window." One would expect any self-respecting wealthy class to handle such a specimen rather roughly; today, unfortunately, even the measure of contempt his name provokes seems due more to his business failures than to his aforesaid personal conduct. A leisure class could be counted upon to muss up considerably this type of go-getter.

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THE LAST STROKE OF A MASTER

BY HENRY O. SWINDLER

It was Summer, July 11, 1864.

Although the hour was not yet noon, the city of Washington sweltered. Banks of fleecy clouds, suspended in the breathless air, were mirrored upon the glassy bosom of the Potomac, where ships lay becalmed, drifting with the tide. Along the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal old mules towed older barges through historic Georgetown. Near the river bank stood the unfinished shaft of Washington's monument, symbolizing the country brought forth by his efforts, but not yet welded into a united and powerful nation. A mile and a half to the eastward rose the new dome of the Capitol. At the order of President Lincoln, it had risen to completion through three years of strife and bloodshed. Now finished, it stood as a memorial to the indomitable character of the humble man who would complete the work of Washington even at the price of a long war.

A peaceful scene, but, in the hearts of the people of the nation's capital that Summer morning there was no peace. Brilliantly uniformed but disheveled aides dashed about on horseback. Regiments of raw militia, uncomfortable in their new uniforms, hurried they knew not where. The cool, tree-lined corridors echoed to the shuffling tread of untrained marching feet. Battalions of gaunt veteran reserves, old soldiers rendered unfit for active duty by wounds or sickness, glanced scornfully at these recruits as they strove manfully to swing along with the oily smoothness of seasoned infantry. Hastily-formed companies of convalescents and quartermasters' clerks appeared ill at ease in their nondescript uniforms and ancient arms.

Knots of citizens congregated on the street corners and talked in subdued tones. There could be heard mutterings against the "butcher Grant" for leaving only this rabble to defend them. Now and again talk ceased as men glanced apprehensively to the northward. And well they might be silent, for a cloud had appeared on that horizon. A low-hanging, suffocating cloud of dust, made only by thousands of marching infantry, spread along the Seventh street pike. Under that pall marched twenty thousand veterans in tattered butternut grey, the peers of any troops who ever marched to war. Lee, the great master, was making his final and desperate bid for victory. Jubal Early was at the gates of Washington.

The Confederate campaign against the capital in June and July, 1864, was the direct result of action taken by the Federal government in March of that year. The close of 1863 found the Union cause apparently far from success. After three years of the most bloody warfare since the campaigns of Napoleon, the Confederate armies were still unconquered. As a last resort, the administration tried unity of command. Ulysses S. Grant was summoned from the West, raised to the rank of lieutenant-general, and, on March 9, 1864 assumed supreme command of all the Union armies. Grant's plan was simplicity itself. The armed forces of the Confederacy were his objectives. The Union armies were to concentrate on these forces simultaneously. Only two Confederate armies of importance remained, the one commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston at Dalton, Ga., and the other, the Army of Northern Virginia,

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under Lee, which lay entrenched behind the Rapidan. Sherman was assigned the task of destroying the forces under Johnston while the Army of the Potomac, under Meade, was to attack its old adversary, the Army of Northern Virginia. Grant fully realized the importance of the operations in the eastern theater, where both hostile capitals were at stake. He had known the military ability of Lee since the Mexican War. He therefore established his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac and directed its movements in person.

Operations in both theaters commenced early in May. During the first month, Sherman, by a campaign of little blood and much maneuver, succeeded only in forcing Johnston to retire toward Atlanta. In the East, Grant, by the ghastly battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, and Cold Harbor, drove Lee steadily toward Richmond. Time after time Grant tried to turn Lee's right, cut his communications, and thus force him to decisive battle, but at the end of each turning movement Grant found the Army of Northern Virginia entrenched squarely across his path. His furious but often poorly coördinated attacks all failed. June 3 found the Confederate army, though weakened by irreparable casualties, still effective and entrenched at Cold Harbor.

The right of Lee's line at Cold Harbor rested practically upon the fortifications of Richmond. His communications could only be reached south of the James river. Grant determined to shift his army to the south bank of that river, seize Petersburg, and so bottle up Lee in Richmond, or drive him South. The preliminary movements to carry this plan into effect brought on Early's campaign against Washington.

To cover the movement to the south bank of the James river, Grant, on July 5, dispatched Sheridan's cavalry corps to break up Lee's communications to the westward. After destroying the Virginia Central Railroad, Sheridan was to make a junction near Charlottesville with a Union force commanded by Hunter, which had been operating in the Shenandoah Valley. Sheridan and Hunter were then to complete the destruction of Lee's communications and join Grant. This part of Grant's plan was doomed to failure. The Union cavalry was defeated at Treviline Station and turned back. On June 13, Lee detached Stonewall Jackson's old corps, now under the command of Lieutenant-General Jubal A. Early, against Hunter, who was approaching Lynchburg. By June 26, Early, then at Staunton, had already made a junction with a small Confederate corps under Breckenridge and had driven Hunter into the mountain fastnesses of West Virginia.

Early's command now consisted of four infantry divisions, four cavalry brigades, and three battalions of artillery. Its strength was about 22,000 men and forty-two pieces of artillery, exclusive of horse artillery.[1]

Lee's instructions to Early were, after disposing of Hunter, to move down the Shenandoah Valley, threaten Washington and play upon the fears of the Federal administration for the safety of the capital city. This was the old scheme which had effectively broken up the Union combinations during the campaigns of 1862 and 1863.

The withdrawal of Hunter from the valley left the road to the Potomac open, except for a small force under Sigel in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry. Early left Staunton on June 28, moved rapidly down the valley, and on July 4 occupied Harper's Ferry. After perfunctory skirmishing, Sigel withdrew to the security of his entrenchments on Maryland Heights, north of the Potomac. This position was too strong to be carried quickly, and Sigel's command was too small to constitute a serious menace to the Confederate rear. Early therefore crossed the Potomac at

[1] It is impossible to state the exact strength of Early's command. The strength given here is larger than estimates from Confederate sources and much smaller than most Federal estimates. It is based on the number of regiments from which prisoners were captured, statements of prisoners, areas of camp sites, etc.

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The Route of Early's Attempt upon Washington

Shepherdstown and invaded Maryland. He destroyed the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, thus severing direct communication with Washington from the West. His cavalry raided far and wide, gathering supplies and horses. Detachments penetrated as far as the border of Pennsylvania. The Union cavalry was too weak to gain any definite information concerning the strength and composition of Early's command or the plans of its leader. The Federal authorities only knew that a Confederate army of considerable strength was concealed in the mountains of Maryland. Consternation spread through the North. All sorts of rumors were rife and in the press the strength of the invading army mounted steadily. It was reported that Lee with his whole army was in Maryland and that he had completely fooled Grant with a mere handful of men in the fortifications of Richmond under Beauregard. Daily reports had it that Lee was descending upon Washington or Baltimore, or invading Pennsylvania. Doubt concerning Early's intentions was only partially dispelled when, on the morning of July 9, the Confederate columns entered Frederick, Md. From this point, good roads led to both Baltimore and Washington, each about fifty miles distant. Early's troops passed rapidly through

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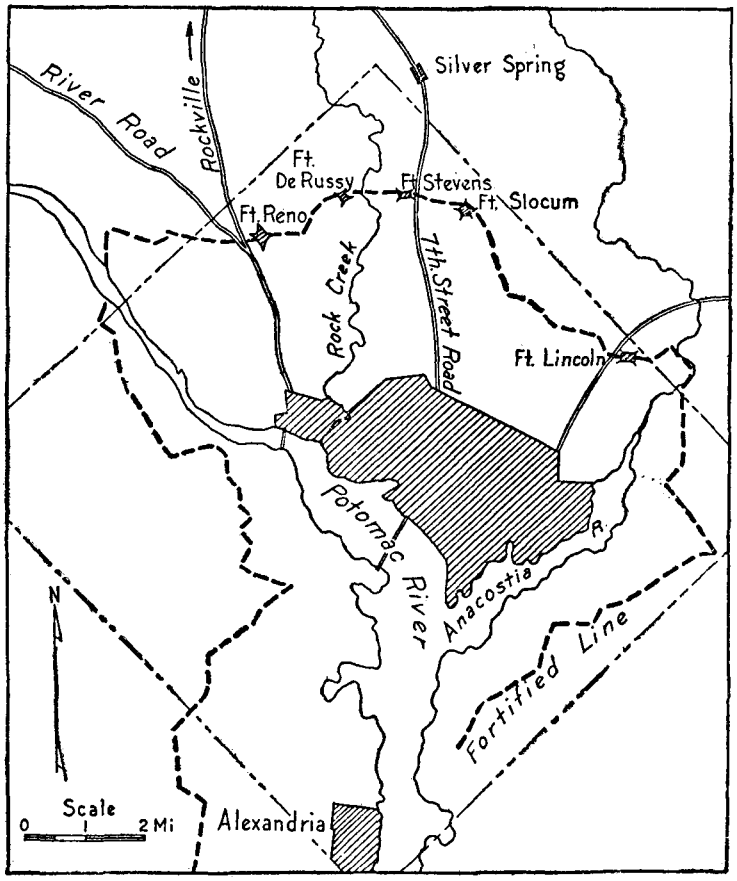
Frederick and about 8 A.M. discovered a Union force in position behind the Monocacy river, two miles south of the town. Upon learning of Early's approach, Major-General Lew Wallace, who commanded at Baltimore, had moved all of his available force to Frederick. Wallace had deployed his command, about six thousand strong, along the left bank of the Monocacy, covering the crossings of both the Baltimore pike and the road to Washington. His position was too strong to be assailed from the front. Early therefore forded the river and attacked the Union left. The struggle was gallantly maintained by both sides and it was late in the afternoon before Wallace was driven from his position on the Washington road and retired on Baltimore. Only small detachments of Union cavalry now stood between Early and the defenses of Washington, forty miles away.

II

The construction of those defenses had been started in 1861. During the succeeding three years, progress had varied with the fortunes of war. When the Union army invaded Virginia, work lagged. After each Confederate success construction was pushed with utter disregard for labor or expense. The Summer of 1864 found the defenses completed. They formed a fortified line thirty-seven miles long which completely surrounded the city. This line contained sixty enclosed forts and numerous supporting batteries and mounted 810 guns and 98 mortars. The forts were connected with rifle pits and the field of fire had been cleared. In considering Early's campaign, we are concerned only with the terrain and fortifications north of the city.



The Defenses of Washington in 1864

In 1864 the city of Washington was confined to the arm of land between the Potomac and Anacostia rivers, and did not extend more than four miles north of the confluence of those streams. North of the city the land rose rapidly to a high plateau. This high ground was intersected, from north to south, by the deep and rugged valley of Rock creek. Three main high-

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ways led to the northward. One, which is now Wisconsin avenue, ran from Georgetown along the high ground between the Potomac and Rock creek. At Tenallytown this road branched into three roads, one of which continued through Rockville to Frederick. The Seventh street pike, now known as Georgia avenue, led from the head of Seventh street, ran along the high ground east of Rock creek and through the village of Silver Spring, just beyond the District line. Farther east, and near the Anacostia river, was the Baltimore pike. Beyond the District line, country roads connected these main thoroughfares.

The line of fortifications crossed the plateau about three miles north of the city. Fort Reno protected the road forks at Tenallytown. A mile and a half east was Fort De Russy, which commanded the gorge of Rock creek. Near the present intersection of Georgia avenue and Quackenbos street the guns of Fort Stevens swept the Seventh street pike. Fort Stevens was supported by the fire of Fort Slocum, about a mile to the eastward. The Baltimore pike and the valley of the Anacostia were commanded by Fort Lincoln.

Fortifications as extensive as these require a large garrison. Without it, their great extent becomes a source of weakness rather than of strength. In 1862, a board of officers was appointed to determine how large a garrison was necessary to man the Washington defenses. This board recommended a force of 9,000 artillery, 25,000 infantry, and 3,000 cavalry, a total of 37,000 men. In addition, a covering force of 25,000 infantry was recommended. This garrison, of course, was designed to cope with a larger force than that of Early, but it must be remembered, that the board which recommended it had in mind trained and disciplined troops. In 1864 the defenses of Washington had been stripped of trained troops to augment the armies in the field. They had been replaced by perfectly raw troops who had been in service barely two months. Worse, the strength of the garrison had been cut to about 10,000 men, which was sufficient to provide only one relief of gunners and only infantry enough to man one-fifth of the parapets of the forts, without occupying the rifle pits between them. Of this force, not more than 2,000 held the line of works ten miles long between the Potomac and Anacostia. In addition to the garrison of the defenses, there were in and about the city about 10,000 nondescript troops who were guarding warehouses, public buildings, bridges, etc. The only troops of any length of service were four companies of regular artillery, two regiments of District of Columbia Volunteers, a few battalions of veteran reserves, and about 1,200 cavalrymen from the Army of the Potomac who were awaiting horses. Such was the garrison of the defenses of Washington as Early approached the city.

After defeating Wallace, he camped for the night of July 9 on the battlefield of Monocacy, and at dawn of July 10 his column was in motion in the direction of Washington. His superior cavalry screened the movement in front and in the direction of Baltimore, so that througnout the entire day it was not definitely known whether he was advancing upon Baltimore or upon Washington. All day the column pressed on. The morale of the troops was at the highest pitch. They had penetrated more than a hundred miles in rear of the Union main army, they had driven three armies from their path, and now the very heart of the hated tyranny was almost within their grasp. They felt themselves irresistible; they were convinced that any one of their number was equal to at least ten "damned Yankees." But Early did not share the elation of his troops. He approached Washington with misgivings; he was far within the Union lines; he could expect no support. In the battle of the previous day he had captured prisoners from Rickett's division of the Army of the Potomac. A part of Grant's army was before him: he knew not how many. Was it only a detachment or was the whole army moving up from Richmond? If so, what

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was its destination? What were the Union plans? Would Lee be able to destroy the Union army while it was withdrawing? These and a hundred other questions haunted Early as he rode on toward Washington, but he could not turn back now. His only chance of success lay in finding the defenses of Washington weakly manned and carrying them by assault.

Although the day was exceedingly hot and the roads very dusty, Early's troops marched thirty miles on July 10 and camped that night near Rockville, only ten miles from the defenses of Washington. While they were marching from Frederick to Rockville, no adequate measures were taken to defend the capital. The Confederate cavalry covered the movements so effectively in the directions of both Washington and Baltimore that it was still not known upon which place Early was moving. This dearth of definite information, however, cannot excuse the lack of energy which was displayed by the Union command. It was obvious from Early's position at Frederick that, should he advance on the capital, he must strike somewhere between the Potomac and Anacostia. Nevertheless, the only step taken on July 10 to meet that attack was to establish a reserve camp near the Seventh street pike, a mile south of Fort Stevens. Major-General A. McCook was given command of troops which were to be assembled there. Although McCook was an able officer, he was unfamiliar with the terrain, the fortifications, and the garrison of the northern line. He spent the whole afternoon reconnoitering the site of the reserve camp and the fortifications which he might be required to support. At night when he returned to the camp he found concentrated there only two regiments of District of Columbia Volunteers, the 9th Regiment of the Veteran Reserve Corps, and two light batteries. These troops, a small detachment of cavalry, and the small garrison of the forts, were the only soldiers north of the city when Early appeared before Fort Stevens on the following day. The vital question of command was not settled until 12:30 A.M., of July 11. At that hour, McCook received a message from General Auger, commander of the Department of Washington, which divided the works between the Potomac and Anacostia into three sectors to be commanded, from west to east, by Generals Hardin, Meigs, and Gillmore. McCook was placed in command of the whole line. Although General Meigs, who was the Quartermaster-General, was to command the works on the Seventh street pike, he did not arrive at Fort Stevens until 9:00 P.M., July 11. On these precarious arrangements rested the security of the nation's capital!

III

The Confederate column was in motion early on the morning of July 11. Upon leaving Rockville, the infantry and artillery took a road which bore to the eastward and joined the Seventh street pike at Silver Spring. McCausland's cavalry brigade continued on the Georgetown road. Imboden's cavalry brigade covered the front of the infantry column. The cavalry brigades of Jackson and of Johnston had been dispatched to break up the railroads at Baltimore.

Early pressed on ahead of the infantry, and shortly before noon stood on the high ground near Silver Spring. From this point he saw Imboden's cavalry drive a small detachment of Union cavalry into the works. The defenses of Washington spread before him, apparently deserted. They were practically so. Fort Stevens, in his immediate front, was garrisoned by only 78 infantrymen and 79 artillerymen. Early dispatched an aide to General Rodes, whose division was leading, with the order to carry the works with the bayonet, but as Rodes was deploying his division for the assault Early saw a cloud of dust approaching Fort Stevens from the south. As he watched, a column of troops appeared and filed into the rifle pits on either side of the pike. All the doubts which had assailed him on the

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previous day came rushing back. Uppermost in his mind were those prisoners from the Army of the Potomac, captured at the crossings of the Monocacy. He ordered Rodes to suspend the assault and to push out skirmishers for reconnaissance.

If the information at his disposal be considered, one cannot censure him for acting so cautiously. Nevertheless, as the precious minutes grew into hours, the opportunity to seize the Federal capital, to win undying fame and, perchance, to save the cause of the Confederacy vanished forever. While his skirmishers whiled away the afternoon before a line of entrenchments, scantily garrisoned by short-term troops, 4,000 veterans filed from transports at the Seventh street wharves, seven miles away. Crisp commands cut the sultry air and the column swung up toward Pennsylvania avenue. When its head reached the corner of Eleventh street and Pennsylvania avenue it turned up Eleventh street in the direction of Fort Stevens.

When it became apparent that Hunter would not be able to arrest Early's march, Grant had ordered the VI Corps, commanded by Major-General H. G. Wright, to embark for Baltimore and Washington. The 3d Division of that corps (Rickett's) arrived at Baltimore July 8 and two brigades of this division fought with Wallace at the crossing of the Monocacy on July 9. This explains the prisoners from the Army of the Potomac which Early had captured in that action and which were causing him so much concern. The 2d Division (Getty's) and one brigade of the 1st Division debarked at Washington shortly after noon on July 11. The remaining two brigades of the 1st Division did not arrive until the next day. The XIX Corps had been ordered from New Orleans to Washington, but only two regiments of it arrived while Early was before the city.

About 11 A.M., July 11, the Union signal station at Fort Reno observed Early's infantry column approaching Silver Spring from the direction of Rockville. When this information reached McCook, he immediately marched the few regiments which had assembled at the reserve camp to the northern line and placed them in the rifle pits. These were the troops which Early saw from the high ground near Silver Spring and which caused him to suspend the assault of Rodes' division.

Rodes quickly drove the hundred-day men, who formed the Union skirmish line, into the fortifications and opened a brisk fire upon the gunners in Fort Stevens. This was a tense moment. The apprehension in the minds of the defenders is evident from reading the official report of Brevet Major-General J. C. Barnard, who was the engineer in charge of the fortifications. He says: "About this time there was great uneasiness along the line of fortifications, the heterogeneous force distributed in them, though considerable in number, not being of such a character as to inspire perfect confidence in their competency to resist an assault." This is a strong statement to find its way into an official report, and does not reflect a cheerful outlook. Relief, however, was soon at hand. About 1:30 P.M., six hundred of the dismounted cavalrymen from the Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac, reached Fort Stevens. They were immediately deployed, drove the Confederate skirmishers back and established a line of pickets about one thousand yards from the works.

At 3 P.M., Wright reported to McCook and about 4: P.M. troops of the VI Corps began arriving in the rear of Fort Stevens. At about 5 P.M. the Confederates again drove in the Union line. Although McCook had received specific orders to hold the VI Corps in reserve, he deemed the situation serious enough to demand that the front be picketed by experienced men. Wheaton's brigade of the 2d Division, VI Corps, was selected, and at about 7 P.M. it moved out of the works and reëstablished the line which had been held in the afternoon. This line extended from a point midway between Fort Stevens and Fort Reno to a point in front of Fort Slocum, a distance of about two miles. During the night of July

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11, McCook was reinforced by 1,500 armed quartermaster civilian employés and about 2,800 convalescents from the military hospitals.

Skirmishing began early on July 12 and continued until after noon. When the Confederates had been driven back on the previous day, they retained possession of two points which commanded the Union line. One of these points was the Rives house, which stood on a knoll immediately east of the pike, about a thousand yards north of Fort Stevens. This house was about two hundred yards northeast of the present intersection of Georgia avenue and Whittier place. In addition to commanding the Union skirmish line, it covered the low ground to the north of it, in which the Confederates could mass troops, unobserved. Across the pike from the Rives house, and in the southern edge of what are now the grounds of Walter Reed Hospital, stood Mrs. Lay's house, also known as the Carbery house. Confederate sharpshooters concealed in this house, and in the trees about it, also commanded the Union line. North of the Lay house was a ravine, a part of which is now the formal garden of the hospital, in which the Confederates could conceal a large number of troops. From these positions, Confederate sharpshooters had killed and wounded about thirty men of Wheaton's brigade, which composed the Union skirmish line.

McCook decided to occupy these two groups of buildings in order to relieve his men of the fire of the Confederate sharpshooters and to gain a position from which the low ground north of them could be observed. An attack by Captain Beattie's sharpshooters of Getty's division failed. It was evident that a well-prepared assault was necessary. Colonel Bidwell's brigade of Getty's division was chosen for it. At about 6 P.M. this brigade was quietly moved out of the works by a route concealed from the view of the Confederates, and assembled in a ravine east of the pike. The point of assembly was near the present intersection of Sheridan and Eighth streets. The 77th and the 122d New York, and the 61st Pennsylvania were held in reserve. The 43d and the 49th New York, and the 7th Maine were deployed immediately behind the Union skirmish line, opposite the points of attack.

When these arrangements were made, the guns of Fort Stevens and Fort Slocum opened fire on the buildings and possible points of concentration in their vicinity. After the thirty-sixth shot had been fired from Fort Stevens, the whole skirmish line, Wheaton's brigade, and the three regiments last referred to advanced to the attack. The Confederates were reinforced by troops which had been concealed in the low ground north of the buildings, but the three Union regiments which had been held in reserve were thrown in to support the attack. After a sharp action which lasted until dark, the Confederates were driven out. The Union troops entrenched during the night. The Confederate loss is unknown, but they left at Sligo Postoffice seventy wounded who could not be moved when they withdrew. The Union loss was 280 killed and wounded.

The events of the day convinced Early that the defenses of the city were too strongly held to be carried by assault, and he did not have the necessary means for siege operations. Hunter, he knew, had brought his troops up the Ohio river in boats and was now approaching Harper's Ferry. The Confederate cavalry which had been operating near Baltimore had misinformed Early that two corps had arrived from the Army of the Potomac and that in all probability the whole army was in motion. Under these circumstances, he reluctantly withdrew during the night of July 12. He forded the Potomac at Leesburg and on July 20 arrived at Winchester. Thus the campaign closed in failure.

Responsibility for that failure has been laid at Early's door on the ground that he should have moved directly from Winchester to Washington. This is unjust. A close study of the campaign will show that taking the longer route operated to his

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advantage. Had he marched from Winchester directly on Washington, the appearance of his columns in the passes of the Blue Ridge would have disclosed his intentions immediately. Moving by that route he could have but one objective, Washington. Union troops could have been concentrated there quickly via Baltimore and over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from Harper's Ferry. By taking the route through Maryland, Early severed direct communication with the West by destroying the railroad line beyond Harper's Ferry.

From July 5 to July 8 his army was concealed in the mountains of Maryland, from which area he could have invaded Pennsylvania, or moved upon Baltimore or upon Washington with equal facility. His appearance at Frederick on July 9 did not fully disclose his intentions. Troops could not be withdrawn from Baltimore lest he attack that place. He conducted his operations so adroitly that his objective was not disclosed until his infantry column was observed from the defenses of Washington.

IV

The only results of the campaign were the collection of some supplies and an indemnity of $220,000 from Hagerstown and Frederick. The sequel of the whole operation was the building up of a Union army in the Shenandoah Valley, under the able command of Sheridan, which destroyed the resources of that granary of the Confederacy.

Lee had thus failed to destroy the ring of steel which Grant was relentlessly forging about the Confederate Army in Richmond. He had hoped that, by threatening Washington, Grant would be induced to weaken his army sufficiently to allow the Confederates to destroy it, or that Grant would dash his army to pieces against the fortifications of Richmond. Grant had done neither. Owing to a combination of circumstances beyond his control, Early had been compelled to return without accomplishing his mission. Lee deemed this failure of such magnitude that, in his report to the Confederate Secretary of War, he urged that knowledge of it be kept from the Southern people lest their morale be impaired.

Historians and military students pay scant heed to this campaign. One finds only brief paragraphs concerning it sandwiched between accounts of the grand maneuvers of 1864. Nevertheless, it was the most interesting campaign of the Civil War. It brought forth two events which are unique in our history.

Tucked away in a suburb of present-day Washington stand the crumbling ruins of Fort Stevens. It is half overbuilt with rambling frame buildings and almost forgotten. Only a modest monument, erected by survivors of the VI Corps, marks the spot where a President of the United States was under the fire of an enemy. Here President Lincoln stood when a surgeon was cut down near him by a Confederate musket ball. Not far away, in the angle of Georgia avenue and Whittier place, hardly noticed by passersby, lie those who were killed in the action at Fort Stevens, the only engagement ever fought in the District of Columbia.

In this campaign may be found a great lesson. The pacifists of to-day would rob our youth of all opportunity to prepare themselves for their duties in the event of war. These pacifists should be obliged to read an account of the action at Fort Stevens. In this engagement the Union commander found himself responsible for the safety of the heart of the nation. He was confronted with the élite of the Confederate Army, Stonewall Jackson's corps. The only thoroughly reliable troops at his disposal were a few brigades of the VI Corps. These brigades, strangely enough, he was ordered to hold in reserve. This order he deliberately violated when he used one brigade to picket the front. On July 12 he violated this order again when he used two brigades of this corps to carry the Rives and Lay houses. The disobedience

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of a military order is a serious matter and, in the face of an enemy, a capital offense. The incident, however, was closed when McCook remarked in his report that the gravity of the situation required "experienced men."

If Early's campaign is interesting because of what did happen, it is fascinating on account of what did not occur. Had he attacked promptly when he arrived before Fort Stevens he could have carried the fortified line at that point. The extent to which he would have been able to exploit this success would have depended upon the behavior of the green Union troops. The conduct of raw levies in a hard-fought action is always a matter of doubt. It is quite possible that the four brigades of Union veterans who were then debarking from the transports would have been inundated by a mass of terror-stricken fugitives and rendered helpless. Had this occurred the Confederates would have overrun the whole city, burned the government buildings, and possibly carried off the President.

Were we to consider only the armed forces in the Eastern theater it is apparent that Early would have been turned out eventually. But war is not the shock of armed forces alone. Not the least factors are international interests, politics, and the morale of the people at home.

The industrial nations of Europe were starving for Southern cotton, their ports were glutted with manufactured goods for Southern buyers. Three long years of blockade had placed these countries in dire straits. It is hardly likely that they would have long delayed recognition of the Confederate States with a Confederate army in Washington. More serious than this threat was the effect that occupation of Washington would have had upon the wavering morale of the Northern people.

The citizens of the North were weary of the war. Their attitude was reflected in a press which was already murmuring against the appalling, and seemingly useless, casualties of Grant's campaign. Only a year had elapsed since troops were withdrawn from Meade's army, victorious at Gettysburg, to put down, with an iron hand, the draft riots in New York City. Had Early remained in Washington twenty-four hours, the President could not have shielded Grant from the wrath of the North. He would have been forced to relieve Grant and order the Army of the Potomac back from Richmond. The confusion of a hasty withdrawal was the opportunity for which the astute Lee prayed. While the Army of the Potomac was embarking, or entangled in the wilderness of Virginia, he would have loosed those lightning strokes which he knew so well how to deliver and would have probably destroyed Grant's army utterly. The tramp of Early's troops in the streets of Washington might well have sounded the death knell of the Federal Union.

But this was not to be. Instead, Early's campaign marked the passing of one of the greatest masters of the art of war brought forth in modern times. It was Lee's last effort to snatch victory from defeat—his last attempt to seize the initiative and, with his dwindling resources, crown with success the cause which he deemed just. The dreary months of the siege of Petersburg which followed were merely biding time, staving off for a short while the ultimate and inevitable disaster. His flight to Appomattox was a pitiful effort to gain room to maneuver and thus keep alive a few days longer the dying embers of a lost cause.

This campaign may well be called the last stroke of a master.

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A METHODIST CHILDHOOD

BY MALVINA LINDSAY

WHEN I had reached an age at which I no longer slept through the sermon, I became vaguely resentful of Mr. Gallaway's back. It was a mountainous back, towering above the pew in front of me, and shutting off all view of the antics of the thundering, black-coated man in the pulpit behind the big Bible. Fortunately during prayers, my vista was cleared, for Mr. Gallaway was one of the few Mt. Carmel members who knelt between the pews to pray, instead of merely bowing his head on the seat in front. He was also one of the few Mt. Carmel members who still exclaimed "Amen!" at the high points in the preacher's discourse.

Mr. and Mrs. Gallaway always sat in the second seat from the front, on the right-hand side of the church. I sat with my mother and my father in the third seat. It was my mother's boast that I had not missed a Sunday in that pew since I was six weeks old. She had faithfully observed the preacher's constantly repeated precept that children should be trained from early infancy in habits of churchgoing. However, being practical as well as devout, she saw to it that I was entertained during the long services. I took my favorite playthings to church—my picture books; Jip, my brown wool puppy, and Big Ada and Little Ada, my two dolls. The dolls were named for Miss Ada Gallaway, who played the church organ, and with whom I identified all the lovely, undulating ladies in *Cassell's Family Magazine*.

Miss Ada was tall and slender; her heavy hair, which she coiled high on her head, was the color of November oak leaves; her voice was warm, animated and vibrant, and as she played she earnestly led the choir sopranos in singing. Each Sunday I looked forward to the close of the service, when she would come down in the aisle, stop beside my seat, and lift me up in her arms. "Hello, Jinks," she would say, smiling. Then her father, a strapping, hawk-eyed man, with a flowing red mustache, would echo in his hearty bass, "Hello, Jinks."

In a short time, I was in gentle Miss Lillie Boone's Sunday-school class. There we had a weekly drill in the catechism. "In how many days did God create Heaven and Earth?" Miss Lillie would ask softly. "In seven days God created the Heaven, the Earth, and all that in them is," we would singsong back at her. We also learned Bible verses alphabetically: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. . . . Bear ye one another's burdens. . . . Cast thy bread upon the waters. . . ." And at the Thanksgiving and Christmas entertainments we stood in a long, awkward line in the chancel, and sang in thin, childish trebles, or recited shrilly in unison. Miss Ada played for our songs, and at rehearsals I would often become so fascinated watching her long, white fingers dance across the organ keys, with their glistening nails and sparkling rings, that I would forget to sing, "Gather in the Golden Sheaves," or "Hark the Merry Christmas Bells."

Miss Ada, I had heard, spent an hour a day on the care of her hands that they might appear to advantage on the grand piano her father had given her following her graduation in music at Central Ladies' College. She taught a few piano pupils,

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though she did not need to do so, for Mr. Gallaway owned the largest farm in the community. He was also the largest contributor in the church, and whenever a public collection was taken, his voice would boom out first with a substantial subscription.

As a result of Mr. Gallaway's prodigality, Mt. Carmel was unusually prosperous for a country church, and was an object of jealousy on the part of the three other charges on the circuit, particularly Shiloh, five miles east. It was the Shiloh congregation, I gathered from hearing my elders talk, that was responsible for the furtive, whispered rumors about Mr. Gallaway—rumors to the effect that he sometimes played cards and drank whiskey with politicians on his frequent business trips to Kansas City, ten miles west.

This and all other gossip Mr. Gallaway majestically ignored. He was an unfailing attendant at all church meetings; he wept, shouted, and helped to save sinners in revivals; and he could always be depended upon to start the testimonies in the weekly prayer-meetings.

II

These prayer services, to which I was taken occasionally, I found absorbing. Mr. Boone, a white-bearded patriarch, would recount the dramatic story of his life of sin, ending with the story of his conversion in a wood, from which, blinded like Saul, he stumbled back to the camp-meeting he had fled. Others would tell of the awakenings they experienced in revivals, or at their mothers' death-beds, or in slum missions in great cities.

I enjoyed most the narrative of Mr. Vogel, the Sunday-school superintendent, an elderly bachelor who had come to the neighborhood from Chicago several years before to engage in fruit farming. He was a stocky man, with a large, bland face, and a bald head, over the top of which he carefully combed a few strands of sandy gray hair. Born on an Indiana farm, he had left home in youth and gone West, where he had led an adventurous and ungodly life in mining-camps in Death Valley, Calif., Goldfield, Nev., and other fearful and alluring places. Then he had returned to Chicago to spend his gains.

"It was a bitter Winter night," he would relate, "with a storm sweeping in from Lake Michigan. I had left my companions in a card game, and aimless and despondent, was straggling down South State street. As I passed Harry Monroe's Pacific Garden Mission, I was halted by the strains of a song—'Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?' I thought of my dear old mother back in Indiana, and led by a force I could not resist, I entered the mission. A man came to me and put his arm about my shoulder. It was Harry Monroe himself, I afterward learned. 'Brother,' he said, 'Jesus is calling you.' I followed Harry Monroe down to the altar and found Jesus that night."

Often Mr. Vogel would tell of other spectacular conversions at the Pacific Garden Mission, and as I heard these recitals I wondered what my own conversion would be like, if I would see lights and hear voices, and if I would groan in agony at the altar during a revival. I became frightened at the thought of such an experience; I found myself growing cold with horror at the idea of making a show of myself, of weeping and shouting publicly while the church members prayed my soul into safety. And yet, I pondered, how could I be saved without all this? How could I escape the eternal lake of fire and the leaping, devouring flames I had seen in picture-books? I had encountered my first religious problem, one that was to cast an inerasable shadow over the next ten years of my life.

Mr. Vogel had belonged to a Second Coming cult in Chicago, and during his frequent visits at our home he talked constantly of the anti-Christ (whom he believed was the Pope), of the Millennium, and of Christ's return in clouds of glory. He was convinced that the Second Coming would be within a few years and while this

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thought gave him great satisfaction, it filled me with uneasiness. Whenever dark storm clouds banked in the west, or a strange saffron glow spread over the earth at sunset, or a sudden blast reverberated from a nearby quarry, I would become weak from fright. Often during rollicking moments of play, the chilling fear of the Judgment Day would creep over me, suddenly sobering and depressing me. I thought for a time of emulating a woman of whom Mr. Vogel told, who had all her dresses, even her nightgowns, made with pockets, so that she might always carry a Bible to be reading when the last trump sounded. However, I soon abandoned this idea. If God knew everything, I argued, how could one fool Him by such a trick?

My chief dread of the Judgment Day was the reading aloud of everyone's thoughts. That seemed most unfair. I might control my words and my acts, but my wicked ideas were there before I knew they were coming. I was filled with alarm whenever I recalled my angry thoughts about Mrs. Taylor, a gossiping neighbor, who had said unkind things to my mother about Mr. Gallaway and Mrs. Dudley, a pretty, friendly woman in the Mt. Carmel church. "I know it's so," Mrs. Taylor had persisted, "because Mrs. Gallaway and Miss Ada have both quit speaking to her." A feeling of wrath against Mrs. Taylor possessed me. "Old Parrot Face!" I thought. I had heard some boys call her that when she reprimanded them for stealing cake at an ice-cream social. Thereafter I lived in perpetual fear of the time when God or St. Peter would read that thought of mine out of a big book before everybody, including Mrs. Taylor. "Old Parrot Face!" I could see myself before the heavenly throne, an abject figure, transfixed by the stares of all my neighbors as the ominous words sounded. Strangely, the embarrassment of the situation worried me more than did the descent into Hell that would follow.

Another anxiety that clouded this period of my childhood was my feeling that I ought to become a foreign missionary. I had been taken from infancy to missionary meetings, and had heard stories of the courageous women who had given up families, homes and friends to go out into the darknesses of Africa, China and Hindustan to save the heathen. Occasionally these missionaries returned and made talks urging young women to follow in their footsteps. At one such meeting, while the choir was singing, "I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go," three of the older Sunday-school girls offered themselves for mission work. The missionary who had spoken embraced them, the women of the church wept and the preacher prayed huskily. Thereupon, I decided that it was my duty also to help save the poor lost foreigners. Yet the dreadful thought of leaving my home and parents for a long stretch of years—perhaps forever—appalled me as much as did the Second Coming. I pondered the missionary problem long and seriously, far more seriously in fact than did the three girls who so valiantly volunteered. For two of these girls married before they finished high-school, and the third joined a theatrical stock company in Kansas City, from which she was later graduated into the movies.

III

The Rev. Brutus Dade, one of the early evangelists at Mt. Carmel, was from Georgia, and was a self-confessed exponent of Southern chivalry. He was an impressive figure in his long, clerical coat, his white linen bow tie, his broad-brimmed black hat, set well on one side of his head to reveal a flare of dark, wavy hair, and his inevitable gilt-edged Bible under his arm. The Rev. Mr. Dade stayed at our home during the three weeks he held revival. We were also boarding at that time the neighborhood school-teacher, a large, loud, masculine woman from Western Kansas. The evangelist was assiduous in his attentions to her, and would insist on putting on and taking off her cumbersome, mud-caked overshoes.

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"Down South we would never think of letting a lady put on her own overshoes," he would declare magnificently as he tugged at the stiff buckles of the goloshes. He kept his wife's picture in his valise, and would frequently take it out and look at it in the presence of the school-teacher. It was a full-length photograph, showing the subject in tightly sheathed garments standing beside a marble pillar. "No Grecian goddess ever had a finer form!" the evangelist would exclaim proudly.

From the Rev. Mr. Dade I got the impression that evangelists were more affectionate than other men in their family relations, and that their home life was a continuous round of gallantries and embraces. Mr. Dade was always speaking of kissing his wife and babies, and in his sermons he would often upbraid the men of the congregation for not being more considerate husbands. "You old tobacco-chewing rascals!" he would shout. "There are none of you half worthy of the fine, pure women God has given you!" Then he would single out some unfortunate red-necked farmer, and pointing his finger accusingly at him, would thunder: "Brother, when did you last kiss your wife? When did you last take her in your arms and tell her you loved her? When did you last take her home a box of candy or a bouquet of flowers?"

The embarrassment of these bucolic husbands in the Rev. Dade's meeting, however, was not to be compared with my own. The nightly scene at the altar shamed and frightened me and made me long to crawl under the seat. Several backsliders, among them Joe Mahaffey, road overseer and political henchman of Mr. Gallaway, had undergone spiritual rejuvenation, and would shout and testify. These zealots, as well as the regular church leaders, goaded by the evangelist, would go into the audience to inveigle the unsaved to the altar. I lived in constant fear that my mother, my father, or other of my relatives would go forward and weep and shout.

I felt I should collapse in shame at such an exhibition. During the interminable period that the invitation hymns were being sung and the evangelist was cajoling and threatening the sinners, I stood, a wretched little figure, shaky kneed and half nauseated from fear, holding on tensely to the seat in front of me. If only I could have realized how groundless was my dread, how unnecessary my torture! For all of my relatives were church pillars and already safely counted among the saved.

The protracted meeting was the chief social event of the Winter, and attendants came from a radius of ten miles, riding in sleighs or buggies, and hitching their horses in the shelter of the hedgerow at the rear of the windswept church grounds. A frequenter who drove a dashing team of bays to a new rubber-tired buggy was Wade Ferguson, Joe Mahaffey's nephew, who had recently returned from the West, and lived at the Mahaffey farm and worked for his uncle. Ferguson had been trying to keep company with Miss Ada Gallaway, but his suit was looked upon coldly by Mr. Gallaway, who wanted his daughter to marry a Kansas City lawyer.

Ferguson was spoken of in the neighborhood as a little wild, partly because of his frequent and questionable trips to Kansas City, and consequently was regarded as one of the chief sinner prospects at revivals. Each night his uncle and various other church leaders would go to him during the invitation hymn and urge him to go forward. He held out stubbornly until near the close of one of the meetings; then one night, suddenly and without urging, followed several other converts to the altar. "Glory to God!" exclaimed the Rev. Dade. There was a chorus of amens. "Everybody come down front and let's have a regular, old-fashioned Methodist handshaking," shouted the evangelist. The audience thronged about the altar, its members exchanging handshakes and embraces with the converts and with each other. Many wept, some broke into prayer, and others started hymns in which

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the crowd joined. Miss Ada left the organ, and with tear-filled eyes and quivering lips, came down in front and shook hands with Mrs. Dudley. After the service, she rode home in Wade Ferguson's rubber-tired buggy behind his dashing team of bays.

Subsequent revivals heightened my own religious problems. I was becoming old enough to be a prospect myself, and during each meeting, I lived in constant apprehension that some worker would single me out and try to induce me to go forward. My situation had become especially precarious by the time the Rev. Luther Wesley Morgan opened his meeting, for a new trend in revivals had then set in. It had been found that the number of converts could be greatly increased by appealing to children; consequently Sunday-school teachers were enlisted as soul winners, and entire classes went to the altar at every service.

The Rev. Mr. Morgan was a brisk, plump, ruddy man with an iron gray pompadour and a pince-nez astride his aquiline nose. He radiated energy and authority, and he was most resourceful in trapping sinners. A practise of his that caused me much uneasiness was that of dividing the saved from the unsaved. Sometimes he would ask the saved to stand; at other times, at the conclusion of a hymn, he would command the saved to be seated, thus leaving the hapless unsaved standing to become the public prey of the personal workers.

I was at a loss as to what to do on such occasions. I was not yet a church member; I had not even "gone up" in meeting. Still I could not feel that I was definitely damned. I could not understand, moreover, how anyone, even the preacher, could be absolutely certain of salvation. How could one know for sure about such a thing before the Judgment Day?

I raised this question in the Sunday-school class when Mrs. Pike, who had succeeded Miss Lillie Boone as my teacher, was talking to the members about their duty to confess their sins publicly, be baptized and join the church. She smiled a thin, reproving smile at me and said gently, "But, my dear, when once you are truly reborn, you *know* that you are saved." She then reproached the class for not having gone up in meeting, and made a chiding talk about being ashamed of Jesus. "What if He were ashamed of us at the Judgment Day?" she asked.

That night all the members of the class, except myself and a larger girl named Nannie Wagner, answered the altar call. I am certain that I shall never again experience such an endless and terrible period as that during which the invitation hymns were sung. The choir sang and resang:

> There is a fountain filled with blood,
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
> And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
> Lose all their guilty stains.

The Rev. Mr. Morgan, meanwhile, was pleading, gesticulating, and threatening: "Won't you come, brother, sister? Plunge in this precious fountain before it is too late! . . . Give yourself to Jesus! . . . He will not always stand and wait! . . . Some day He will turn away! . . . Won't you come now as we sing just one more verse?"

Miss Ada played on and the choir sang:

> The dying thief rejoiced to see
> That fountain in his day;
> And there may I, though vile as he,
> Wash all my sins away.

Mrs. Pike stepped up to Nannie and urged her to go forward. Nannie turned to me. "I guess we'd better, hadn't we?" I shook my head, obstinately. I was cold as a stone, forbidding as a thundercloud, and inwardly ashamed for being so. Yet a team of oxen couldn't have dragged me to the altar that night.

The next day I was disturbed, though not remorseful. I could not feel that God required me to undergo such a humiliating experience as to be wept and prayed over publicly while a curious congregation craned its neck. Yet I remembered the

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miraculous conversions of the old men who testified in prayer-meeting, and also that of Saul, as related in the Sunday-school lessons. I felt that I must have a conversion of some kind. "Except ye be born again . . . " the Bible said. Accordingly, when I returned home from school that afternoon, I went into the darkened parlor, took a table, a footstool, a dresser scarf and a Bible, and erected an altar. Kneeling before this, I sang softly my favorite hymns, repeated my favorite Scripture verses, and then, with tears streaming down my face, poured out my troubles to a God who seemed strangely near, companionable and understanding. I arose in a state of exaltation, and for days afterward, I knew a peace that even the frantic altar calls of the Reverend Morgan could not take from me.

IV

When the revival seasons were not on, I experienced many beautiful, happy times at Mt. Carmel. There was Christmas Eve when the choir, in a setting of splendor consisting of cedar, bittersweet, buckberries, festoons of popcorn, and innumerable lighted candles, opened the Christmas entertainment by singing, "Joy to the World." No music since has ever seemed to me so sublime. Then there were those serene Sunday mornings of early Summer when the church was fragrant with elder blossoms and roses, and gay with ribboned hats and fluttering dresses. Our congregation by this time had been placed on a half-time circuit with Shiloh, and the Rev. Mr. Morrison, a gentle, placid man, preached twice a month. An ethereal peace would possess me as I sat by an open window, listening to his tranquil voice or to the wistful melodies of the old hymns and watching the restless cottonwoods outside shimmering in the brilliant sunshine.

The most solemn and impressive service was the communion, which was held four times a year, on the occasions of the presiding elder's visits. The elder, a frail, white-haired man with a surprisingly strong, resounding voice, had ridden circuits in Missouri when the county pikes were little more than cow-paths. Though his body was breaking, his faith was still challenging. The interior of the church, to the highest wasps' nest, reverberated with his deep, earnest accents as he intoned his blessings while passing the tray of unleavened bread and the tall glass of grape juice to the kneeling communicants.

Much as I responded to the solemnity of the communion service, I was embarrassed at not participating in it. Not being a church member, I did not feel that I should go to the altar to partake of the bread and wine. Yet I realized I should eventually be a subject of conjecture if I did not. "All those who are in love and charity with their neighbors . . . ," the communion call read. And if any church attendants persistently failed to respond, the community immediately began to speculate as to what secret grudges they harbored.

Mr. Gallaway led the congregation to the table and his wife, a patient, listless woman, followed. But from the time that gossip began to link Mr. Gallaway's name with Mrs. Dudley's, Miss Ada did not take communion. After the choir had filed down to the last sacramental serving, she would cease her music, and keeping her seat, would silently bow her head on the organ until the presiding elder's final "Arise and go in peace" had been uttered.

At the first communion following Wade Ferguson's conversion, the congregation watched tensely when the choir started down for the final sacrament. But again Miss Ada kept her seat and bowed her bright head on the organ. Few had really expected her to do otherwise. For following the revival there had been a renewal of the whispered rumors concerning the frequency with which Mr. Gallaway's new red runabout—the only automobile in the neighborhood—was seen in front of the Dudley farmhouse.

Mrs. Dudley was a vivacious woman with enigmatic dark eyes and an air of

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professional Southern charm. Her husband was an energetic farmer and, like Joe Mahaffey, was a political associate of Mr. Gallaway. The Dudleys never appeared conscious of the gossip about them, and Mrs. Dudley smilingly attended missionary meetings, oyster suppers and ice-cream festivals without having her gayety quenched in the slightest by the frigid aloofness of Miss Ada or the sad disapproval of Mrs. Gallaway.

The only event at which her absence was noticeable was the elaborate church wedding that in June culminated Wade Ferguson's persistent courtship of Miss Ada. The wedding was a volunteer gift from Mr. Gallaway to his daughter, a peace offering to end their long estrangement. Weakened through his own frailty in his opposition to his daughter's desires, he surrendered as was his wont with a magnificent gesture.

The Mt. Carmel Church had begun to lag in zeal, partly through a decline in the fortunes of Mr. Gallaway, and partly through the springing up of Baptist and Campbellite missions in the community, when the Rev. Winona Lane Custer was engaged to conduct a revival. Winona, who came highly recommended from the Northern Methodist Episcopal Church (the Southern branch, with which Mt. Carmel was identified, did not ordain women to preach), was the widow of an evangelist and herself a former song leader. She was a small, dark and distant-eyed ascetic—almost moody—when out of the pulpit, rousing when in it. Her services packed the church with the curious, brought many to the altar, and caused a general renewal of fervor.

Joe Mahaffey, who had not been to meeting since the last revival, returned and led the amens; Wade Ferguson, who had grown indifferent since his conversion, came regularly and brought Miss Ada to play the organ; Mr. Vogel neglected his farm duties and went about the neighborhood urging everyone to prepare for the Second Coming: and Mr. Gallaway was the first to go to the altar on the reconsecration call. Mrs. Dudley was the only one of the church standbys who was not active in the meeting. Early in the Winter she had suffered a painful rheumatic affliction, which had caused her joints to become red and swollen, and bent into grotesque shapes her soft fingers. In the Spring after the wheat was in, her husband intended to take her to Hot Springs, Ark., for a cure.

The Rev. Winona was a specialist in prodding personal workers to go into the audience and importune sinners, and I used to pray fervently each night that my mother would not go out and talk to anyone. I felt vaguely that such action would be vain and impertinent. But little did I realize how my mother's own timid soul, like that of many another retiring Mt. Carmel member, at that time was torn between an innate reserve and the Rev. Winona's vehement exhortations to duty.

One of the special targets of the soul winners was Fos Pendleton, a middle-aged bachelor who was never known to be wholly sober. He lived with his mother, a proud old woman who set great stock by her Kentucky forbears and was a charter member of the Mt. Carmel church. At every revival a concerted effort had been made to get Fos to the altar, but with stubborn cunning he had eluded salvation.

One night during the Rev. Winona's meeting, Fos stumbled in at the close of the service when the evangelist was in the throes of a futile effort to bait lost souls. The audience was spiritually cold; no one would go to the altar, no one would rise in pledge to lead a better life, no one would even hold up a hand for prayers. At last in desperation, the Rev. Winona silenced the choir, came down in front of the pulpit, regarded the sheepish audience reproachfully for a moment, then raised her song baton and cried, "How many here want to go to Heaven?"

A few started to hold up their hands. "Will everybody here who wants to go to Heaven stand up?" she shouted.

Fos Pendleton, who had reached the stage of inebriation where his chief concern

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was to be obliging, especially to ladies, was the first to rise. As soon as the entire audience was on its feet, the evangelist commanded, "Now all who want to go to Hell, sit down."

Fos, not fully understanding the injunction, but still desirous of complying with a lady's request, dropped heavily on his bench.

A rustle of surprise ran through the congregation. All eyes were turned in Fos' direction. "Let us pray!" exclaimed the Rev. Winona. There followed a round of fervent petitions in behalf of the lost brother. A song was begun, and simultaneously Joe Mahaffey, Mr. Vogel, Mrs. Pike, and other workers surrounded Fos. Finally, the Reverend Winona, song-book in hand, left the pulpit and went back to him. Placing her hand on his shoulder, she looked searchingly into his face, and talked earnestly and confidentially. Fos was in no condition to resist such an onslaught: he meekly followed the evangelist down to the altar to the accompaniment of Joe Mahaffey's resounding, "Glory to God!"

The next day party-line telephones sizzled with the wrath of old Mrs. Pendleton. She soundly berated all those who had had a part in Fos' conversion, declaring her son had been tricked into "making a fool of himself," and demanding her church letter, which she immediately placed with the Shiloh congregation. Until her death, several years later, she rode grandly past Mt. Carmel every Sunday on her five-mile journey to Shiloh.

V

The excitement occasioned by Fos Pendleton's conversion made me determine to take no further chance of becoming one of the stock sinners of Mt. Carmel revivals but to get officially among the saved at all costs. I resolved to join the church before the next revival, and I waited an opportunity when I could do so as inconspicuously as possible.

But in the late Winter and early Spring months following the meeting, the Mt. Carmel neighborhood had more serious things even than lost souls with which to concern itself. A severe epidemic of grippe attacked the community, making entire families bedfast, and reducing the church congregations on many Sundays to a handful. Many of the older persons died of pneumonia, and every few days a new grave was dug in Boone cemetery, whose granite shafts and tall cedars surmounted the first hill east of Mt. Carmel church.

Mr. Vogel was among the first stricken, and it was soon apparent that his condition was serious. His neighbors took turns nursing him and listening to his delirious reminiscences of his boyhood in Indiana. Strangely, in the last days of his life, he seemed to forget entirely the Second Coming and his desire to witness it; his rambling recitals all were about his mother and about his childhood playmates, pets and adventures. Each neighbor woman who took care of him he called Mother, and he died feebly repeating, "Tell her . . . I'm sorry . . . I didn't lead . . . a better life."

Mr. Gallaway was another victim of the epidemic. He was at church one Sunday, saying his amens with his usual vigor and passing the collection plate with his usual aplomb, but the next day he took to his bed stricken with a severe chill. He died a week later, holding his wife's hand and conversing with the minister, whom he informed that "whatever happened" it was well with his soul. After the funeral, Mrs. Gallaway closed the big farmhouse and went to live with Miss Ada and Wade Ferguson in their gingerbread cottage, in whose cramped parlor the Gallaway grand piano loomed awkwardly among the cheap golden oak furnishings.

Mrs. Dudley escaped the grippe, but she had become bedfast from the effects of her rheumatism. Those who went to see her found her resigned and gentle, her dark eyes dull and saddened, no longer flashing cryptic glances, and her once smiling lips

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thin and drawn from pain. Her Bible was her chief consolation; she kept it on her bed and read it constantly, and she was able to repeat from memory whole Psalms and entire chapters of Paul's epistles. In the late Spring, riding in a wheel chair, she set out with her husband to Hot Springs. It was the start of a pilgrimage to springs, baths and cures that was to go on futilely for the next fifteen years.

One rainy Sunday, late in the next Summer, when there was only a small congregation at Mt. Carmel, I stepped forward voluntarily at the end of the sermon and joined church. The Rev. Mr. Wilbright, then the minister, believed that I was moved to the action solely by his sermon, and for years afterward proudly regarded me as one of his personally saved souls. I was baptized the following Sunday without any accompaniment of tears and hallelujahs, and thus discovered that a conversion, like most other ordeals in life, is more formidable in prospect than in realization.

Now that I could be officially numbered among the saved, I experienced an exhilarating sense of freedom, a lightness of spirit I had not known in years. However, I was soon to discover that my transmutation had been delayed too long to accomplish its purpose. For a new era had come to Mt. Carmel. That Fall the conference made the church a full-time station and sent to it a young minister who wore a short coat and bright-colored ties, who looked with disfavor upon evangelistic orgies, and who embarked his flock on an ardent campaign of social service.

Another year brought even greater changes to church and neighborhood. A street-car line was extended out from Kansas City; cornfields and peach orchards were staked off into city lots; and square roofed brick-veneer houses began replacing the rambling farm dwellings. It was not long until the cottonwoods and the hedgerow in the Mt. Carmel churchyard were cut down, and the frame chapel, with its belfry and shingled spire, replaced by a squat stone basement, which was the beginning of the East Side Methodist Episcopal Church.

Meanwhile the congregation also had changed. Joe Mahaffey had joined the Baptists; Mrs. Pike had become a Christian Science healer; and Miss Lillie Boone had married and moved to California. Even the familiar sight of Miss Ada at the old red-backed cabinet organ was missing. The organ had been sold to a congregation of Seventh Day Adventists, and the piano that replaced it was played by one of the older Sunday-school girls. For Miss Ada, like Mrs. Dudley, had been stricken with a distressing rheumatic affliction, which caused her delicate, porcelain fingers to fold themselves, like the weary petals of a flower, into the palms of her hands. Though she was able to walk stiffly and haltingly, she was otherwise almost helpless; she had to rely on either the aged, unsteady hands of her mother, or the stiff, clumsy fingers of Wade Ferguson even to coil her bright hair about her head; and she could only with painful effort wipe the dust from her grand piano, which stood in her cramped little parlor, perpetually silent.

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THE CUSTODY OF THE DOG

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Toots was the lowest breed of dog—a white poodle. There were red rims around his always watery eyes and the hair on his face always seemed matted. He was bathed often enough: his mistress, Evelyn Le Roy, feminine half of the team of the Le Roys, "Up to the Minute Songs and Dances," took care of that. But when they were in New York—and the Le Roys tried to stay in the Big Town as much as possible—Toots looked grey and the edges of his fur were flecked with dirt. And even on the road it's hard to keep a dog clean when you're jumping from one split week to another.

When the Le Roys played New York, or were resting in New York, you could see Toots any night around eleven or twelve in Forty-fifth street, one of a group of forlorn little dogs on ornate leaders, being taken by sheepish men or bold girls for a five minutes' walk before bedtime. The Le Roys always stayed at one of the rooming-houses that dot the street, a gallimaufry of shops and theatrical hotels and restaurants, all second—or fifth-rate.

The Le Roys were in vaudeville. They were usually fifth on the bill and they had a twelve-minute act. They knew it was a great little act. Frank Le Roy, the masculine half, had made up the routine himself and he was proud of it. What was the use of having somebody else write an act for you when you've got the talent yourself? Frank felt he could have improved a lot of the other acts on the bills, and he would have done it, too, and gladly, if they had taken his advice. He would have done it for a small fee—or for nothing at all. But somehow, the others were always conceited over their stuff, and didn't know how rotten they were.

Frank made up his own dances and chatter. He didn't copy anything from anyone. Sometimes, though, folks stole his stuff. He was always going to complain to *Variety* about it, but it seemed such an awful bother, writing the letter.

The act opened with two minutes of dialogue, starting "Where are you going, little girl?" with Evelyn showing appropriate surprise and coyness. Then Frank and Evelyn did a buck dance, soft shoe. Then, while Evelyn went to change, Frank told stories. He changed these if they got swiped or an election came up, but he felt that when you've got a good story, it is best to stick to it. Next, Evelyn did her song and dance. She wore an evening dress this time, and while she danced Frank changed into a dinner suit. Then he joined her and they finished with a hot number—a jazz.

The Le Roys asked—and occasionally got—two hundred and fifty dollars a week for the act. Sometimes they took two hundred. Usually, Frank preferred laying off to accepting the lower sum, but Evelyn was always urging him to take it.

"Gee, two hundred is better than nothing, ain't it? I'd rather take that and work steady than the way we lay off all the time. Gosh, if we worked all year at two hundred!"

"Who wants to work all year?" Frank remonstrated. "I like laying off in Summer. I ain't one of those slaves."

But Evelyn didn't mean in Summer, and said so. Why, if they got twenty-four weeks' work they were doing well. The

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rest of the time they were resting. They could be working steadily—forty weeks, saving toward the farm.

The Le Roys feared two things and looked forward to two things, as do most folks in vaudeville. They feared ending their lives in poverty, in an actors' home—yes, they were members in good standing of the N. V. A.—and they feared not being able to get bookings because they were too old. And they looked forward to a little place of their own, a farm, say, or maybe a Summer home at Lake Ronkonkoma—and to a week at the Palace in New York. They never really hoped for a week at the Palace, but they thought pretty definitely about the farm.

Frank couldn't quite understand about the Palace. He went there Monday afternoons, when he was resting, and the acts never seemed any better than his. Not as good, usually. Occasionally, he felt, they stole his stuff, and, once in a while, though he never admitted it, he got an idea for the act—an intonation, a step, a variation of a joke he had been using.

Evelyn and Frank were good troupers. They liked to travel. Got along well with others on the bill. Hardly noticed a hundred small discomforts. They were lucky, they knew, because they didn't have anyone else to look out for. Most troupers had parents or children to send money to.

Until three years before they had sent money to Evelyn's mother, who had lived with Evelyn's older married sister, Margaret, in Duranty, Ark. Now Evelyn's mother was dead and a Christmas box for Margaret and the children was all that was necessary, and that was kind of fun, buying the things and packing them in tissue paper—and getting a box from Margaret's family in return. Evelyn wrote to Margaret every week and to her cousin Flora in Kansas City and to half a dozen other girls.

Frank didn't write to anyone. He had run away from home at thirteen to join a carnival company. He had helped a magician during the week the show played his home town and the magician had told him that he could stay with the act. He hadn't got on with his step-father, anyhow.

Frank had done pretty well at sleight-of-hand. Sometimes now, he put a little trick into the act. Then he had spent a couple of years with a Sawing-the-Lady-in-Half act and that led him to Coney Island—to New York. He got into a burlesque company, did some clog dancing. Then he started out with a single act of his own. Even now, Frank felt he could do better alone. He thought it whenever he wasn't getting along with Evelyn.

He had met her six years before. He had been playing one of the dullest towns in Illinois and walked down the main street, killing time. Evelyn, fresh, pretty, passed him. There was the usual flirtation. Then, later, he sent her postcards and when he played the same town again he wrote her he was coming. She was waiting for him. At the end of the split week they were married.

He had been glad enough to take Evelyn into the act. After all, you get more money working with a pretty girl, though Frank knew it was *his* stuff that made the act go over. He had had a hard time teaching Evelyn the simplest clog steps. She was good enough, though he knew she didn't really help the act.

II

They had been married for five years. Those first years were fine. Frank had liked getting sandwiches after the show and eating them up in the hotel room with Evelyn. A lot more fun than eating alone. He liked discussing the other acts on the bill with her, while she listened, sympathetically, if he panned the other fellow. Even the train jumps seemed less monotonous, and in towns he had played before, and he had played in nearly all the towns, it was fun showing Evelyn around, introducing her to the hotel proprietor, to the people he knew around the theatre, and to the other actors on the bill. "Meet the wife!" he'd

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say, proudly, and then add, "A real pal. More like a friend. Cooks on a Sterno. Great!" Yes, it had been fun, being married to Evelyn, at first.

Then things grew monotonous. The same act, year after year. They played all the circuits, Keith, United, Loew. Perhaps even more monotonous were the weeks they didn't work at all. If they had had a home they might have got on better. Now it seemed as if the walls of their little hotel rooms were folding in on them.

You got up late, mornings. You made breakfast in your room, which was not improved by the smell of eggs and bacon. Frank would dress, then, putting on one of the suits he thought such good style. Fancy lapels and oddly fashioned pockets. He'd go out and see about bookings, ask for two hundred and fifty. Sometimes he'd get it. Then he'd run back to Evelyn with the news and be a bit sore if she was not at home. Sometimes, she'd come along with him. Occasionally, when they hadn't worked for a long time he'd take less, two hundred and twenty-five or two hundred. There were weeks when there were no offers at all, when the fear of poverty came to both of them. Usually, though, they got fairly good bookings. Didn't they have a swell act?

Evelyn would spend hours fussing with her costumes, sewing on beads, making over a hat. They were both good dressers on and off, though of course you no longer said that. At night you dropped in to see shows, when you could get in free, and saw the acts of people you knew, or played cards with other show people in little box-like hotel rooms just like your own, finishing the evening with a couple of drinks up in the room or in a near-by speakeasy where you could get a free lunch.

They bought Toots on Broadway. A man was holding him out temptingly, a funny little white bundle.

"He'd be a lot of trouble," said Frank.

"He's a darling!" said Evelyn. "Think what a comfort he'd be on the road. Look! Look at him now!"

He did look cute, with his little black beads of eyes and the pink ribbon tied skillfully around his neck.

Things were more difficult with Toots added to the ménage. There was the job of housebreaking him and teaching him not to bark. You were always having to sneak him on to trains. Frank had to take him out the last thing every night and the first thing in the morning. He had to eat every day, and you had to lug him from the hotel to the theatre and then to the train. And you were always stepping into his water dish or kicking him. Evelyn was forever fussing with him. It made Frank tired.

Things got on his nerves. He began to long for the freedom other men had. Evelyn was always giving him hell if he lost money at poker or craps. If a fellow worked hard he had to have something. When he came in even the least bit affected by drink Evelyn jawed at him. She ought to have realized he wasn't a heavy drinker. The stuff he had to drink was enough to make anyone act funny.

It made him angry when Evelyn accused him of flirting with Dixie Bird, the prettiest of the Bird Sisters, "Refined Ballads." Well, what if he *did* kiss her? Wasn't Evelyn always sidling up to everyone, from the house manager to the stage hands?

He was sick of the whole thing. Especially of Evelyn. She was always wanting something done for her. He was sick of that damned dog. After all, Evelyn really was the ball and chain. It sounds like a joke but it happened to be the truth. Here he was, still young, ambitious. He could put on a swell single. Be a wow! Maybe get into a revue. Why, there was a vaudeville fellow he heard about who had hung around for years in an act with his wife—and as soon as he got rid of her Ziegfeld took him up and he went over big. Stopped the show. Couldn't *he* do that, too? Here he was, held down by Evelyn, who didn't know show business, didn't know anything at all. And that dog, always around!

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The monotony of life closed in around him. Evelyn's breakfasts. She couldn't even fry eggs right; always burned the bacon. She might look all right from the front, but she was no beauty in a hotel room, with her hair back and cold cream on her face. She was always picking at imaginary blemishes, plucking at eyebrows. Massaging. She never seemed to let herself alone. He always saw her sitting at a window, clad in a not at all immaculate negligée, mirror in hand, doing something to her face. Or bothering with that pup. That wasn't what he wanted.

When they were in New York they ate dinner at the table d'hôte restaurants of the neighborhood, usually Italian but occasionally, for a novelty, trying a Greek one, or an Hungarian, or a Chinese. When they were on the road the fare was far worse: tough meats disguised by thick, tasteless gravy, and grey looking vegetables. What was there to living like this, with all that quarreling and all that bad food?

When Frank first met Evelyn he thought that having her with him, always jolly, not as sophisticated as these dames you meet on Broadway, would be just what he wanted. Now she was just as sophisticated as the rest of them, just as full of wise cracks.

There had been little quarrels from the first, but Frank felt that every married couple quarreled a little, getting adjusted. But now they fought violently, and where, before, there had been lovely patches of peace in between, a new quarrel always bit into the departing one.

They disputed over everything, with hard and bitter words. Loudly. Frank used all the vocabulary his years of carnival and vaudeville had taught him, and Evelyn was an apt pupil.

Why did he stand for all this? He didn't have to. Here he was, sacrificing his life, when he could be going over great as a single. Perfectly ridiculous! He wanted to get away. Wanted his freedom. Didn't know what to do.

They put in the dog at the end of the act. It helped the hot finish. Almost without knowing it, Frank had taught Toots a little trick. "Stand up for papa" he'd say, and Toots would rise uncertainly on his back legs, wave two rather touching little paws and do a funny little step to keep his balance.

Why, the poor little fool was dancing! So they rehearsed him. Tried it out one matinée. A stage hand held the dog in the wings, and, at a signal, let him go. He trotted on to the stage, eager to be with his folks. "Stand up for papa," Frank called, and there he was, dancing as they danced and getting an extra hand, too. Folks like a dog in an act. Well, he might as well earn his keep. He was enough trouble.

Indeed, too much. Everything was too much trouble. Evelyn was touchy. Frank was sick of the whole business. This wasn't what he wanted out of life. Well, he wouldn't stand it any more. That was all. He had thought he'd have to wait for something big to happen—sort of to show him the way. But why wait? Nothing ever happened to him.

"I'm through," he said, the next time they quarreled. "Through with you and your yelping and with that damned dog. I'm going to get billing as a single. You can get a divorce—and I'll give you the grounds."

He threw his things into one of the suitcases that had seen so much hard wear on the road, and went to another hotel. The same kind of hotel as he'd lived in with Evelyn. The same sort of wobbly dresser and inadequate chiffonier. Almost the same pattern in the worn carpet. Certainly the same view of red brick buildings from the single window. But there was a single bed. Well, Evelyn could get the divorce—he didn't have to do a thing save give the necessary evidence—and he'd be free.

They had been resting—didn't even have any time booked ahead. He wondered how Evelyn would take it. She'd feel pretty broken up, of course.

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III

He wasn't at all surprised when Walter Bonner, a theatrical lawyer, telephoned him. He went up to Bonner's office. Evelyn had been to see him, had said she wanted a divorce.

Yes, that was fine. Frank knew what New York divorces were. He'd furnish the evidence—and it would be real evidence and there'd be plenty of it. New York laws were a lot of boloney. If a couple can't get along they ought to be able to get a divorce at once and call it a day. He wouldn't pay alimony—that was flat. Evelyn could make as much money as he did. She was always saying so, wasn't she? Besides, he wasn't working now—even if he would be going over big, later on, as a single.

He'd be a gentleman and pay for the divorce. He hoped the bill wouldn't be too big—he hadn't been able to save anything lately. They didn't own any property—didn't even own their own curtain, though they'd been always planning to get one. Evelyn could take her trunk and he'd take his. That's all there was to it. Except Toots. Frank didn't want Toots. That nuisance with his red eyes, who whined if you left him alone! Oh, he had helped the act—but that act had needed helping!

He thought about Evelyn a lot, at first. That was only natural—having been with her every day and quarreling all of the time. Funny about Toots, though, the way he missed him. It shows what a habit you can get into. In every corner of the room he seemed to see that dog. Those funny, blinking red eyes. Gee, it would be a joke on Evelyn—to get the dog away from her! That would make her sore. After all, he had paid for Toots, hadn't he? Why shouldn't he have him?

The more he thought about it the more pleased he was. It wasn't that he wanted the damned dog, but he liked the idea of putting something over on Evelyn. That was it.

He went to see Bonner.

"The dog's my property," he said. "He belongs in my act, too. Evelyn is no more entitled to him than she is to my prop trunk."

Two days later Bonner telephoned and he hurried to his office. Bonner was sorry, but Frank would have to let the dog go.

"Your wife acted up awfully," said Bonner. "You ought to have seen her. She said that she wouldn't get a divorce at all if she didn't get the custody of the dog. And you know how it is in New York. There's nothing you can do. Either you've got to let her get the divorce and let me handle the case in my own way or there's no divorce at all. Another lawyer'll tell you the same thing. If you put in a countercharge Evelyn could ask for expenses and there'd be delays and you wouldn't get your divorce. You want your divorce, don't you?"

"You bet your life I want my divorce. More than anything else in the world. Gosh, how a man in show business is held down by a woman! But I'd like the dog too."

But there was no way to get the dog. He was tied by law and by Evelyn. Frank planned stealing him, but if he got the mutt—what then? Evelyn wouldn't get the divorce. He didn't want the dog. Just wanted to make Evelyn mad. Let her have the damned animal! He had his career. He was free!

Jimmy Devoe, who did a single, handed him the summons a few weeks later.

"The end of nearly six years of marriage, Jimmy," he said, and he felt that his smile was cynical. "Well, most marriages end like this, these days, unless one of the parties is a fool and kicks up a row—and then it's even worse."

"A little good publicity never hurt nobody," said Jimmy, "especially in show business."

"I like publicity as good as the next one," Frank admitted. "The right kind. But newspapers kid divorces something awful. And you don't even get better booking."

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He wondered how Evelyn would get along. He had taught her all she knew about show business. She'd probably have a hard time getting anything now. Well, she should have thought of that before she quarreled. Let her starve to death. He was through.

He rehearsed his single. He'd have something really good. A swell act. He'd show what he had in him. He planned it carefully. Twelve minutes. He'd come out in his dinner suit. That would show he had class. He had taken Evelyn's advice before, about opening in a double-breasted grey suit and changing into a tux, and he'd never noticed that it went over so hot. Then he'd tell his best stories. They were *his* stories—Evelyn never told a good story in her life, on the stage or off. Then he'd do his soft shoe number. He could put in a lot of hard stuff, now. Then he'd sing. A parody and a mammy song. Then take his bows. A swell act. On paper he'd got over at the N. V. A. he wrote the parody, laboriously, with a dull stub of a pencil. It wasn't as easy as he had thought it would be. He always admired parodies. When he finished, he sang it over softly. In a single it would be a wow.

He looked for bookings. He had had an idea that without Evelyn he could get just as much as with her—maybe, even, she had held him back—like the man who went with Ziegfeld. But when he tried out his act he couldn't get two hundred. Well, what of it? A hundred and fifty was a lot of money for a single. Why, all they had made together was two hundred, since Evelyn blaaed so much about not wanting to hold out.

He couldn't get a hundred and fifty. He was glad enough to take a hundred and twenty-five. Well, that wasn't bad! It had been a long time since he'd had a single. He'd have to come back. When they saw what he could do! Twelve minutes was too long. He had to cut down to ten to start.

The act didn't go over as big as he had hoped. He did eight minutes instead of ten, and he found himself milking bows, rather begging to be asked back. The parody didn't get over—he had to take it out altogether. When you're all alone on a stage and no one is going to join you and you know you've got to stand up there for a long time, your stories don't sound so awfully funny. They sound better when you tell them to a pretty girl. Evelyn looked pretty from the front, even though she wasn't such a beauty in the bed-room. That pup, too! That had been a swell finish. If he could get him, now! Oh, well, he'd get along. Save money, too.

He got bookings. That was something. The same time he had got with Evelyn. People don't know what they like in vaudeville, these days, with the talkies butting in. Maybe Evelyn hadn't been a ball and chain, altogether. Oh, well, wait until he got going good!

He didn't save money the way he had planned. Evelyn had always urged him to save and there had always been a little put by for when they weren't working. Now, it was easy to gamble. There was nothing else to do. There was usually someone around, after the show, ready for a game. He never seemed to win. But that would change—he was just having an unlucky spell.

Poker with the boys began to lose its zest. Maybe it was because he always had such a headache after the stuff he had to drink or because the ventilation was bad.

That damned dog! He'd have shot anyone who said so, but he missed the little beggar. He'd look at every dog on the street almost longingly, speak to their owners. Yes, a fine dog. He had had a dog. . . .

IV

He wondered about Evelyn. Where was she? It didn't seem possible that a person could go out of your life so suddenly. Maybe she was still in New York. But if she were in New York he'd run across her, wouldn't he? He saw her old friends occasionally, the Lamont Sisters, Trixie Royal, Delilah Harper. They never men-

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tioned Evelyn. Never asked him about her, either. Maybe she had gone to her sister in Arkansas.

After his act he'd go back to his room, alone, or go out with the boys. In the morning he'd lie in bed, smoke, have to force himself to get up and go out for breakfast. Too much trouble, fixing something in your room, when you're alone.

Time hadn't passed so slowly when he was with Evelyn. They had quarreled but what of it? Now, as he remembered his life with her, it seemed curiously different. There had been an intimacy, almost a family life. That had gone out. Evelyn was a great one for becoming acquainted. She always knew other people on the bills. They would all go out for a bite after the show, and it was pleasant, telling stories over the beer, or near-beer, according to the town. Even living in a hotel room with Evelyn had been homelike. More like a home than anything he knew, anyhow. Evelyn would always put things around the room. Signed pictures of people who had played on bills with her. Funny little souvenirs. Even Evelyn's lingerie, sleazy silk that she was always dipping in Tintex, was nice. He missed the improvised clothesline, with stockings and orange and green silk things dangling from it. He missed eating sandwiches with Evelyn in the room the nights they didn't stay out for supper. Even their morning talks, with Evelyn curled up in the only comfortable chair, mirror in hand, close to the window, seemed friendlier than he had ever thought.

That damned dog! Surely he hadn't *enjoyed* taking the mutt out! Surely he hadn't wanted to stand on the street, after the show, a poor enough figure, looking in another direction when the dog would sidle up to a post and he'd have to pretend that he didn't know what the beast was about, didn't even know what was on the end of the leash. Imagine, trying to flirt, out with your wife's dirty white poodle!

Christmas came, and Frank was lonelier than he had ever been in his life. He was resting. He didn't want to go out of town and he hadn't been able to get anything in New York. He hadn't had his chance at the Palace. He grinned, now, a bit cynically at the way he had thought his act would catch on. It was a good act. He couldn't see why he didn't go over better, with the parody out. It wasn't as though Evelyn had helped. It's just that people like to see a pretty woman—pretty from the front, anyhow.

For weeks before Christmas Evelyn had always bought things for him. A dozen things. Underthings he needed or liked. Gew-gaws he wouldn't have bought himself. Fancy handkerchiefs. Cigar lighters. Bedroom slippers. And he'd find things for her, too. A new vanity. A pin that she could wear in the act. Fancy mules with feathers that she'd admired in a Broadway shop. Her sister would send a box and it was fun, opening it. Warm slippers, for nights the mules were uncomfortable. A hand-knit muffler that he could wear only in the coldest weather. Kodak pictures of the kids. Cookies, somewhat mashed. Sometimes Evelyn even had a tree for Toots and invited folks in. He had thought it silly. Now, in retrospect it seemed fun.

Christmas Eve he lost seventy-five dollars in a poker game and got drunk. He always believed that Harry Ginsman, of the Three Scott Brothers, cheated, though he couldn't quite pin him down. On Christmas day he had a headache. What a life this was! No nearer that little farm on Long Island than he had ever been. He wondered where Evelyn was. Well, she hadn't made good in a big way or he'd have heard of it. Maybe she had wanted a divorce before he had even thought about it—had played him for a sucker, had wanted to marry some other man!

He got some time out of town, was gone for eight weeks. His act went a little better on the road. He had spent too much time helping someone else make good—hadn't paid enough attention to his own stuff.

He was glad to get back in New York after the eight weeks. After all, New York was home. He felt nervous, though, sort

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of hunting for someone. He got a couple of offers for split weeks, accepted one. He didn't get any time at the Palace.

A split week at the Lakeside. New York. Same old thing. Oh, well, wasn't all life the same old thing? He'd probably keep this up until he got too old to work. He'd been coughing a bit, too. Just enough to worry about. He was a member of the N. V. A. If the worst came, he could go up to the new place at Saranac. That was a hell of a way to end, after all his plans.

At the Lakeside he went through the mechanics of explaining his act—music cues, all that. It was simple enough—eight minutes in one.

He went to his dressing-room without paying much attention to the rest of the bill. He wasn't especially sociable, now that he was alone. He was earlier on the bill than he had been with Evelyn. He'd do his act and get out.

He made up, talked to the Bounding Browns, who dressed with him, went through his routine. The soft shoe number didn't get nearly the applause it deserved. What did women at a matinée know about dancing? His mammy song went over good. He knew he milked a couple of bows, but what of it? Didn't all singles do that except those with names who came out of the legit and stole all the sugar?

He took off his make-up, put on the cheap suit with the wrong lapels, brushed his hair. It was getting thin. Receding from his forehead, too. He'd have to get some of that new hair tonic. He couldn't look old. From the front he felt he looked young in spite of the lines around his eyes and at the corners of his mouth. From grease paint, of course.

On his way out he paused in the wings to watch the act.

"Who's on now?" he asked a stage hand.

"The Three Durants—a sister act," the boy told him.

He watched, idly enough. Three girls, in costume, singing harmony. Going over well, too.

He drew back. Of course! Evelyn! He had expected to see her, hadn't he? What of it? So she hadn't gone to Arkansas. And she hadn't made good in such a hot way, either. Still, her voice didn't sound so bad in that crooning number.

V

He hurried away, surprised at his own emotions. Why should he feel this way about seeing Evelyn? He'd been glad enough to get rid of her. Why, he'd even finished paying the lawyer's fee. He wondered about Toots. Evelyn probably had him in her dressing-room. Why, if—if he—

He came back early that night, a little ashamed of himself. He'd do his act, stay in his dressing-room until he was on again, then dress, and — and — get out. She wouldn't have to see him at all, if she didn't want to. Of course, she knew he was on the bill. He put on his make-up nervously. What a fool he was to take on like this! Still, that dog! That was it. Of course!

He looked around, cautiously, as he came out of his dressing-room. No one in sight. Oh, well, he hadn't expected her to care how his act went over.

He went through his routine meticulously, a bit stiffly. It went over pretty good. He stayed in his dressing-room as he had planned, then went through his act again, more nervous than ever.

Back in his room he dressed carefully. He didn't realize that he spent over ten minutes longer on his toilet than he had done in the afternoon.

He left his dressing-room nonchalantly enough, found the boy he had spoken to.

"Where are the Durant Sisters dressing?" he asked, carelessly enough, he felt.

"There, Number Six." The boy pointed to a half-open door.

Funny, the door open! Then Toots—

Suddenly, something soft bounded toward him, thumped against his foot. He took a step forward, involuntarily. Immediately, the air was filled with a shrill and familiar yelp. He had kicked Toots!

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"Good Lord!" he said, and repeated under his breath, "Good Lord!" He looked at the quivering little creature. Had Toots remembered him, run toward him? Would he take the kick as he took most things, as a personal insult, yip a bit more, give a furtive and impotent snap at his trousers and run away?

"What the hell!" he said, softly, and looked at Toots.

Toots knew him. Frank felt a curious moisture around his eyes, a swelling in his throat. He put out his hand.

"Toots," he begged, "Toots, old boy!" Toots didn't snap. He jumped joyfully. Ecstatically, he wagged his tail. Then Frank looked up. There stood Evelyn.

"Hello," he said, sheepishly, "I was just —"

"You let that dog alone!" said Evelyn. "I know what you told Bonner—what you are trying to do. You can't have Toots! He belongs to *me*. I got the custody of the dog. Lay one finger on him and I'll have the law on you. I —"

"Oh, shut up!" said Frank. "Who wants that damned dog? I only wanted to get your goat. I wouldn't have the mutt around."

He put out his hand again. Toots gave him a pink lick.

"He sure knows you," said Evelyn. "Funny how dogs remember!"

"Stand up for papa!" in Frank's most coaxing tones.

A bit heavily, Toots got up on his hind legs, danced a step or two, his front paws waving helplessly.

"He's a smart dog," Frank admitted. Then, suspiciously, "Nobody else saying 'Stand up for papa,' is there?"

"What's it to you?" said Evelyn. "Ain't he *my* dog?"

"I just thought —"

"That's your trouble. Leave Toots to me. I got to go dress."

"What's your hurry?" asked Frank. Then, "I caught your act this afternoon. Not bad. Got much time booked ahead?"

"This week and next. We're changing the act. One of the girls is going with a sketch and I'm thinking —"

"Say, I got some swell new stuff," said Frank. "It takes two. It'll knock 'em out of their seats. We could make the Palace with it, sure. Want to talk it over after you get dressed?"

He picked up Toots—put him under his arm.

"Say," he added, "Care if I keep the pooch till you're ready? I want to rehearse him for the new finish. A wow!"

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A CONFEDERATE REUNION

BY RAY HALL

A PICTURE of the battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* is my earliest image of the Civil War. It was in my yellow-covered history book, back in the grades. That was in a country schoolhouse at Windsor, Mass., in the very heart of Yankeeland.

Later, while I was still in the grades, our family moved to a small factory town, also in Massachusetts. There I came to know more about the Civil War. On Decoration Days we boys thrilled at the parades of Union veterans in their blue uniforms. Robust men in the fifties and sixties they were, and they carried themselves proudly. They had abolished slavery; they had stamped out treason; they had saved the Union.

In school we listened to fiery orations by Captain Loomis, a townsman who had commanded a company at Gettysburg. It had been "fresh reinforcements" at that great battle and had helped to turn back the tide of gray. "Fresh!" repeated Captain Loomis, and laughed. "We had marched a hundred miles in three days!"

One incident at Gettysburg, as he told it, burnt itself into my memory. A country road between two stone walls was filled with Union troops in column of fours, at a halt. They were seated in the middle of the road, ready at a moment's command to go into action. The boom of artillery and rattle of musketry sounded very near. Wounded men were being carried back on stretchers and laid down, like railroad ties, along the side of the road. Their groans made the men in the road shudder.

Suddenly there were shouts of alarm. A large white horse, spattered with blood, was charging in terror down the stretch of green between the road and one of the stone walls, riderless. It was whinneying in agony. In a moment it would trample to death the wounded men by the roadside. The poor creature's lower jaw dangled by the skin and swung from side to side, spurting blood over its white bulk. As it neared the wounded men, it stopped short, wheeled, and leaped over the wall into a field. "Most I learned to pity the poor horses," said the old captain. "They did not know why they suffered."

Captain Loomis spoke of Libby Prison at Richmond, "in the very capital of the foul thing they called the Confederacy." Here, he said, brave men from the North were treated worse than dogs. Here the Confederates vented on white prisoners-of-war the cruelty they had learned as slave-owners. Hundreds died of scurvy or starvation.

"One who perished there," the captain said softly, "was my boyhood friend." And then grimly, "When we had learned of such things, Union men never surrendered."

I learned more about the war from such books as "The Adventures of Corporal Si Klegg." "Si" somehow went through three readings. My pride knew no bounds when mother showed me a daguerreotype of her elder brother in Union regalia, a certain Captain Shaw. But my real professor on that great epoch was Uncle Newton Ward.

Uncle Newton, then well into his seventies, was a next-door neighbor. His livelihood was his pension. After school, or of an evening, we often played high,

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low, jack and the game. In the war Uncle Newton had been a sharpshooter—in modern parlance, a sniper. Then, after the war, as if he needed greater glory, he fought Indians *en route* to San Francisco. There he worked as a professional hunter, supplying the town with venison, quail and prairie chickens. He would flush a covey of quail into a tree, circle it at fifty yards and pick off the whole covey, one by one.

Clearly such a biography argued marksmanship, and this, boy-fashion, I resolved to test, for old soldiers, people said, were not renowned for veracity. From MacEvoy's grocery I had acquired, one Saturday in Winter, a whole crate of eggs which had been candled and found wanting. After using a few of them myself as targets, I ranged fifteen of them on a snow bank down by the railroad tracks and then went to get Uncle Newton. I hustled the old man into his high overshoes and trudged him down the hill through the snow.

My 22-calibre rifle held just fifteen cartridges, and there were fifteen eggs on the snow bank. I handed the rifle to Uncle Newton and showed him how it worked.

"I ain't shot a gun in fifteen year," he grumbled, "and I ain't never shot no popgun like this. But," as he fondled it, "gosh, what a dandy!"

My suspicions were mounting.

"Kayn't see so well as I did oncet," he continued, "and them eggs is jest the same color as the snow."

My hero was about to fall.

"Try, Uncle Newton; *try!*"

So he addressed himself to the eggs—a very tall, bent form in a brown muffler and a high brown cap. He was visibly worried and took long aim at the first one.

It popped into a yellow stain on the snow bank. The second one required a little less squinting, and there was a second yellow stain on the snow. Thirteen other yellow stains followed. The last four or five eggs he broke like the ticking of a clock. He had missed none!

A small boy's hero had been put to the test, not of fire, but of bad eggs. That Uncle Newton, in his day, had been a dead-shot, of the very finest American flower, could no longer be doubted. In elation I danced about him in the snow.

"Uncle Newton," I inquired one evening later on, "did you ever kill a man?"

"Kayn't say as I ever did, sonny. Still, ye kayn't allus tell. Naow, down at Cold Harbor, in Virginia, the Rebs was lined up 'hind a stun wall, and they warn't more'n ten rod away. Off and on, I was pluggin' at 'em all one afternoon. I tuk just as good aim as I knowed how, and, most gen'lly, I didn't miss a skirrel at thet distance. Every time I'd shoot, a Reb would throw up his hands and go back to'other side of the stun wall. Course I couldn't tell thet it was my ball that done it, 'cause there was a powerful lot of shootin' thet day. Then again, it might-a been."

One day his buddy was killed, three feet from him.

"Lyman was a nice boy," he commented, "but he never could shoot much. All he done was to draw the Rebels' fire."

With the old sharpshooter, with Si Klegg, and with Captain Loomis, I fought over the Civil War. What wonder that I became a Damyank in prejudice, even without knowing it.

At Columbia University, years afterward, that prejudice was to ruin me with the beautiful auburn-haired Sarah from Georgia. Sarah was spending a Winter in New York studying music. Usually, like a good student, she played me classical pieces; but she played anything with the mood, and sang. Sometimes she rolled off a whole répertoire of Southern songs. Perhaps New York made her homesick.

Once, toward the end of one of these recitals—believe it or not!—I asked her to play "Marching Through Georgia." Again—strange as it may seem!—the request was innocent. But the effect was none the less dramatic for all that. In the storm that followed, I learned for the first time that I was a Damyank.

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The Damyanks of Sherman's cavalry, while marching through Georgia, had stolen her grandmother's silver—after burning the big house, the barns and even the cabins of the slaves. One Damyank shot her grandmother's dog and threatened to shoot the lady herself. Grandmother's sister died while the Damyanks were still in the valley, and they dug up the body to steal her jewelry.

"The North drafted gutter rats from New York to come South and kill our gentlemen and destroy our property." So said Sarah.

There was, it appeared, no military advantage to be gained from Sherman's laying waste that Georgian countryside. It was too late in the war; there could have been no motive save hatred. Some of the Northern generals later went West and rounded out their careers by massacring squaws and papooses.

"Sherman was a Damyank," she snapped.

At first I was ashamed and aghast, though some of these atrocities were flatly incredible. The North, I had been taught to think, was wholly noble. So when the South (in Sarah) defended secession and slavery, the North (in me) again flew to arms.

My indignation was righteous and genuine; and so was hers. Two congenial spirits had divorced themselves over events a half century old. Now I look back at the scene with chagrin, and a sense of what-might-have-been.

Secession? Hah! For ten cents, some of my best friends would secede today, on any of several counts; and their moral right to do it would surely, at worst, be debatable. You can't deny the right to rebel. Slavery? Not so easy to defend, of course, but couldn't the North have solved the question without war? Or were its politicians too busy trying to mulct the agricultural South through the tariff on the factory products of the North? The tariff rankled the South almost as savagely as slavery rankled the North.

It was all a gory blunder!

II

Years whirled by. Nine of them were spent abroad. In 1927 our motor party was rolling over the Virginia hills, sixty miles west of Washington. There was a granite monument in a field. I jammed on the brakes and rubbed my eyes. This is the inscription:

2ND REGIMENT
MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS

It was Uncle Newton's regiment! It was *my* regiment in the National Guard—Company I of Northampton! Company K of that regiment, from Pittsfield, had been part of Major Whittlesey's Lost Battalion in the late war. My inquiry was eager.

"What did the Second Massachusetts do around here?"

Mr. Lucien Whiting Powell, the painter, now well into his eighties, sat in the rear seat. He had served in the Confederate cavalry, and we were nearing his country-place.

"I don't know, suh," he replied. "I don't know what they did heah; I was in the war at the time, riding with General Rosser. Most of the time, we couldn't even catch up with the Yanks. But that field, Suh, was once my father's cow pasture. Reckon they erected that monument to themselves for stealing his cattle."

I fell into discreet admiration of the landscape. "These lovely rolling hills! That splendid forest! What a picturesque bridge!"

I looked around, and Mr. Powell grinned. He is a smallish man in physique, with white mustache and goatee—the Kentucky colonel of the caricatures. Rebelry fills his very veins.

My friendship with him has grown steadily, despite the disparity of nearly half a century in our ages. His judgment of beauty is as unerring and vivid as the tints of his canvases. We have gone to the same teas and dances, given each other house parties, motored around, worked together in his garden, and gone fishing. What more

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natural than that he should invite me to go with him to a Rebel Reunion?

"But, Mr. Powell," I protested, "I'd be about as safe as a Christian in Mecca. Your Rebel friends would make me the first number on their programme. On finding a Damyank in their midst, they'd postpone all regular business. Half of them would start chasing roosters, and the rest would forage for tar."

"No they won't. No they won't. And you've got to come, or I'll turn against ye. You'll travel as my secretary. Or I'll introduce you as my nephew from Boston."

So I went, cheerfully assuming the joint rôles of nephew and secretary. There was yet an additional capacity. Someone would have to dispense the antidote for snakebite; for thar'd be rattlers in them hills. Our destination was Charlotte, N. C., ten hours south of Washington.

One morning last June our small party met at Union Station. We were about ten veterans in gray uniforms, about a dozen ladies, and one nephew-secretary-toxicologist. Naturally, we did not fill our coach, but when we had crossed the Potomac into Virginia reinforcements came aboard at every stop. When we reached Charlotte, late in the evening, we were a full coachload.

High spirits were in the party. At times there was so much laughter and singing that one could but wonder who had brought the bottle aboard; but there was no bottle, other than mine. One sensed the gaiety of a picnic, the reverence of a pilgrimage, the comradeship of an expedition. And there was something, too, of proud dignity. Me, the outlander, they accepted with all the friendliness of the West. There was none of the fabled "exclusiveness" of the South.

Four of us presently tried to play bridge, one a veteran. As bridge, the game didn't amount to much. There was too much carnival in the coach. We found ourselves singing, with the others, the chorus of "Seeing Nellie Home" and loudly chanting our bids to its tune. There was more laughter when a group up the aisle began "Nobody Knows the Trouble I'se In" for the veteran had just doubled my bid of four hearts. His granddaughter and I went down 400. He rose and shook hands with his partner with great gusto.

When the game broke up, I talked for an hour with a charming elderly lady from Staunton. I asked which of the gentlemen was *her* veteran.

"I am the widow of a vet," she said, "and president of our chapter of the U. D. C."

"My ignorance, of course; but what is the U. D. C?"

"United Daughters of the Confederacy. We see that no veteran of the Confederacy dies of want or is buried without honor."

She told me much, and I gathered more. We Northerners have no United Daughters of the Union; we have no need for such an organization. But in the South the daughters have work to do, and they do it proudly, eagerly. Lee's troops get no Federal pensions. For decades the Daughters have been meeting the need. They give dances, plays and rummage sales, that none of their heroes shall know distress. They see to it that the old soldiers are entertained and made much of. Together with the Sons of Confederate Veterans, they buy cow pastures that once were battlefields and erect monuments on them. They buy the homes of Southern generals and make them into shrines. They lobby for State pensions. Most of the Southern States pay pensions, now, but hardly enough.

"The South has suffered more than it knows," the lady told me. "Perhaps from the colored people, we have learned to see everything through colored lenses. In the late election, I met white people who feared that Protestant children would be massacred if we elected a Catholic to the Presidency!

"This ignorance and intolerance that I tell you about," she added, "was in the State of Thomas Jefferson! When we lost the war, we lost too much."

Afterward I strolled into the smoker.

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Five eighty-year-olds were swapping yarns —not of battles, as I had hoped, but of boudoirs, bushes and by-points. Ribaldry was adrift. No goody-goodies, these aged warriors; they were once again buddies of the guardhouse, waiting for the guard mount at dawn. One yarn pertained to the advent of the bicycle; Mr. Rose, of Mosby's Cavalry, must have been telling it for forty years, it was told so well. Someone commented—a trifle hypocritically, I thought —upon the wild young people of our day; he regretted only that his grandson could never be sure of finding a virtuous woman. There was then a long discussion of the latest in ladies' lingerie. They hailed the exit of starched cotton, though allowing that it was hard on the South.

The smoking-room party broke up when two of the veterans simply could not agree at all as to the proper percentages of rye and corn whiskey in good Bourbon. The arteries of old soldiers make them irritable, and they can't stand brooking on vital matters. It was too much for one of them to be told that "ye don't know the difference 'tween good whiskey and cheese whey—and neither did yo' fathah befo' ye."

I went back into the coach and told Mrs. Powell about the quarrel.

"Yes, they *are* frightfully quarrelsome," she said, "but the worst thing that one Confederate ever says to another is that he never went to the war at all."

Mrs. Powell then told me of post politics in Washington. One member of the post is two years too young. To be fifteen years old on April 9, 1865, when Lee surrendered at Appomattox, any veteran would have to be seventy-nine now; but, luckless fellow, this post member is only seventy-seven. Some of his comrades insist that a thirteen-year-old boy could hardly have been a soldier. The apparent fact of the case is that the member was a water-carrier and the mascot of his company. A runaway from home, probably under an assumed name; of course he had no military record. But a veteran, certainly!

At Charlotte the matter was mentioned to Mr. Powell, in my presence, several times. They wanted him to make a motion at a post meeting to strike the water-carrier from the roll-call. Each time, he dismissed the complainants wearily. There's so much in human relations to make one weary.

"It's the spirit that counts," was his rebuke.

As we neared Charlotte, the coach was again in one of its pitches of gaiety. The eighty-year-old general was standing in the aisle with the widow from Staunton, and playing at stealing a kiss. It was a histrionic success, done with a right mixture of gallantry and insolence. From a rear seat a Southern girl's eyes flashed.

It was a hard journey for the old gentlemen. In the early evening they began to look pale and haggard. The custodian of the snake-antidote produced a flask. The sufferers' eyes brightened. That Samaritan act might have landed me in prison for five years. Nice country; let's secede!

I protested to Mrs. Powell that the veterans should have taken a chair car. She told me that last year, when the Reunion was held at Little Rock, the sleeper charges were far greater than the carfare. The railways gave the old men a fantastic reduction, below excursionist rates; but the chair-car company seems to have been somewhat less generous.

"It's a Damyank corporation," they declared, "and we won't patronize it."

So they rode to Charlotte in ordinary coaches.

III

At ten in the evening we arrived. Here my usefulness would begin, I thought. Surely at such a time there would not be porters enough; I'd tote the suitcases.

The station was packed with people, cheering. A brass band was playing, barely heard in the tumult. Overhead were the flags and bunting of the Confederacy, with an occasional Union flag.

The platform was thronged with people

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fighting for our suitcases, like boatmen in Constantinople harbor or ricksha coolies at Peking. But this time it was Boy Scouts in uniform. They had deference in high degree, but they also had an appalling efficiency. A squad of them pounced upon my baggage, and lugged it away over my protests. Other Scouts lent their arms to Mr. Powell in his gray uniform, one on each side. Another offered Mrs. Powell his arm.

Thus we marched past double lines of applauding spectators. Hand-clapping. Hats in the air. Rebel yells. Yip, yippee, yowee!

A veteran just ahead of us acknowledged the ovation by breaking away from his Scout escort and doing an Indian dance as he went down the gauntlet of spectators. Mr. Powell paused and with great dignity executed a military salute. There was wild applause. There were tears, too. It was a moment of great emotion.

Volunteer motor-cars, with Confederate flags and streamers, whisked us up into the city to be registered and assigned to homes. Then, another car, likewise decorated, whisked my vet and Mrs. Powell to their assigned home. Boy Scouts rode on the running boards. I returned to a hotel. I could not stay with the Powells at a private home, though I had been invited; how could a Damyank, a "nephew" of Uncle Newton Ward, claim Confederate hospitality at such a time? I told a white lie about reservations awaiting me in town—and had a devil of a time finding them.

What darlings Charlotte made of its 3,500 heroes! Every bent form in gray was a Lindbergh just after the flight. Boy Scouts rushed to give him an arm. Cars pulled up to the sidewalk to offer him a lift. Movie theaters refused to accept the veterans' money.

"Only Confederate money is good heah," declared a smiling vision in a ticket office. "Go in and rest yo'seff."

Men in their nineties and middle eighties had to be honored now—or never. It was a race with Time. The pageant of death was nearing the last curtain. Eight of the veterans died at Charlotte, but the dancing, singing and yelling had to go on.

This race with Time, now so desperate, probably explains why the Charlotte Reunion had a record-breaking registration. "They're swamping us," the committee exulted. "Queens College is full, Duke College is full, the schools are full, everything is full. We must have more rooms!"

Back of the scene was the Southern Railway. It had advertised that any veteran lacking funds to attend the Reunion might state the fact at any ticket-office and ride to Charlotte and back, free. The Federal Government lent tents, and sent the Marine Band.

At the railway station, when I went there to reserve a place on a sleeper, the man ahead of me in the line was making a reservation for New Orleans, four days in advance. He was fat, fifty, and prosperous-looking, and he called the ticket-agent brother in rather noisy, condescending tones; so I suppose you'd probably dismiss him for a Babbitt.

"Yes, sir," the ticket-agent sing-songed, "one lower to New Orleans."

"No, not a lower berth, please; there'll be lots of old veterans aboard, and they couldn't climb up. So give me an upper."

One of the days was hot, and my vet wanted a drink of water. We entered a drugstore. A clerk poured us two glasses of ice water and disappeared for a few seconds. He returned with a filled whiskey glass and handed it to Mr. Powell.

"Take it, sir," he pleaded. "It will do you good. It's hot outside, and you are tired as well as thirsty."

A fine ideal! My comment evoked a response.

"Mr. X of this town, a very wealthy gentleman, was asked to contribute to the expenses of the Reunion. He contributed handsomely, but with the proviso that all of his contribution should go for whiskey for the veterans, and *good* whiskey."

A *noble* idea!

I pleaded that I, too, was a veteran, if of another war; that I had lavished a

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quart of about the world's best on the veterans without taking a drop myself; and that, anyway, I wanted a drink. But I didn't get it.

A dozen bands blared forth day and night. They were in every park. Each fifth number was "Dixie," and then how the Rebels yelled! We like the tune in the North too; but no one there does a jig to it, especially if he is eighty-four. Who, indeed, knew that anyone could jig to "Dixie"?

The aristocrat of the bands was the Marine Band from Washington. The Rebs knew of its talent but suspected its attitude. Probably it would go in pretty strongly for "The Star-Spangled Banner." They are loyal now, but this was no time for such things. What could one expect of Swede musicians from Minnesota, Germans from Milwaukee and Jews from New York?

They played some pretentious stuff, and got polite applause. Then they essayed another piece, a sort of light martial air. The roar must have surprised them. Hats went into the air, canes waved on high, and Rebel yells punctuated every bar. Thereafter the band played "Dixie" as regularly as a merry-go-round plays "Ramona."

I happened to be sitting on a park bench near two venerable Rebs in gray when the tantalizing march broke across the church lawn where the bandstand was. One of the warriors leaped up, hat in hand, and did a buck-and-wing on the church lawn. The other turned to me and nodded toward the church.

"I reckon that's the most sacred song that ole fellah knows about."

The less demonstrative veteran then took me into his inner circle for a moment. He had been darling-ed too long, at home and here, to fear the confidence of strangers. He produced a lead ball from his pocket and showed it to me. It was about the size of a small marble and was flattened noticeably at one point.

"That," he declared, "I carried in my chest for twenty-seven years. I got it from the Yanks at Cold Harbor."

The Yanks! Which Yank? Shades of Uncle Newton of the Second Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers! It was at Cold Harbor where he had been busiest!

When my friend learned that I was from Washington, he spoke of next year's Reunion. It would be at Washington, he declared, and the Federal Government would pay all traveling expenses and give each visiting veteran $500 in cash to boot!

The center of festivities was the armory, but they called it the Auditorium. It is an immense place, of course; but one of Charlotte's great prides is that it was built in seventy days. It had to be, in order to greet the veterans.

Here they witnessed a pageant of the Civil War, listened to a mandolin chorus of little girls dressed in costumes of the Civil War period, and saw to it that Stonewall Jackson's great-great-granddaughter, in the flesh, was duly presented with a silken flag of the Confederacy. Here, too, they elected their officers. Between times the band played, and afterward they lunched in the basement. About the steps they sat between sessions, swapping pleasantries and post politics. Small groups would gather about comrades who had brought their fiddles.

Here, in the great hall, they listened to orations by unctuous approved persons. Oratory is still a Southern sport—a by-product, no doubt, of the soul-saving industry. Some of the remarks pertained to Charlotte, "the Queen City," and her amazing fecundity in cigarettes. Maybe you have never heard of the Queen City, but you burn incense to her whenever you change your smokes—and before.

The commander-in-chief of the veterans spoke. General A. T. Goodwin—of Alabama, suh. He pleaded for more truth in the history books.

"We thank God," he thundered, "that at Appomattox we were with General Lee and not with General Grant."

He alluded to the carpet-bagger period, when Washington delegated scores of its political scamps to the South "to feather

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their nests in conquered territory." It was a "sectional despotism of selfishness, greed, deception and hate." The blacks were turned loose against the whites.

"Must that not be false," demanded General Goodwin, "which requires for its support such imposture, such appalling tyranny?"

Mr. Powell sat at my right as we listened.

"He is a very good speakuh," he said slowly, "but I am not in sympathy with extreme Southern views."

A veteran sitting in front of us heard the criticism and nodded to me.

"They ain't a dam bit of account," he snapped, "to anything he says."

To the end of time I shall never know whether "he" was Mr. Powell or General Goodwin.

The Governor of North Carolina was among the speakers. I listened half-eared through much of what he said. People did that, you know, when Lincoln spoke at Gettysburg. But I noted an engaging tone in the Governor's address and resolved to read it next day in the papers. This is what I found:

> For more than sixty years you have been fighting gallantly with us and for us. You have sacrificed much and risked your all. Your lives have been an inspiration to our children and a benediction upon our efforts to rebuild that which was destroyed by war. In proud affection we here today claim you for our own.
>
> It would be a mistake to suppose that the war between the States ended with the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. This was but the passing of one phase of a vaster struggle.
>
> The deepest and truest values in life are spiritual values, and the greatest force in the world is spiritual in its nature. Even God, we are told, is spirit, and they who worship Him must do so in spirit. The noblest conflicts are not fought with arms or settled around the conference table. They are rather those which, without the drama and pageantry of war, are settled silently upon the lonely battlefields of the souls of men. There is no bugle call save the still small voice of duty, and the only decoration is the consciousness that we have fought the good fight.

Was the Gettysburg Address, itself, suited with greater nobility to the occasion?

Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi also spoke. His rebelry was of the unctuous and approved variety. The Civil War, it appeared, was the greatest of all wars. The North had the largest army ever assembled on the planet. The South faced the greatest military odds in the history of the world.

IV

One of these tourneys of the thorax found me sitting with my new-found friend, a veteran from Mississippi, formerly from Virginia,—the man who had carried perhaps Uncle Newton's bullet. When the function broke up, the aisles were packed with people; so we sat down to let the throng pass. There were posts about the great hall labeled with the names of Southern States; Florida, Oklahoma, Georgia, Texas, etc. We had chanced to sit down together just behind a post labeled Kentucky.

Within five minutes four different veterans hobbled up to inquire of my friend what military outfit from Kaintucky he had belonged to. He was palpably annoyed at being forced to declare repeatedly that he was from Virginny.

A fifth veteran appeared, himself annoyed perhaps by the jostling he had suffered in the crowded aisles.

"Air you from Kaintucky?" he enquired. "I am looking for men in my old company; I am probably the last."

"No I ain't," my friend snapped, "I am from Virginny."

"Then what do you mean, suh, by sitting with the Kaintuckians?"

My friend ventured some malevolent advice.

"If you ah lookin' for Kaintuckians, suh, I'd advise you to go to the dining-room. The Kaintuckians, suh, is all famous eatuhs."

He nudged me with his elbow, chortled at the Kentuckian's expense, and flashed his derisive, leathery features toward me. A Tartar from the steppes!

The Kentuckian was incensed. I moved my bulk so as to stand carelessly between them should need arise, hoping piously that neither would discover my Yankee

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status. They were not, however, for blood-spilling.

"He is great at joking," I offered in placation, "we never know what he will say next."

"There air some people," quoth the Kentuckian with very slow venom, "who air *more* ruder away from home than at home, even."

The sequel was pathetic. Outside the great hall, I was giving my arm to my Tartar friend when the Kentuckian reappeared. They did not recognize each other—poor, short-sighted old men.

"Air you from Kaintucky?" one asked.

"No, I ain't," the other said, decisively, "I'm from Virginny. But I just told one Kaintuckian that if he wanted to find Kaintuckians he'd better come down heah to the dining-room, for all Kaintuckians is famous eatuhs."

They *are* "frightfully quarrelsome," as Mrs. Powell said. That is to say, they are men of pronounced opinions. They are capable of arguing, forcibly, that the old muzzle-loader was a straighter-shooting weapon than the modern Krag.

"We could hit a skirrel in the eye with our piece. Can you do that with yourn?"

They win. The modern service rifle performs beautifully on a rifle range, with glistening stationary targets at measured distances, but try it on a moving deer at an unknown distance! And a deer is an elephant compared with a "skirrel."

They offended a youth of fifty, in my presence, by telling him that he hadn't seen any war in France. Why, at Antietam, 25,000 men fell in one day!

"We didn't hole up in trenches like you young fellers; we stood up and fought."

"Hell!" the youth of fifty complained to me, "these old fogies never saw *real* artillery; never heard of machine-guns or poison gas; and never saw a combat plane, a sausage, a hand grenade or a tank."

Among the attendants at the Reunion were very aged Negroes who had served in the War, mainly as lackeys of officers. One claimed the age of 102 and looked it. Another was seeking contributions from the Confederate societies to build a marker for the slaves who were loyal to the South.

It is the custom, at the Reunions, for the Southern ladies to shower these old darkies with largess. There is ever a circle about them, listening to their loud protestations of fealty to the white race. General Lee's bodyguard attended all the Reunions up to his demise and gained a livelihood thereby. At Little Rock it was necessary to arrest an impostor.

I listened to one of these ancient retainers as he harangued a circle, mostly of ladies.

"A white man's niggah I was borned, more'n a hunnerd yeahs ago," he declaimed, "and a white man's niggah I'll die as. Ef it waren't for you good white ladies, who knows what this po' ole niggah might-a been? I might-a been a pole-cat in the bushes but for yo' white ladies. All we got we owes to you."

The speech netted the old fellow all of ten dollars. He had been sent from Rome, Georgia, by the United Daughters chapter there.

"Some of them are genuine," a veteran told me. "In our company was an old colored man who afterwards learned to recite the entire roll-call of the company. We always had him at our post meetings up to the time of his death, and he attended most of the Reunions."

The Southerner's attitude toward Negroes has always puzzled me. I remember a debate with a Southerner who shared an office with me in the State Department in 1920. Here was no ignorant hill-billy, but a man of education and blood.

"I can't agree with you," he said, "that we hate them. Lynch them, of course—that is, the occasional bad ones. And I can't agree with you that there are four great Oriental nations who, man for man, are inferior to them. Fact is, we love them; it is only you cold Yankees who hold them in contempt. Niggers know it, too."

I pressed the subject further. His Southern blood was rising.

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"But they've got to keep their place," he continued. "When I was just back from France, a nigger Pullman porter, brushing my clothes, called me 'brother'; I knocked him cold. And I can't stand their wenches straightening their kinky hair, to resemble white women."

On a Damyank his ferocity left a lasting impression. Could there be any spark of love behind such fury?

I narrated the incident to another colleague, a Northerner who had commanded a company of colored troops in France.

"I don't understand it, either," he said. "We had a Southern officer in our regiment. He felt demeaned by his command. 'How can you feel that way?' I asked. 'Who took care of you when you were little; who were your first playfellows; who was your first woman?' I don't understand them."

What is to be said of these rebels, now, after sixty-five years? Uncle Newton himself, meeting them on their own ground, might suffer twinges of doubt. Their zeal is so unquenched.

Maybe, after all, they should have won the War. Theirs would have been a country of manners, courtly with its hint of ruffles, crinoline and the slow minuet. It would have been a masculine country, but a chivalrous one. It would have given us a technique of leisure, a calmer estimate of life's values.

In policy, the Confederacy would have been a free-trade nation. The world needs more of them. And the world needs more of friendly neighbors; for friendly we surely would have been long ago, as we are with Canada. Slavery would have gone out, of course.

Some of this vision the sculptor Borglum may have seen when he designed his bas-relief for Stone Mountain. The Lost Cause. Confederate generals on the hilltop reining their horses as they glimpse their defeat in the valley below. "When we lost the war, we lost too much."

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PUBLICISTS OF THE GHOSTLY FACULTY

BY G. EDWARD PENDRAY

Pastor Charlie Stelzle, head of the Church Advertising Committee of the New York Advertising Club, was probably the first to hold that the enterprise of soul-saving could be put on a strictly business basis. As many as fifteen years ago he was offering to take over any religious plant in the country and carry it to the paying side of the ledger with the aid of advertising, publicity, and allied high-pressure methods. Since then many an American dominie has come over to this evangel, with the result that thousands of Protestant churches, especially in the big cities, are now on a competing basis with those dens of the Devil, the theatres, and many a master mind of Big Business must shudder to see how they compete with his own public relations counsel for free space in the newspapers.

Publicity men, indeed, have invaded the ecclesiastical field in great numbers, and preachers themselves have learned the art of canned copy and the news lead. The newspapers, yielding at first to moral importunities, and later accepting the hook to get at the craftily placed bait of church advertising, have grown accustomed to running a regular News of the Churches page on Saturdays, and to giving another page, on Mondays, to the profundities of the pulpits, uttered the day before.

The New York morning papers devote from eight to twelve columns a week to this stuff, but despite their liberal use of good white paper there are always more sermons than columns of space. The competition among the clergy is thus keen, for the relative importance of a preacher is indicated by the length of what is printed about him. Clergymen who are uniformly successful at hitting the news build up reputations for themselves which outreach the confines of their own parishes and cities; they may plausibly hope to become Harry Emerson Fosdicks, John Roach Stratons, or even S. Parkes Cadmans.

The church page is no new institution, but the pressure for space in it has brought it lately to a new form. Formerly the church secretary, the minister's wife, or even the minister himself, if he were not too busy, sent an excerpt of his sermon to the newspaper offices on Saturday, to be prepared for the following Monday morning. Now he pays from $50 to $150 monthly to have his sermon revamped by a layman named, perhaps, Weiss or Wertheim, and it is sent in on paper marked "News—Important!" It is therefore a matter worthy to be remembered by the parishioner, as he hesitates between dropping a nickel or a dime into the collection plate, that it costs a preacher more to make a name for himself in these days than it did aforetime.

Church copy is of two kinds: items calculated to further the interests of the whole church without regard to persons, and the personal publicity of preachers. High-pressure methods have entered both lines. Many of the national church organizations maintain publicity departments of their own to supply the papers with hot stuff, the same as movie chains, railroad lines and power trusts. One of the most active is that of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, which employs the services of Walter Irving Clarke of Philadelphia.

The Northern Baptist Convention has an

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anonymous publicity agent at its news bureau in New York, who sends out copy on bright yellow paper. This agent, like many another, has learned that the best way to make the papers is to supply reports on contributions and benevolences. There is something impressive about a report of that sort, especially if it has big figures in it, and few city editors ever slam it on the dead spike. A report on the number of African natives now wearing pants, or the number of Chinese weaned from eating rice as a consequence of Christian teachings, or the number of Indians on reservations in the United States who can repeat the Lord's Prayer is always sure to get space.

The news bureau of the National Lutheran Council in New York sends out about the finest looking copy a city editor may ever hope to see. It is beautifully mimeographed, and comes on alternating sheets of pink, white and cream paper, marked "Authenticity Guaranteed." The head of the bureau, who seldom attaches his name to the copy, is Winifred Elson.

The editorial secretary of the National Council of the Congregational Churches has no such shyness. He is Herbert D. Rugg, and his reports have appeared in many great newspapers, sometimes even under a by-line. He recently sent in a treatise on human progress in the Orient which was typical of his talent:

> The greatest acceleration of human development in history is now taking place in the Orient, secretaries of the foreign department of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions state in the report which will be presented at the biennial meeting of the National Council of the Congregational Churches in Detroit. . . . History does not record such speedy changes as have brought Turkey in a few years from a degenerate and despised Eastern despotism to membership in the family of Western nations.

The Reformed Church of America has a "press clerk" in the person of the Rev. W. E. Compton, of Schenectady, who sends out copy on all of the events which perturb the ranks of the Reformed churchmen. The Rev. Mr. Compton sometimes offers to cover conventions and the like for the papers in addition. Still another efficient and untiring agent is W. L. Burgan, who handles copy for the Seventh-Day Adventists. Mr. Burgan lately reported that "for every man, woman and child who was a member of the church at the close of 1928, there was contributed during the year an average of $75.53 for strictly evangelistic lines of work." Also that the "Advent message" is now being "proclaimed in 127 countries, by pen and voice in 296 languages and dialects, an increase of 17 during 1928, or one new language added every 21 days."

Many organizations are still being formed (and properly ballyhooed) to "focus the power of religion" and so bring together divided brethren for greater works of good and glory. Dr. Stelzle himself is handling the publicity for a jamboree known as the Universal Religious Peace Conference, which, he says, is to be held in Geneva in 1930 and will be attended by "a thousand delegates representing every living religion and coming from all the countries of the world, none of them officially appointed, all of them selected as outstanding religious leaders." The idea is "to harness to the cause of international goodwill and peace the spiritual force of all their religious faiths." Dr. Stelzle, whose work for church publicity makes a special chapter in the saga of modern soul-saving, also sends out publicity for the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, another group which appears solidly committed to the policy of putting Devil-beating on a business basis.

The Greater New York Federation of Churches is also interested in "keeping religion before the people." Recently it organized a "permanent committee on public relations" which is expected to plan a campaign for putting the local churches over big. Similar organizations in other cities are expected to do likewise. This group will not be content, it is announced, to spread the gospel through free newspaper space alone, but will seek the additional aid of the talkies.

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II

Enough such general copy on the activities of church organizations throughout the country already comes in to more than fill the weekly church space. But it must compete with a great flood of more insistent propaganda, the personal publicity put out by individual preachers or their agents. For the Saturday page alone the average New York morning paper gets an amount of canned copy which, if it were all used, would fill from thirty to fifty columns. On the day following there comes another tide, bigger than the first, of copy intended for the Monday morning sermon page. Many preachers send in long summaries of their sermons. The expert publicity agents who handle such stuff always rearrange it to bring out a "news lead." Many churches also request that their Sunday morning services be covered by a reporter, intimating sometimes that there will be hot news in the sermon, perhaps of a nature too burning to give out via the canned copy route. From six to a dozen sermons are actually covered by the New York newspapers and news agencies every Sunday. The canned advances account for the rest.

The church publicity agents, and particularly the professionals who jazz up the preachers' copy, seek to serve it in a way that will require the least thinking by the rewrite man who sometimes goes by the name of Church Editor. They have made the Saturday and Monday church pages pretty much what they are. They have also, it is not to be doubted, built up reputations for many clergymen who otherwise might not have been heard of.

Among the most active of these agents is one Edward L. Wertheim, who has a habit of putting only his last name on his copy, thus ranking himself with Napoleon, Caesar, and Shakespeare. On a recent Saturday he sent out copy for more than a dozen churches and church activities, including the Greater New York Federation of Churches, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Calvary Baptist Church, Grace Episcopal Church, the Church of the Strangers, the Manhattan Congregational Church, the Biblical Seminary in New York, St. Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Midday Message Periods over WMCA.

The latter is an activity carried on by Mr. Wertheim himself as a channel for "strictly religious and educational" propaganda. In a typical programme, according to the advance copy, there appeared the following "religious and educational" speakers: H. L. Jones, superintendent of the McAuley Water Street Mission; Dr. James Hardy Bennett, pastor of St. Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church; the Rev. Donald MacColl, a member of the board of trustees of the Biblical Seminary in New York; Dr. Henry Howard, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, who holds forth regularly in "Dr. Henry Howard's Period," and Dr. William Howard Hay, of Buffalo, N. Y., who spoke on "Sun and Diet" under the auspices of the New York Chapter of the Sun-Diet Health Service. The last offering, it is to be supposed, was the educational feature of this programme.

Mr. Wertheim handles publicity also for the National Youth Radio Conference, an activity of the Greater New York Federation of Churches, and in this way does service to the great name of the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, who is sometimes one of the speakers. The Rev. Dr. Daniel A. Poling is another worker in this vineyard, and the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick is still another. All three get their names into the Wertheim copy. The same tireless Mr. Wertheim also sent copy to the press on the annual conference of the Moody Bible Institute and on the Huguenot Day of Remembrance, and his facile pen has likewise served the Calvary Baptist Church, where the eminent Dr. John Roach Straton has time and again both courted and excoriated the newspapers, between general attacks upon necking, Darwinism, and the rascals of the Modernist persuasion.

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Another Wertheim client is Dr. Marie Winchell Walker, who talks on "The Religious Science Road to Health," and who can, upon demand, give lectures as well on "Popularity and Success Through Personality," "How to Turn Your Ability Into Cash," "The Hazards of Life and How To Overcome Them" and "The Art of Getting What You Want."

Miss Mary A. Dunn is another indefatigable church publicist. She is connected with the Weiss Advertising Agency ("Personal Service"), and on behalf of this institution she sends out many tidbits for the Saturday Church Page. Among the churches she has thus brought to the attention of editors are the Church of the Holy Apostles, the St. James Methodist Episcopal Church, the Greenwich Presbyterian Church, the Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church, the Sufi Center, the First Moravian Church, the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture, the Crawford Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church, the Emmanuel Lutheran Church, the First Presbyterian Church of Newark, the Lutheran Church of the Advent, and the Woodycrest Methodist Episcopal Church.

The H. S. Howland Advertising Agency turns out copy for the Chapel of the Intercession, where the Rev. Dr. Milo H. Gates presides, and Miss I. L. Graves, who is associated with Mr. Wertheim in the publicity business, takes care of the copy for Grace Episcopal Church, sending it out on bright yellow paper and including, whenever possible, the name of the pastor, the Rev. Dr. W. Russell Bowie. Similarly, Miss Elizabeth B. Canaday is representative of the New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society, whose president is the illustrious Bishop William T. Manning. Miss Canaday also sends out copy for the Church of the Heavenly Rest and the Chapel of the Beloved Disciple, using the name of the Rev. Dr. Howard Chandler Robbins, whose fuss a year ago with Bishop Manning got them both plenty of front-page space without making it necessary to employ a press representative.

An agent with a poetical name, Cromwell Childe, sends out publicity for the Church of the Incarnation, and makes a point of putting into his weekly copy the name of the talented pastor, the Rev. H. Percy Silver. Mr. Childe is also publicity agent for a Dr. Julia Seton, who speaks on such subjects as "The Short Cut to Attainment," "The Cause and Cure of Poverty," and "Western Symbology or Numerology," in which she gives a special course of study. Mr. Childe has also prepared copy for Miss Villa Faulkner Page, founder of an organization called the Metaphysical School of Health, and founder-leader of another called the Fellowship of Life More Abundant. Miss Suzette G. Stuart is publicity agent for the Little Church Around the Corner, and its rector, the Rev. Dr. Randolph Ray, as well as for St. James' Episcopal Church, where the Rev. Dr. Frank Warfield Crowder holds forth. Miss Stuart has also contributed toward the wealth and fame of the Episcopal Church in general by doing publicity for its official school, the General Theological Seminary, during its drive for funds to build a new heating plant and what not.

III

The Rev. Dr. Christian F. Reisner, pastor of the Chelsea Methodist Episcopal Church (soon to be Broadway Temple), apparently does his publicity work himself. There is no mark on his copy to indicate otherwise. Dr. Reisner often invites actors to appear at his services. One week he had Jackie Coogan. In announcing this triumph, the canned copy from Chelsea asserted that young Coogan would speak "in his inimitable way" upon various subjects. "He will tell the audience about his recent trip to Europe, and will describe some of the things he likes and what he hopes to be when he grows up. He will also answer such questions as the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Christian F. Reisner, will ask him about himself. Jackie's splendid father will accompany him."

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Other New York churches also make use of the star system. Copy recently received from the Central Methodist of Brooklyn announced that "Morris Gest, producer of the Freiburg Passion Play," would be present at the evening service and give an address on "My Ideals of Art." Dr. John R. Oliver, whose novel, "Victim and Victor" almost made the Pulitzer Prize last Spring, was invited to speak at an evening service soon after the resulting publicity made him a figure of curiosity and importance. Dr. Oliver was to speak, according to the advance notice, on the problem of "fear in the lives of ordinary men and women." However psychological, there would be a religious slant to this discourse, the copy hastened to add. He was expected to urge, as a specific against fear, "the definite application to daily living of Christ, the cure for sin." Which, so the Committee on Information of Calvary said, had "delivered literally hundreds of people from the bondage of fear."

The high-toned and very English Grace Episcopal Church, at a recent special service for the officers and crew of the liner *Berengaria*, had singing by "the only sea-going choir in the world, a choir made up entirely of British-born men, women and boys." Similarly, one Sunday was New York University Students' Day at Grace Church. On the same day the children of the church erected "their little Children's Church on the lawn of Grace Church, correctly placing their clay model rector, choir and congregation, and conducting a service."

At the last service in the old Calvary Baptist Church, before the building was torn down, the hymn-books which had been used there for years were given away to those of the faithful who forsook worldly pleasures long enough to listen to the Rev. Hillyer Straton, son of the celebrated John Roach. A variant of the same idea was used at the Baptist Temple in Brooklyn, where a free Bible was given to the father and son who looked most alike. Advance announcements to this effect were sent out on behalf of the pastor, the Rev. Russell Morse Brougher. At the same session, following a baptismal service, the Rev. Mr. Brougher promised to discuss three important questions: "Should New York Require Three Days For a Marriage License?" "Are Scotch People Stingy, and Would a Scotchman Make a Good Husband?" and "Are Men More Irritable Than Women?"

The following Sunday the Rev. Mr. Brougher unfortunately could not appear in his pulpit. The canned copy sent out asserted that he was recovering from an operation for the removal of his tonsils, and that the Rev. Will H. Houghton, formerly of Atlanta, would carry on by preaching in his stead on "What God Can Do With Ninety-seven Cents."

The publicity-grabbing dominies all have their hobbies. That of the Rev. H. C. Offerman, of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Brooklyn, is poetry—his own. These home-made verses he often recites to his congregation. Last Memorial Day he scratched out a stanza or two of what he apparently considered a masterpiece and sent it to the papers. In it he had quite a struggle with some of the stanzas, particularly the last. As an example of what divine guidance will do in the field of poetry, I append it here:

> The dreamers have gone home to dream some more,
> And flags are flying to remind us of their dreams,
> The Love that lost itself for country's lore
> Lives on forevermore beyond all earthly seams.

More recently the Rev. Mr. Offerman has taken up radio preaching. For quite a spell during the Summer and Fall he held forth over WEAF on "Humor in Church Life."

IV

The discussion of current events in sermons is widely practiced by the advertising clergy. A good talk on some currently agitated question is regarded as sure-fire publicity, and if a preacher feels that he must drag some mention of God into his discussions he "ties it to a news angle."

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Many base their sermons on some talked-about book or play, and the resulting ponderosities often get into the papers as news. For instance, in a recent controversy over a certain allegedly "sacred" drama, Dr. John Haynes Holmes preached at the Community Church on "Sacred and Profane Drama; a Discussion of 'Journey's End' and 'The Passion Play.'" This subject aroused even the shrinking Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, who preached the same week in his Free Synagogue on "Passion Play versus Good Will." It was announced to the papers as "Passion Play versus Fair Play," but he toned it down over the week-end, and the title with it.

Every holiday and special event is seized upon as a subject for "timely" sermons. This fashion has not left any church untouched. Even the Jewish rabbis have fallen for it, though to date they have played relatively low on general publicity-seeking, leaving it to the Jewish benevolent societies to grab all the available free space in the papers with their never-ending money-raising campaigns. Some of the favorite subjects for sermons, particularly those based on special occasions, are now pretty threadbare, and the church press agents are hard put to make such sermons sound like news. This accounts for some of the strange stuff which appears in the church copy from week to week, as for instance that sent out last Spring by the executive director of the Institutional Synagogue. It announced gravely that Rabbi Herbert S. Goldstein, preaching his Mother's Day sermon, had "stressed the need of maternity."

Marriage and divorce are subjects, of course, which have often yielded columns of free space to preachers. During the past year these matters sorely troubled the Rev. C. Everett Wagner, of the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, and for quite a season he dealt with them at length in a series of sermons entitled "Marriage in Transition." The individual sermons were called by such titles as "Is Marriage a Fetter or Fulfilment?" Dr. Wagner's conclusions, though they were pretty thoroughly brought to the attention of the newspapers, I cannot at the moment recall.

The Rev. Dr. Daniel A. Poling, who broadcasts at times for the National Youth Radio Conference while not engaged in harrying the Devil at the Marble Collegiate Church, is another who likes to deal with cosmic subjects. Some of his topics have been "To Whom Does God Listen?" "What Price Glory?" and "The Way of Woman." The busy Canon Chase, of Christ Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, spends his week-days watching out for the morals of the community, but on Sunday, having received enough publicity apparently through his secular activities to last him until the next Vice Drive, he preaches on innocuous subjects.

If there is any band wagon which the more progressive preachers have not climbed aboard, it has not been brought to my attention. Those who, ten years ago, thundered for war now join the cry for world peace and send the newspapers an advance copy of every sermon. The conflict between religion and science, the Modernist-Fundamentalist battle, birth control, the influence and sphere of the church in politics, the late lamented war over the Dennett sex pamphlet, Prohibition—in spite of their threadbareness these are still good subjects. Preachers who have not the slightest understanding of any of them thunder away Sunday after Sunday, with one eye always on the Monday morning Church Page.

A press agent who used to deal in churches before he struck pay-dirt in another field recently told me of his difficulties with a certain Brooklyn preacher who offered him $100 a month to get his sermons in the papers. They tried it for three weeks, but at length had to give up the attempt. My friend learned that the old-fashioned fellow could not preach about anything but the teachings of Christ, and no publicity man, of course, could build a hot news lead on that.

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A PRODIGAL RETURNS

BY OWEN FRANCIS

A HALF hundred men crowd the employment office at the steel-mill. Others are outside. Some talk indifferently, as if having nothing important to say; the remainder wait with stolid resignation. Soon it will be nine o'clock and the window will open.

I look at the dull, expressionless faces. By hands and by faces steel men may be recognized as easily as if they wore badges. Perhaps I should tell the novices that they only waste time in waiting. But I have stood in employment offices myself, and, though it was often useless to wait, I would have resented anyone telling me so. For the waiting men I have a compassion and a contempt. What if they do need jobs as badly as I? They should do as I have done, go where there is work they understand.

The window opens with a bang. The men grow silent. Those in the back press forward with desperate hope in their eyes. Like a turtle, the employment man thrusts his head from the cage. His bald head shines, his brows draw together importantly, his eyes blink as though rudely awakened from sleep. It is Old Man Gilles. Fifteen years ago he signed my first time-card at the mill. His eyes rest for a moment on my face, but there is no flicker of recognition. Nine years is a long time and he sees many men daily.

"You!" he barks, his finger pointing suddenly at a man whose shoulders tower above others. "You! What do you do?"

The man moves forward. He is a Hunkie. His broad, high cheek bones are red from days before a hot furnace. Dolomite seems yet to hang white on his mustache.

"Me? I be open hearth man. I be cinderman and *verstay* plenty open hearth. I be chainman. I be craneman. I workit millwright helper. Any job, by God, in open hearth I workit and . . . ."

"All right, that's enough, John. Here, sign your name on this card."

In the Hunkie's eyes comes a worried sadness.

"Please, Mister Boss, I no can makit write. My name is Waldek Stan-os-cos-ki."

Gilles hesitates. From the back of the room comes the rising inflection of a Slavish question. Mr. Stanoscoski answers rapidly, smiles in triumph.

"My frien', he write, ya damn betcha. He makit name for me."

Gilles rustles the papers importantly while another Hunkie, pushing forward, writes the name of his friend. He also is selected, after brief questioning, for a job. Holding tight their time-cards the two go through a door to the medical examiner. One winks broadly and both laugh deep in their throats. They have found work; are content.

With rapidity eight other men are selected. All who show marks of the mill. Gilles stares defiance.

"That's all today, men."

The closed window mocks us. In single file and double, the men troop aimlessly out of the office. I wait until all have gone. In my hand I hold a note from George Adams, a roller with whom I talked last night. The note requests my services as shearman. Let Old Man Gilles stare and select other men if he wishes! I will have a job, for George Adams, a boss, is my friend. That's what is needed to get jobs

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anywhere. My fingernails tattoo upon the window. It opens suddenly.

"That's all, I said."

I smile in his face and hand him the note. Reading my name, his sour old mouth cracks with a smile.

"Well, now, that's different. I guess I can fix you up O. K. Where have you been? I told you you'd be back for a job."

And so he had. But I do not wish to be reminded of the prophecy and I say little. The formalities of filling out a time-card, and being examined by the medical examiner are soon over. With a feeling of elation and some of my old confidence in myself, I go back up the hill. I have a job. Tomorrow I go back to the mills where I first worked.

It is a good feeling, a feeling of security as though my feet were at last on the ground. Nine years it has been since I left the mills and found my way to the cities. Impatient with a desire to write, I went drifting from one place to another, working at odd jobs in factories, restaurants, and road gangs, missing meals when work of no kind could be found, but reading and writing always, and spending hours on end with other self-styled sophisticates, settling, to our own satisfaction, the problems of humanity.

With the lure of fame and gold dazzling me I had even gone to Hollywood. There, so it seemed at first, was the Promised Land for writers unsuccessful in other fields. After three years of struggle came a chance for both fame and money—failure. It left me feeling a need for hard labor; I wanted to rub shoulders with my fellow men, to hear again honest words of friendliness, to know the pleasure of rest after toil, and above all to be secure in the knowledge that food could be bought when I wanted it. So I went away. But not before something was taken from me. I had lost my taste for living and, in a degree, the desire to succeed. An education had been gained, perhaps, but whether or not it was worth its cost I do not know to this day.

Meanwhile, I would be a steel worker again, content in knowing nothing but back-breaking toil, occasional glorious debauches. Such a life at least holds contentment. I work to obtain the money which will enable me to write leisurely. The reading of books has cursed me with imagination, opened my eyes to stories, left me stage-struck with the drama of life.

II

Morning. I rise at six-thirty and hastily put on my newly purchased mill clothes. Corduroy breeches, blue shirt, thick-soled shoes. They are stiff and heavy but comfortable.

Breakfast is served on the long table at the rear of the dining-room. We seat ourselves before platters piled high with food, and the red-cheeked Polish girl hurrying to serve us smiles at me in friendliness. Across the table from me a man hunches forward, and scoops three eggs on his plate already filled with fried potatoes. He grins at me, and waves a fork yellow with egg yolk.

"Goin' to work at the mill, huh?"

"Yeah, shearing at the 18."

Faces turn toward me. Then I am not a college dude come to work for the Summer, as they imagined from my stiff, new clothes, but like themselves a steel man.

"Christ! That's a sweet job," says another man. "I'm helper on the furnace. We batted out 290 tons yesterday. It was 5 x 1½ and we'll have it all day today, too."

It is easy to drop into the jargon of the steel worker again. My heart warms toward their friendliness. It is better than the knife-in-the-back feeling of Hollywood.

We walk down the hill, through the gate. I report to George Adams, who smiles a greeting.

"Made it O. K.? Well, I guess I don't have to show you what to do. Old Man Wolf is still shearing on the other side, and Eli, the old bastard, will be your lever-

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man. Remember how you and Eli used to work to beat hell, get the hot-bed all cleaned off and then run and yell at Wolf to hurry up? Jesus! how mad he'd get! You was just a punk then, but you could shear. Well, go ahead. We got good orders today. Let's bat 'em out."

Pulling on my gloves, I relieve the shearman who has worked the night turn. Eli is already at his accustomed place at the shear levers. When he sees me his hand goes to his eye, pulling it a little wider open.

"Ho, ho!" he says. "Got new shearman dis time! How's it, boy? Long time no see. Which place you be for long time?"

I tell him that I have been to California. He yells again above the clanking of the shears.

"Now, by Jezus, we show Old Man Wolf who is shearman! Other mans who catch pink slip was just the same lak old woman."

With head shaking, knees quivering, Eli pantomimes the palsied motions of age. My predecessor, it appears, was in little favor with this astute judge of craftsmanship.

Taking the stop in the bend of my right arm, the order book before me, I wave to Eli to send them on. I am clumsy, and the first piece slides under the stop. Eli is running them with his old-time skill. He laughs aloud.

"Ho, ho! Dat place you be must not catch steel-mill."

I take a firmer grip, spraddle my legs. The first piece is sheared. Let's see . . . twenty pieces, eighteen foot ten . . . thirty pieces, six foot two. Eli is cursing at a piece held tight by the shears. I take a quick look toward the hot-bed. There is no need for worry, for the hot-bed still has space for steel. But my arm aches and the day is not half over. It will be a fine joke to Eli if I yell quits. But I'm doing as well as Wolf on the other side and the knack is coming to me again. Let Eli put his finger to his head and turn it as though cranking loose machinery! I'm not bughouse, you big Hunkie! Give me about a week to get into the swing and I'll make that mustache of yours droop yet! Jesus! it never used to be this hard. Watch those niggers so they don't pile more than ten tons to a lift and have a broken chain spilling hot steel all over the shear-bed. Five long whistles from the roughing-table. The mill shuts down for a roll change. A half hour more with the hot-bed clean, then I can rest.

Eli and I sit resting. Honest sweat pours from my body, my back hurts from pulling at the heavy stop, my arm hangs like lead, my cramped fingers will not unbend. With a wink, Eli hands me the bottom section of his dinner-pail. He still carries prune-jack instead of coffee. I hold the bucket to my lips and the fiery liquid burns at my throat, jabs at my jaded nerves like a needle. Tiredness falls from me. The mill starts again. I shout at the Hunkie.

"Come on, Eli! What's the matter you? No got steam today?"

He pulls at his mustache, strains his broad back, lifts three hundred pounds of steel which has stuck in the shears, and throws it into the scrap-box angrily. Bars shoot under the shears with the speed of a rapidly moving shuttle; the hot-bed is clean, it is four o'clock, the day is over.

Slowly I walk back up the hill to the boarding-house, with every muscle aching like a sore tooth. My fingers are stiff, swollen. The sun dries my sweat-laden clothes, leaving white patches of salt on the blue of the shirt. I lie in a bathtub with water lapping my chin like a caress. Then supper, with huge quantities of boiled beef, beans, potatoes. The man opposite me waves a fork, holding aloft a portion of the meat.

"Not so bad. Got 274 tons today. That ought to make you about twelve bucks."

Supper over, I drink several glasses of old-time beer bought by the newly-made friends, who insist that it is a crime for any man to allow another who has not reached a pay day to buy beer. Wearily I lie in bed thinking too late that the Polack girl might have gone with me to the picture show if I had asked her.

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III

Toil. Day turn, night turn, one after the other. A month has dragged by. The soreness has left my muscles. There has been a pay day and soon there will be another. With as good a tonnage sheet again, I will have another $112. But the exhilaration of working has left me. Restless, I long for the freedom which would give me time to write. In the evenings I try, but I must rest. Once started and forced to stop, ideas carefully planned are forgotten. Ofttimes there is a feeling that I should never try again, should be content to work at my job. But the work is drudgery, and my evenings, usually spent on the corners talking, at bars drinking, or in the picture show, become monotonous. Twice I have gone to Pittsburgh, but I walk the streets like a stranger longing for companionship.

The red-cheeked Polack girl and I are friends. Several times we have gone to shows, and she has taken me to the homes of her friends. There they have played wild gypsy tunes on accordions and violins, and served me in plenty with beer, prune-jack, cakes. Vibrant with health, unworried by desire for fame or wealth, Ilonka Burchoski is happy. She is frank in saying that she wants a man. Not just any man of course, but a strong one with a good job in the mill. She is eighteen, has saved over four hundred dollars, and has the desire for child strong within her. She asks me why she would not make a good wife to any man—even a roller boss. She says she would work hard, raise the babies with no bother whatever to the man, be true to him. I believe her. I know of no reason why she would not make an ideal wife and I tell her so. Her body is well formed, she is more beautiful than many. Yet I am dissatisfied with her. She does not meet the specifications of the woman I have never been able to find.

Each day at the mill I make mental notes of the men with whom I work. Some day I hope to use the material for a story.

There is Mike, a laborer in the open hearth, whom they call Margarettes. It is a Hunkie word. I am not sure of the spelling nor can any give it to me, but it means jackass.

A born comedian, Mike loves the nickname. When called by it he will place both thumbs in his ears and with palms outspread wave his hands back and forth, braying lustily. Then he laughs, louder and longer than those who watch him.

Some years ago Mike felt that age was upon him, and he had no heir. Hiring a Hunkie girl, carefully chosen, he paid her a sum of money. She took the money and produced in due time, but without benefit of clergy, a healthy boy. Mike's son, now twelve, has fine clothes, goes to school. He is very fond of his father, and Mike loves his son. This affection is not shared with the mother who, upon serving her purpose, used the well-earned money as her dowry, and said nothing more of the incident. Mike has saved his earnings, and the boy may go to college if he so desires. But the lure of the mill is upon him, and Mike laughs with joy. Only three more years will it be, both say, until young Mike is working with his father. It may be that he too will wiggle his hands in his ears and be called Margarettes.

Also there is Starry Smerkoly. Starry has lived for seventy-nine years, and half of them have been spent in the mills. His face is lined and burned, his mustache tobacco-stained and chewed at the corners, his body twisted and bent like a piece of scrap steel. All he has to show for his years of toil is a bronze medal which bears his name on one side; on the other a likeness of Judge Elbert H. Gary. Yet Starry is happy. He is typical of hundreds of other Hunkie workers. Each day I talk with him, slowly questioning, for when he suspects my purpose he tries too hard, becomes confused, and fails to tell me the important things. In a desire to find the secret of his abundant joy of life, I once asked:

"Starry, what do you do to amuse your-

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self? You work hard every day. What do you do to have a good time?"

He was laughing before he answered. "Jezus Christ! You ask me dat thing. Me, I do nothing, you bughouse! I just sit around and laugh all the time like damn fool."

IV

Yesterday a man was killed in the mill. He was a Negro piler and his life went out with a shriek under ten tons of hot steel. Before my eyes a man was killed, and as he died I formed sentences to be used when some day I write of it. . . .

The Negro, late of the cotton fields of Georgia, knew nothing of the mill, but its high wages had lured him. Two weeks he had been there working, with a happy swing to his broad shoulders. Pulling hot bars from the shear skids, he chained them together as he crooned:

"Swing lo-ow, sweet chariot,
Comin' fo' to carry me ho-me!—"

In the last lift he placed the chains too close together. When the crane lifted the load into the air the steel pendulumed back and forth, gaining momentum with every swing. A leverman, seeing it would fall, yelled a warning. The Negro, in a panic, ran directly beneath it. Ten tons hit him fairly.

They gathered him up, scraped the floor clean with a shovel. I turned away sickened while Eli, a man who many times have I seen with tears streaming his face as a Hungarian love song was played, laughed.

"Whee! Nigger finish! Go for bunkhouse and fetch 'nother nigger! We kill all black mans!"

Eli's hatred dates back to the day a Negro piler attacked me with a steel hook. Once too often I had yelled at him to hurry. Jumping to the shear table above me, he swung the hook, with murder flaming his soft eyes. Grabbing a bar used to turn billets, Eli swung at the Negro's head with full force. The bar missed the head but crushed against a shoulder. The arm, nearly severed from the body, was later amputated. I had no more trouble with Negroes, but Eli has never forgotten. I am his friend and he hates them all for the deed of one. He says:

"Niggers no got Jezus. Jezus was white mans. Devil is black lak nigger."

Yesterday there came a letter from a friend in Los Angeles. He is successful as a writer and gives me good advice in the sincere hope that I too may be successful. He believes some war stories I have written are good. He suggests that I take them to a publisher in New York.

I am quitting the mill as soon as I can give the customary notice.

V

I stand again at the employment office. Old man Gilles takes my time card and says disgustedly:

"Quitting, huh? I knew you wouldn't last long."

I say nothing. It is better to hold my tongue for some day soon I may come for a job again.

I tell the Polack girl that I am leaving, am going to New York. She smiles in friendliness, hopes that I have a good time. I tell her to hurry and find her man.

In my pocket is two hundred dollars. If I am careful it will keep me free from toil for longer than three months; if I become despondent it will be spent in a week. In either case it will soon be gone. After that it will be a job again somewhere else, but I feel as happy in quitting this one as I did in starting it.

Maybe that is what I shall always do—get jobs and quit them.

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CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Evacuation of Paris.—This last Spring and Summer witnessed a phenomenon so startlingly unbelievable to the French that they have not yet got over the after-effect of it. I allude to the desertion of Paris, that loveliest of cities and long the Mecca of migratory Americans, by the latter, with its coincidental enormous loss of rhino to the Parisians. Where Paris last year was so full of Yankees during the season that you couldn't walk twenty steps without bumping into one or more of them, this recent season saw what was relatively only a handful and even that handful took itself elsewhere immediately the Grande Semaine was over. The consequent hand-wringing and lamentations of shopkeepers, hotelkeepers, restaurateurs and the like were heart-rending.

What has brought about the evacuation of Paris by the American traveler is simple enough. The French have killed the goose that laid the golden egg. The American has at last rebelled against the extortions practised upon him and has taken himself and his custom to other places, chiefly to London and Berlin, where he gets a more or less square deal. In London, true enough, there is still in active operation on rate cards the cunning *from* with which to hornswoggle an extra guinea or so from the American, and in Berlin it still takes several deep pants-diggings to fish up the exorbitant fee necessary for a Lucky Strike, but in general the American is treated financially in those countries much as the natives are. In Paris, however, he has for a number of years been looked upon simply as a sucker and treated accordingly. He didn't mind it once; he didn't mind it twice; but he has now got to the point of rebellion and it will take years before the foolish French win him and his spending proclivities back again.

The American goes into a Paris hotel—there are a few honorable exceptions—and inquires the rate. He is informed that it is, say, the equivalent of twelve dollars a day. He agrees to the price and takes his room and bath for the week. At the end of the week, he gets his bill. Added to the stipulated twelve dollar daily rate, he finds the following charges: a heavy government tax, a 10% charge for service, a charge of a variable number of francs for the valet's use of a room in which to press one's clothes plus, of course, the valet's fees, together with the time-honored charges for soap, cracked ice, etc., and such more recently thought up soaks as rearrangement of furniture, extra linen and the handling of big trunks by the porter. There is also an extra charge for cigarettes not handled by the hotel and a 25% extra charge on laundry that is desired in two days' time.

Restaurants, many of them, have two sets of prices: one for the French, the other for Americans, though the menus are otherwise identical. Couvert prices are regulated according to one's ability to speak French realistically, and the amount varies in bewildering fashion. A bottle of vintage wine, ordered by number and with the price clearly marked on the wine card, has a way of seldom being in stock; another, argued to be as good, is suggested in its place—and the price is subsequently found to be double. A Frenchman hires an automobile and pays so much a kilometer, waiting time figuring not at all in the bill; an American hires the same automobile and pays not only for mileage but for waiting time.

A Frenchwoman asks the price of stockings in the Rue de Caire district and is told

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seventy-eight francs. An American woman who overhears the price subsequently proceeds to do some purchasing and is informed that what was meant was seventy-eight francs *apiece*—or 156 francs a pair. In a café patronized exclusively by the French a fair Havana cigar may be had for about twenty-four cents; the same cigar in a café frequented by Americans costs forty-eight cents. The French have a palatable mild domestic cigar called the Campeones; it costs only eight cents. It is carefully concealed the moment an American appears on the scene and a box of heavily taxed and expensive Havanas thrust forward in its stead. In many of the restaurants that cater to Americans there is an extra charge for couvert, for bread, for butter, for ice, for wine service, for tax and even for plain water, whereas in the restaurants patronized primarily by the French themselves the number of such extra charges is not more than one-third at the very most.

Some of the well-known boulevard and terrace cafés use two sets of saucers for alcoholic drinks and coffee: one set, for the French, with the prices clearly marked thereon; the other, without prices marked, for Americans. Various conspicuous lunch places and dinner places, rendezvous of Americans, charge without limit according to the Americans' appearance of affluence. A copy of the New York *Times*, week-day edition, sold in New York for two cents, costs twenty-four cents in the Place Vendôme, and the Sunday edition that brings five cents in New York brings forty-eight cents and, in some instances, sixty-two. Wrong telephone numbers are charged for by many hotels, and French cashiers and book-keepers still employ a species of numerical chirography that would confuse and baffle an American Pinkerton.

These are only a few examples of what happens to the visiting Yankee. These are only a few of the reasons why, this last Spring and Summer, London and Berlin were crowded as they haven't been crowded for many, many years.

A Score for Nippon.—In none of the many directions of its progress in international affairs has Japan shown greater imagination and resource than in the art of brewing. For years, Japanese beer was the laughing stock of connoisseurs, richer in provocation of palatal irony than even the French brand. One glass of it was enough to make one stand up and sing the Chinese national anthem, after putting in a hurry call for the doctor. But in the last three years, with their characteristic enterprise and with the aid of expert German advice, the Japs have managed to turn out a lager that is not only magnificently drinkable but that actually runs the world-famed old Bohemian nonesuch, Pilsner, a very close second.

So really good is this new Japanese beer that at least one large ship of the Hamburg-American line shrewdly stocks up on it for German beer professors against the moment when its Pilsner cargo may be exhausted. The difference between the Czechoslovakian brew and the Japanese is so slight as to be almost undetectable. The bitter bite, the lovely amber color, the soft white collar, the orchestral after-effect are the same in the one as in the other. One can drink the Nippon product as endlessly and as satisfactorily as the original. There is no heaviness, no acidity, no subsequent unpleasant tongue dryness, no full-up feeling. A small matter, perhaps, as the great affairs of nations go, but an indication, nevertheless, of the uncommon ingenuity and address of the world's most watchable nation.

The New Morality.—While much that is true—as it is equally obvious—has been written of the so-called new morality in the English-speaking countries, an even more liberal share of buncombe has found its way into print. For all the contentions as to the comprehensive scope of the new sex freedom, the unprejudiced observer notes that the general attitude toward the situation in point is largely the same as it was fifty and one hundred years ago.

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While boys and girls and men and women may each proclaim loudly that the old shackles no longer bind them, it is still nasally unsafe to mention by name any such girl or woman, whatever her self-expressed and admitted independence, in the presence of any friendly boy or man, for all his own self-expressed and admitted emancipation in turn. Adultery is still locally the one easiest and surest ground for divorce; the unwritten law still wins the sentiment of ninety-nine juries out of a hundred; the newspapers are richer than ever in suits for what is euphemistically called alienation of affections; an even hypothetically promiscuous woman is still socially déclassée; hotels still insist upon at least one suit-case and duly eject any couple that may come under the suspicion of moral house-detectives; girls who do not return to their dormitories by midnight or who are thought to have been too friendly with the boys are still kicked out of college; and a single illegitimate baby is enough to make the editors of the tabloids, in convention assembled, throw their hats into the air.

The Bar.—If one thing is evident today it is that the legal profession as it currently presents itself in the United States is in need of a quick and very drastic overhauling and that, if that overhauling doesn't come about pretty soon, the profession as a whole will sink to an even lower level than connoisseurs of honor and integrity now vouchsafe to it, which will be a degree or two below bottom. That the more estimable element in the profession clearly see the way the wind is blowing is indicated in the recent widespread efforts on their part to put the deodorizing squirt-gun into action, in the number of disbarments of shysters, and in the increasing impatience and hostility of the courts of law toward the innumerable blacklegs who by hook or crook have contrived to pass the Bar examinations, hang out shingles and subsequently masquerade before the courts as reputable lawyers.

Yet, even so, more shyster lawyers, as desperate for money as so many mail-train robbers and hold-up men, are presently in operation in the country than ever before in its history. The big towns swarm with them and the little towns number at least two or three to every fairly upright advocate. Under the thin cloak of the law they practise a form of banditry that, bereft of the cloak, would land them in the coop instanter. Until the law is so altered that it will no longer serve as a veil for their ulterior motives, the problem of handling them must rest with the various bar associations themselves. That problem is not an easy one in a nation run by mountebankery, but at least part of its solution seems obvious. Admission to the bar at present is too simply gained; it seems to be quite as easy, indeed, as gaining admission through childish entrance examinations to one or another of our theoretical higher institutions of learning. Hardly any one who bones up for a short time on the elementary principles of law fails to make the grade and, as a consequence, all sorts of charlatans are welcomed into the fold. Yet investigation into the *character* of the candidates, for all that we are told to the contrary, is nil. If a young man hasn't been in jail or doesn't show up too drunk, the gates are opened wide to him. Until such an investigation is conducted with meticulous care, until the prospective candidate is scrutinized like a dog for the slightest evidence of distemper, mange and lice, until each and every prospective counsellor is subjected to every kind of third degree known—until such a time comes, the profession of law cannot hope to be regarded by reputable men as much above that of street-walking.

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THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Comedy

THE American theatre suffers at the present time from a poverty, running almost to the starvation point, of comic dramatists. We have one or two playwrights of fair talent for comedy of the better grade, but even these are of the fits and starts species and their products as variable and uncertain as the winds. The great majority of the pursuers of the comic muse are hashy fellows, either out-and-out box-office solicitors or men with ambition but without the viewpoint, poise and writing skill to realize it.

There was a day when a local critical erythrodermia was induced by the circumstance that the American playwright was too light-hearted a person, one who persisted in avoiding serious themes and in regarding only the trivial and frothy aspects of life. The lament may surely no longer be indulged in. The hundreds of young men and young women whose manuscripts today crowd the producers' and play brokers' mails are apparently intent upon looking on the world as one long succession of funerals, interrupted now and then by the collisions of hearses and the dumping of corpses into public places. For this melancholy business not only the more foolish critics but the numerous little theatres, art theatres, community theatres and theoretically advanced drama guilds are to blame. It is always a conviction of the amateur mind that a bad play that views life soberly is somehow better than an equally bad one that views it lightly. There is something about most humor that seems *infra dignitatem* and just a little cheap to the arty minded and the latter, through their theatrical organizations and by their propaganda, have donkeyishly dissuaded the playwrights of the country from it. The result has been a vain striving on the part of the hopeful playmakers toward dramatic profundity, as futile and as empty of fruitfulness as a Dada novel or a prayer to God.

The success of O'Neill has of course been another factor in the encouragement of the young playwright to spill the works and tell all. Countless juvenile as well as adult snatchers at some of O'Neill's glory and mazuma have spread themselves over the seaboard, determined to plumb the depths but unhappily unequipped with diving suits. To these, some of whom—had it not been for O'Neill—might conceivably in time have developed their lighter competences, comedy is anathema and only a contemplation of the sores and ulcers of life a worthy profession. In their tadpole sobriety, they scribble off a library of balderdash which leans so far backward from humor that it bends in upon itself like a pretzel, and from them, with the help and assistance of the art theatre groups and misguided producing adolescents, we get the current liberal smear of pseudo-profound poppycock dealing with burnt-cork Spinozas, flapper Margaret Sangers, Strindbergian street-walkers and dough-boy Bismarcks.

The writing of comedy—that is, comedy in the better sense—has been discouraged, strangely enough even in quarters that might properly impress one as being unsusceptible to influence, and from such quarters what comedy we accordingly receive discloses corrupting traces of the pervading itch for philosophical speculation. It is difficult to think of more than one or two comedies written hereabouts recently that have not at one or another point in their action becheesed themselves with small second-hand doses of Schopenhauer,

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Nietzsche, Ellen Key, Havelock Ellis or Bertrand Russell. Comedy for comedy's sake is forgotten in the imbecile impulse to make it something more than comedy and in the author's eagerness to establish himself as something of a great thinker to boot. There must be a metaphysical theme song, a shadow of what is called purpose, a measure of what is called weight. Laughter that springs from a sound comic viewpoint filtered through engaging literary and dramatic skill is not enough; there must also be A Note.

In such a situation, a comedy like that for which Kate Parsons drew her inspiration from Smollett—it is dubbed "The Commodore Marries"—heaves appetizingly into sight. True enough, even in this case the playwright hasn't been able to resist the injection of a slice of metaphysical moralizing—Pirandello reduced to Walter Lippmann—but it is soon done with and what issues fore and aft is plain, honest, unaffected and unstrained humor. The grotesque tale, in simple, is of a retired old sea-dog who, in order to escape the humdrum constrictions of landlubber existence, rigs up his house like a ship, installs his crew therein and conducts his life much as he conducted it in his more youthful days upon the deep. A woman, entering into his imaginative isolation, brings briefly the taint of land and earth with her, but quickly is got rid of and peace again, with its liquor and lovely cussing and song, is brought to reign in the old seaman's harbor. What we have here, obviously, is something in the nature of a later paraphrase of Pirandello's "Henry IV," with its medieval palace converted into a vessel. Nor is the basic idea of Miss Parsons' Commodore Trunnion so different from that of Butti's Fantasio in "Il Castello del Sogno." But to the more or less familiar plan the present playwright has brought some invention of her own, some fresh jocosity in detail and some interlardings of originality that in combination make her comedy a refreshing job. Her writing is better than her sense of construction and her play breathes heavily in its later course, yet in sum it stands out brightly from the comedies of the local Philosophy-B class on the one hand and of those of the box-office sonny boys on the other. Arthur Hopkins' production is in his best manner, though the casting of a typical stage brat of the Frances Hodgson Burnett era for one of the rôles ruins one of the most fetching episodes in the play.

A second new comedy writer worth watching is to be found in Preston Sturges. His "Strictly Dishonorable," aiming at comedy pure and simple, contains much that is commendable, particularly in the way of character observation and smoothly distilled humor. Several of his scenes constitute drollery of an exceptional quality and his play as a whole, though founded upon a stale plot scheme, is manna in an era of comedy drought. The performance is admirable.

II

Sample Importation

"Candle Light," an adaptation from the German of a couple of popular Berlin playwrights who elect to collaborate under the name of Siegfried Geyer, which I commented upon briefly last month, is a sample of Continental comedy writing close to its poorest, bad Molnar crossed with worse Guitry. Built upon the hoary plot of the master and valet who change places, its humor is of the routine kind and its invention so crude that the only thing that keeps one in the theatre after the first twenty minutes is curiosity to learn if imagination can possibly be so sterile. Each successive situation falls into its groove with a cut-and-dried click; each *mot* heralds its coming with preparatory torches and signal lights; each point is rubbed in like cold cream.

In any critical consideration of current European comedy, pieces like this—though they may run months in Berlin and a year in London—do not figure. They are trade goods, uniformly designed to capture the

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attention of producers who jump at any manuscript that calls for but one set of scenery and that offers an opportunity for casting in its leading feminine rôle some erstwhile musical comedy actress, with the consequent playing upon box-office curiosity as to her possible talent in a new medium. One and all, such theatrical exhibits derive from the successful manœuvre of Sacha Guitry in the business of promulgating Yvonne Printemps, once of the Folies-Bergère, as an occasionally singing straight comedy actress. Unfortunately, however, there is only one Sacha and one La Printemps, and the various Tilly Winzwanzes, Yvonne Arnauds and Gertrude Lawrences that other impresarios hope will fairly well substitute in the Printemps' shoes fail in any sense to turn the trick.

III

Kern

At a time when many of the young men who write scores for our American musical comedies seem to be chiefly concerned with being as unmelodious as possible, under the delusion that there is something a bit musicianly low about mere melody, however good, and that their reputations as composers will be advanced in the degree that they abandon it in favor of compositional monkeyshines, however basically nonsensical, it is something of a relief to find the best of them all, Jerome Kern, still sticking to his guns and quietly and unassumingly writing the most gracious and graceful tunes that have been written in this country since they laid Victor Herbert, God rest his lyric soul, in the grave. As last year in "Show Boat," this year in "Sweet Adeline" Kern proves again how much more he knows of music than the great majority of his local contemporaries and, knowing it, how unostentatiously and very, very charmingly he is able to suggest that knowledge in simple, unaffected and immensely ingratiating little songs. No less than four such songs he has written for this new show and each of them in its quiet—almost painfully quiet—modesty pins donkey-tails on the local musical boys who show off in technical directions, who essay to write jazz in terms of Schoenberg and who, good enough at cabaret fox-trots and soft-shoe accompaniments, struggle to make names for themselves with Stravinskyized Bach.

The charm of Kern's music is its air of innocence, its seeming artlessness, its feel of unstudiedness. There is in it no apparent sweat to be original and different, no straining after effect, no desperate effort to attract the august attention of Olin Downes, Lawrence Gilman, Philip Hale and the music critics after the mere theatrical critics have said their less professional say about it. It is the music of genuine musical comedy, not the bastard stuff, by Berlioz out of Antheil out of Harry Von Tilzer, that periodically issues peacock screeches on our musical comedy stages. It is written for musical comedy and not for the mirage of some Carnegie Hall or Metropolitan Opera House. And it is as eloquent in its musical simplicity as a prose sketch by Dunsany, a little poem by John McClure or something like "All Quiet on the Western Front."

IV

Mystery

The New York stage, as I write, is largely given over to murder, mystery and detective spiels. "Gambling," "Soldiers and Women," "Scarlet Pages," "Remote Control," "Murder on the Second Floor," "House Party," "Scotland Yard," "Subway Express," "Rope's End," and "Hawk Island" are some of the labels. Even the held-over Pulitzer prize winner, "Street Scene," is not without its murder. But the New York stage is not an isolated institution in this regard. The New York publishers are pouring murder, mystery and detective fiction upon the market; there has come even a book guild with its monthly

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pick of sleuth fiction; all kinds of detective magazines weigh down the newsstands; and the talkies are chock-a-block with fatal revolver shots and enormously sagacious Burnses and Pinkertons. Nor is the situation abroad dissimilar. The London stage shows a liberal share of the same stripe of stuff. Three of the exhibits presently on view here are importations from England, where every other stage seems to house either something called "The Face at the Window" or a piece of jig-saw nonsense by Edgar Wallace. In Paris, the yen for detective hide-and-seek has been such that they have revived even the venerable "Arsène Lupin," and in Berlin the imported "Mary Dugans" vie for favor wi.h the native *Geheimpolizisten.*

That there is at the moment an almost world-wide palate for plays, talkies and fiction of this sort is plainly apparent. The reason for the phenomenon isn't any too easy to get at. While it may be true that there is always a measure of popular interest in mystery and detective pastime, never before has the interest been so uniformly widespread and so great. Like any attempt to explain such things, the business of figuring out a reason resolves itself largely into a guessing contest. Of such guesses I have, after a herculean ponderation that has shaken me to the very bowels, given birth to no less than a dozen, each successively impressing me as worse than the other. By way of establishing my inaptitude at parlor games, I append a few typical deductions:

Result of analytical meditation No. 1: Of all forms of entertainment, the mystery play or story most greatly flatters the cerebral vanity of persons without minds, in that it challenges the superficial brain cells with a showy substitute for ratiocination.

Result of analytical meditation No. 2: The late war produced killing on such an enormous scale that, by virtue of its very magnitude, that killing became in turn incomprehensible and neuter, much as a surplusage of alcoholic drink becomes tasteless or as grief over a long period has a way of becoming mechanical and emotionally static. Killing on the grand scale became an impersonal thing and such is human nature that it lost personal interest. And, as the murder of a single citizen is always closer to the interest of the people in a town than the killing of thousands of men on some far battlefield, the public's emotions craved a reduction of murder, a narrowing down of murder to a point of personal interest and personal sympathy. There have not been enough spectacular murder stories in actual life to satisfy the public—since the war there have been only two in England, one in France, one in Germany and seven in more enterprising America—and the murder plays, talkies and novels have been gobbled up by way of vicarious satisfaction. The public, not seeing or knowing personally the tens of thousands of men killed in battle, could not feel half the personal concern in their murder that it can feel in the murder of an actor it lays eyes on or even in the murder of a character that a novelist has made intimately real to it.

Result of meditation No. 3: The mystery play has much the same quality as a baseball game, a horse race or any other such popular competitive sport. Its excitement for the spectator lies in betting upon and determining the name of the ultimate winner. Everything is intensely directed toward the finish, the solution, the award. Most other forms of drama lack this measure of nervous suspense, as they rely more upon the casual playing of the thematic game itself than upon the conclusion. The play other than the mystery play is not so greatly concerned with its outcome as with its intermediate by-play. It appeals to the relative minority who go to a horse race more because they love horses than because they admire jockeyship.

Result of meditation No. 4: The mystery play, the world over, presently occupies the fancy of the generation of audiences that has grown up since the outbreak of the late war and that, while it has out-

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grown childhood, is still not yet completely adult. Before the war these audiences, then at the sapling age, found delight in an endless succession of stage magicians, illusionists, prestidigitators and quick-change artists, such followers of Houdin and Hermann the Great as Maskelyne, Kellar, Fregoli, Carter, Thurston, Houdini, Conradi, the Baldwins, Mercedes, the Zanzigs, Anna Eva Fay, Ching Ling Foo and a host of others. The next theatrical rung after the magician, mind-reader and general goldfish-bowl hocus-pocus artist is the mystery play and the child-adult audiences, in the natural slow sequence of growth, are currently engrossed with it.

Result of meditation No. 5: The public relishes the mystery play because it substitutes out-and-out plot for more or less shadowy and involved theme. The theme play develops out of itself slowly: what it is driving at is made only gradually to sink into the consciousness of an audience. But the mystery play states its intrinsic nature plainly soon after the curtain goes up, thus relieving the audience of metaphysical speculation and permitting it lazily and comfortably to enjoy its mental shortcomings in cross-word puzzle details.

All of which probably does not account in any way for the present great vogue of mystery plays.

V

Some More Likely Ones

The shortage of available relatively reputable plays, currently offered as an excuse by local producers for the kind of thing they are showing, is less a matter of fact than one of lack of enterprise in their detection. Hardly a week passes that I do not get a letter from this or that theoretically ambitious producing gentleman requesting me for God's sake to stop talking generally about good unproduced plays and name one. Seized with an unwonted politeness, I have occasionally made bold to reply with the title of one such play, duly to be rewarded with a letter of warm thanks and heartfelt gratitude and the production the following month by the producer of one of his usual pieces of tripe.

In order to spare myself the reading of such letters in the near future and in the hope, probably vain, of seeing a play or two produced that will be worth some slight critical attention—thus giving me something to write about—I suggest the following as being at least better than most of the plays on view at the present moment:

Bracco's "Piccolo Santo," Ashley Dukes' dramatization of "Jew Süss," Romain Coolus' "Easter Holiday," Sacha Guitry's "Mariette," Lion Feuchtwanger's "Calcutta," Walter Hasenclever's "Marriages Are Made in Heaven," any one of three unproduced Pirandello plays—say, "Pensaci Giacomino," Schnitzler's "Professor Bernhardi," Maurice Donnay's "Lysistrata," Frederick Lichtneker's "Pioneers," Werfel's "The Trojan Women," W. S. Maugham's "The Critic," Denys Amiel's "The Couple," Karl Schönherr's "Earth," Hauptmann's "Dorothea Angermann," and Robert Dieudonné's comedy— I forget its name at the moment—about the homebody husband who fits up his mistress' flat exactly like his own comfortable home, gets tight and doesn't know whether he is with his sweet one or his wife.

Also, should anyone be sufficiently interested, Lenormand's "Mixture," Hermann Bahr's study of woman called "The Moment," Paul Armont and Marcel Gerbidon's "Just Three Old Fellows," Melchior Lengyel's "The Battle of Waterloo," Hans Grosz's "This Way or That," Pellerin's "Heart-Cries," Max Brod's Lord Byron comedy, von Scholz's "The Woman of Glass," Marcel Achard's "Life Is Beautiful," Hans Kaltnecker's "The Sister," Schnitzler's "Comedy of Seduction," Lennox Robinson's "Give A Dog ——," Benavente's "Princess Bebé," George Prinz's "One Can't Always Say No," von Schmitz's "Don Juanito," Gantillon's "De-

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parture," Pushkin's "The Stone Guest," the Quinteros' "The Women's Town," and Max Mell's "The Apostle Play."

Whatever the deficiencies of these plays —and some of them are surely not without deficiencies—they are likelier by a long shot than most of the claptrap that the local producing boys are uncovering.

VI

Monotony

The curse of the present English-speaking stage is its monotony. With very rare exception, the minds of its playwrights run in droves and it is only at great intervals that anything comes from one of them that departs the stereotyped. The majority of plays fall mechanically into definitely labeled pigeon-holes and one is as much like another as the reviews they perforce engender. It would be easy to group the writers of these plays under exact produce headings and just as easy to write reviews of their plays in advance, qualifying them merely in unimportant detail.

By way of illustration, run an eye over the recent London stage and then over the current New York platform. With the exception of a single British exhibit and a couple of American productions, nothing has been shown in either theatre that does not fit itself more or less precisely to a critical review prepared, out of experience, in advance. In London as in New York there have been the usual crook and mystery plays hereinbefore alluded to, almost all of them as cut and dried as so many tobacco leaves and varying only in the nature of their last minute solutions and in the increasing badness of their attempts at comedy relief. There have been the rubber-stamp comedies of marital infelicity and sexual peccadillo, all—with a single qualification—running generally close to formula and offering originality only in the names of localities attributed to the scenery and in the names of dressmakers credited in the programme. There are the usual younger generation to-dos, the usual Jewish salves, the usual adaptations of lighter Continental comedies with the bourgeois milieu and characters converted to swelldom by way of tickling the snob box-office, and the usual rewritings of their earlier themes by the more conspicuous dramatists who have run out of inspiration and fresh ideas.

Thus, to catalogue the Anglo-American playmakers, we have such more distinguished members of the card index as Shaw and Galsworthy delivering themselves of their fifteen-year-old ideas refurbished with an occasionally new wheeze and such somewhat less distinguished but sometimes estimable writers as those of the drawing-room school revamping their comedies of fifteen and twenty years ago only to the extent of thinking up a new justification for sexual divertissement on the part of their philandering husbands or wives. And thus, to catalogue further, we have the posturers in profundity with their small pieces of speculative pig-iron wrapped in reams of tissue paper, the boys of the pistol school with their childish jig-saw puzzles, the wisecracking corps with their dramatized vaudeville sidewalk conversations, and the assiduous strainers after novelty with their substitutions of arbitary freakishness for imaginative originality. Now and again, as indicated, there comes along a playwright with an adventuring mind and spirit and an adventuring craftsmanship and idea, but the epiphany is surely not a common one. For the most part, the English and American stage of the moment is in the deadly hands of the cookie-cutters and paper-doll scissors wielders.

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BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Career of a Divinity

MRS. EDDY: *The Biography of a Virginal Mind*, by Edwin Franklin Dakin. $5. 9¼ x 6¼; 553 pp. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

MR. DAKIN'S sub-title, it seems to me, is rather far-fetched. The peculiar mixture of vapors and sagacities which marked Mrs. Eddy's sayings and doings from end to end of her long life showed few of the characters of the virginal mind. Rather it would be more plausible (without throwing the slightest doubt upon her virtue) to compare her peculiar wisdom to that of an ancient bordello-keeper, for in it a sharp sense of reality and a weakness for the occult were curiously mingled. She was seldom if ever taken in by concrete human beings, but there was never a time when she did not believe quite incredible things about the powers and principalities of the air.

In the sort of business woman to whom (perhaps in grossly bad taste) I venture to liken her, this sense of the transcendental takes the form of a shaking fear of black cats, opals, cross-eyed ice-men, blue-gum Negroes, policemen whose badge numbers contain 13, and enterprises begun on a Friday. In Mrs. Eddy it took the form of an incurable dread of malicious animal magnetism, or, as the flunkeys of her entourage made it, M. A. M. This M. A. M. pursued her during all the years of her prophesying, and even afflicted her after she had become a goddess. It came between her and her most faithful disciples; it brought down upon her the persecution of mesmerists, spiritualists, lawyers, newspaper reporters, and other fiends from Hell; it haunted her days and made horrible her nights. She was a sharp woman, with all of a Yankee's talent for fetching the other fellow, but against M. A. M. she could do nothing. In the end, in fact, it finished her, and maybe Christian Science with her.

Mr. Dakin, despite his inept sub-title, presents a capital biography of her—painstaking, shrewd, fair and very amusing. It is obvious that he takes no stock in her brummagem magic, but he seems to be convinced that she may have launched, nevertheless, an idea or two worth regarding. His account of her early days, and especially of her association with the celebrated Phineas P. Quimby, is full of a rich detail. She seems to have suffered from early girlhood from a combination of physical and psychical malaises. On the one hand she was frequently ill and on the other hand she was always revolting against the narrowness of her environment and her own humble place in it. The easiest way to the attention that she craved was to play the invalid, and this she did adroitly through many years, first at the expense of her father and mother, then at that of a married sister, and then at that of her three husbands.

Her first marriage was apparently happy and promised to restore her to normalcy, but her husband's death set her back, and soon thereafter she was going the round of the doctors. When they failed to cure her she moved on to the quacks, and thereafter, for a dozen years, she was the easy prey of all sorts of charlatans, including hypnotists. If Freudism had been known in those days she would have been one of its most eager customers. Failing it, she took to what has since become known as the New Thought, and eventually became a patient and pupil of its shining star, the aforesaid Quimby.

That the basic notions of Christian Science came from Quimby seems to be in-

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dubitable, despite her frantic denials in later years. If she added anything of importance it was simply the idea of malicious animal magnetism. Where she got this is uncertain, but probably it came from the itinerant mesmerists of her youth. When she set up shop as a healer and teacher it became a very important element in her theory, and in the long run it was destined to fill her own life with acute unhappiness. For despite her contention that disease was only an illusion, her ill health continued, and the temptation to blame it on M. A. M. was hard to resist. But who was launching this M. A. M.? At first she seemed uncertain, but finally she began putting the blame upon pupils who had set up in competition with her, and this habit she continued until the end of her days. Her historic break with her most eminent disciple, the celebrated Mrs. Augusta Stetson of New York, had its origin in fear quite as much as in jealousy. Some one had told her that Mrs. Stetson's pupils met daily to project waves in her direction, and she assumed quickly that they were malevolent. Her terror was extreme, and it kept with her until death. During her last years she maintained a staff of healers in her house to combat the M. A. M. issuing from these Stetsonites. They were on duty in sailor-like watches for the twenty-four hours of the day, but it was all in vain.

Mr. Dakin makes it plain that Mrs. Eddy had complete belief in her own magic. She had a low view, it appears, of most Christian Scientists, but she never had any serious doubt about Christian Science. Its conflicts with common experience and common sense did not daunt her, for she had the kind of mind which finds an easy refuge from such difficulties in sonorous words.

If, in the course of her incessant revisions of "Science and Health," she occasionally modified her ideas, it was not because they had lost their hold on her, but simply because she wanted to bring them into harmony with the practical needs of a large and prosperous cult. She kept control of her church to the end, and its somewhat curious structure remains a monument to her sagacity to this day. Her principal aim, first and last, was to prevent the rise of rival prophets—to keep control of the whole organization in her own hands. This she achieved by devices of great ingenuity. The suspicion, once widely prevalent, that she was no more than a puppet in the hands of clever *entrepreneurs* is seen, in retrospect, to have been wholly without foundation. There was, in fact, no one in her church competent to grapple with her and beat her. It produced one woman of unusual capacities, Mrs. Stetson, but the men who came to place in it were mainly third-raters, and the Rev. Founder was more than a match for any of them or all of them. To this day the Board of Directors—the Sacred College of the organization—is made up of nobodies. As for the "judges," "professors" and other such ostensible big-wigs who roam the country lecturing on the Christian Science arcanum, and scaring provincial city editors into giving them columns of space, they are all on the level of Y. M. C. A. secretaries and the boob-catchers for the tin-pot fraternal orders.

As Mr. Dakin shows, the numerical strength of the Christian Scientists has always been greatly exaggerated. Their machine for getting publicity, designed by Mrs. Eddy herself, is so efficient that they seem to be of imposing importance, but in truth they constitute a very small sect, and its turn-over is probably very large. Its wealth is due to two facts. The first is that its theology professes to reward the believer with prosperity as well as with health, and that a certain proportion of seekers, giving this promise a trial, are bound to win. They give liberal thank-offerings to the church, whereas those who fail depart in choler and are heard of no more. The second reason why the sect is rich is that it frowns upon poor converts. They are not actually barred out, but they are certainly not welcomed, and so they tend to go to other cults, which treat them

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more politely and even hail their poverty as a proof of merit. But despite all its opulence, Christian Science is probably making very little progress. Its history, in the long run, will be that of all other such aberrations. It will make a noise for a while, and then it will suddenly vanish, to make way for something sweeter and worse.

Mr. Dakin's book is well ordered and competently written. He has been at pains to unearth the precise facts and he sets them forth carefully and pleasantly. The Christian Science press-agents, of course, will damn him as a slanderer, but that fact is unimportant. He has made a valuable contribution to American history.

Memorials of Dishonor

THE TRAGIC ERA: *The Revolution After Lincoln*, by Claude G. Bowers. $5. 8¾ x 5½; 567 pp. Boston: *The Houghton Mifflin Company.*

Mr. Bowers' book is a long one and in parts it is painfully dull; nevertheless, I'd be glad to second a motion to compel every Federal judge in America, every member of the W. C. T. U. and the D. A. R., every Rotarian and Kiwanian and every self-confessed hero of the late war to memorize it on penalty of the bastinado. For it is a magnificent antidote to the whole rumble-bumble of Law Enforcement, with side swipes at all the other varieties of pious nonsense which now delude the American people. It deals with a period when "idealism" was loose upon the land as never before or since, and the tale it has to tell is one of almost unmitigated oppression, corruption and false pretenses. Then, as now, politicians, theologians and stock-jobbers combined to bring in the Millennium, and then, as now, the fruits were only extortion and excess. It is difficult, reading the record, to believe it. It seems a sheer impossibility that such things could have happened in a country pretending to be civilized. Yet happen they did, and not all the scouring and polishing of prostitute historians can ever erase the damning facts.

The period, of course, was that of the two Grant administrations. Ignorant, stupid, plebeian and uncouth, with the tastes of a village drunkard and the pathetic credulity of a yokel at a county fair, Grant staggered through his eight years of disgrace and dishonor. He had an instinct for trusting scoundrels which almost amounted to genius. So long as Lincoln lived the influence of that vast and mystical personage held him in leash, and in his final dealings with Lee the orders that came from above even got him some reputation as a humane and sensible man. But once old Abe was in the boneyard, his native imbecility developed rapidly and brilliantly. By 1866 he was already lined up with the harpies and fanatics who sought to destroy Andrew Johnson, and thereafter, until his second term ended in a blast of horrible stenches, he was the stalking-horse of every infamy. There is no record, after the first year or two, that he ever so much as suspected that most of his friends were scoundrels. In the midst of it all he believed that they were virtuous, and marvelled that their patriotic inspirations could be challenged. Today, appropriately enough, the largest monument in the largest American city does honor to his *manes*. It is sad, but it is fitting.

Mr. Bowers' eye is cast mainly below the Potomac. In his discussion of the sordid abominations of Reconstruction he piles up documents with relentless industry, but when it comes to what went on simultaneously in the North he is not so copious. Such half fabulous frauds as Henry Ward Beecher get only a few tart words, and there is next to nothing about the thieveries and oppressions which begat the industrialism of today. The South, in the long run, will probably suffer as unpleasantly under that industrialism as it ever suffered under Reconstruction: the signs to that effect are already numerous and striking. But Mr. Bowers has no time or steam for the subject: he is concerned primarily with the robbery and debauchery which went on in the conquered States immediately after the war.

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There are few parallels to the story in the history of civilized man. The ancients, butchering their defeated foes out of hand, were relatively humane. It remained for 100% Americans to invent the scheme of first disarming them and then starving and looting them, of setting savages upon them, of cruelly and deliberately reducing them to desperation and despair. It was American soldiers in uniform who carried out that chivalrous business, and it was the most glorious of American captains who bossed the job. Let the fact be remembered by exuberant patriots whenever the flag goes by.

Mr. Bowers unearths some curious and sardonic details. When, at the height of the saturnalia, certain tender-minded Northerners protested against it on grounds of humanity, the Northern Methodist bishops demanded that the whip be laid on with unabated ferocity. From the learned jurists of the Federal judiciary came support no less hearty: they were always ready with decisions justifying the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, the confiscation of private property, the stealing of elections, the waste of the public funds. History repeats itself in our own day, but the denizens of the New South are too stupid to read its lessons. Mr. Bowers makes no vain pretense to judicial impartiality. He is frankly against the Sumners, Thaddeus Stevenses and other such appalling sadists of the era, and apparently hopes that they are now in Hell. The ground he covers has been covered before, but his documentation is largely new. He makes heavy use of the files of the New York *World*, the paper he now serves as an editorial writer. He also dredges a lot of interesting stuff out of contemporary manuscripts, notably the unpublished diary of George W. Julian of Indiana, a follower of Stevens who gagged at what went on, and ended his career as a Democrat. The book, as I have said, has some dullness; Mr. Bowers is not a brisk writer. But the tale he has to tell is one that every American should study on his knees.

Poison Through the Mails

THE MOLINEUX CASE, edited by Samuel Klaus. $5. 9⅜ x 6⅛; 409 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

THE technique of murder, like the technique of love, has its fashions. There are periods when fire-arms are all the rage, and there are periods when the vogue is for hammers, bludgeons, golf-clubs and sash-weights. Toward the end of the year 1898 the smart thing was to send poison through the mails—in a box of candy, a bottle of headache powders, a plug of chewing-tobacco, or what not. Thus a Mrs. Dunning was dispatched in San Francisco, a Mrs. Wilkinson in Newark, and a Mrs. Adams and a Mr. Barnet in New York. The poison that fetched Mrs. Adams was cyanide of mercury, and it reached her in a bottle of Bromo-Seltzer, then the universal morning draft of red-blooded Americans. That bottle had been addressed, not to her, but to a boarder in her house, one Cornish, an athletic instructor employed by the Knickerbocker Athletic Club. A few weeks earlier a member of the club, the Barnet aforesaid, had received a package of lost manhood powders containing the same deadly drug; he swallowed them hopefully and went to meet his God. There ensued a pother, with the *World* and the *Journal* running a race in alarms. Early in 1899 one Roland B. Molineux, a chemist, was taken into custody, charged with the crime, and for nearly three years thereafter the case held the public attention. First Molineux was found guilty and sentenced to the chair. Then the Court of Appeals upset the verdict and ordered a new trial. Then he was tried again and acquitted. Then he vanished for fifteen years, only to bob up again in a lunatic asylum, where he died in 1917.

Was Molineux innocent or guilty? The answer, I daresay, will never be known. Here Mr. Klaus presents the evidence at length, mainly in stenographic form. I can only report that after reading it diligently and prayerfully I find myself unable to make up my mind. Mr. Klaus himself, in

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his instructive introduction, seems to believe that the guilt of the prisoner was not proved; in fact, he hints broadly that the whole uproar against him was set off by unconscionable yellow journals and furthered by not too reputable politicians. But that somewhat Scottish verdict does not content George Gordon Battle, one of Molineux's surviving attorneys, and at the end of the book he is given space to accuse Mr. Klaus of treating the case "as if the defendant were guilty." That dispute between jurisconsults need not detain us. The important thing is that the complete evidence, here set forth as the first jury heard it, is wholly puzzling and inconclusive. It is possible to argue from it that Molineux killed not only Mrs. Adams but also Barnet, and it is equally possible to argue that he killed no one at all. As it stands, it is admittedly partial, for Molineux's attorneys, at this first trial, put in no defense. How did the jury, facing so much uncertainty, come to its conclusion that he was guilty? How did the judge, Recorder Goff, come to the same view? Did the lack of a defense sway them, or were they convinced by looking at Molineux? Or were they run amok, perchance, by the melodramatic whooping and snorting of the lawyers for the State? It was impossible to answer then, and it is impossible to answer now. But one important fact, it seems to me, stands out brilliantly: that Mr. Battle, who passed through both trials and knew Molineux better than anyone else, still believes firmly that he was innocent.

The case, carefully studied, must give uneasiness to every advocate of ruthless Law Enforcement, for it shows how easy it is to bring an apparently guiltless man into the shadow of the chair. You and I walk about in what seems to be perfect security, eating, drinking, voting, reading the papers, and stealing what we can get. Suppose that tomorrow a shadow of suspicion should fall upon us, and it should profit some ambitious district attorney to give us a ride? Suppose the newspapers, tired of peace conferences and crashing airships, should fall upon us with loud, Christian shouts? Suppose the usual procession of eager half-wits should file in, each with his contribution of imaginary evidence? Suppose our lawyers should make some gross error, as Molineux's apparently did in his first trial? What would be our chances of getting clear? By what device would we evade the death-house? Ah, you say, the danger is fanciful, for we are respectable; the world knows our virtue and venerates it; we are not shady wops like Sacco and Vanzetti, or tough babies like Tom Mooney, or wastrels like Harry Thaw. As for myself I admit it all—but so was Molineux respectable, and not only respectable but also rich. Yet he was twice tried for his life, and once he came within an ace of tasting 3,000 volts.

Mr. Klaus's introduction to the testimony is very interesting. He not only discusses the legal points involved, which were of great importance, but also the human factors. He shows what hand the newspapers played in the drama, and how it took on a political tinge. He presents character sketches of all the principal actors, including Judge Goff, one of the strangest creatures ever seen in public life in America.

The evidence is not easy reading. It is full of contradictions and it is marked by a vast garrulity and imbecility. Some of the witnesses plainly lied, and others were as plainly idiots. But the record, despite its languors, will probably hold you, for the trial was one of the most curious ever heard of. The book belongs to the series of American Trials, edited by Mr. Klaus, Professor Underhill Moore of the Columbia Law School, and James N. Rosenberg of the New York bar. The first volume was devoted to the Milligan case, and subsequent volumes will be given over to the Leo Frank case, the Chicago anarchists case, and Laidlaw vs. Sage.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

J. Frank Dobie *was born on a ranch in Southwest Texas. He was educated at Southwestern University and at Columbia, where he took his M.A. He is associate professor of English at the University of Texas, and secretary of the Texas Folk-Lore Society. He is the author of "Legends of Texas."*

Owen Francis *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

Michael Gold *is editor of the* New Masses. *He was born on the East Side and went to work at thirteen. His writings include two books and three plays. His "Fiesta" was recently produced by the Provincetown Players.*

Ray Hall *was born at Stephentown, N. Y., and educated at Columbia. He is now a financial expert in the Department of Commerce at Washington. For five years he was in the diplomatic service, and for six years was a teacher at Constantinople and Peking. He is the author of a book on the Chinese banking system, and of various shorter pieces.*

H. M. Kallen, Ph.D. (Harvard), *was born in Germany. From 1908 to 1911 he taught philosophy at Harvard, Clark, and the University of Wisconsin, and since then has been professor of philosophy at the New School of Social Research, N. Y. He was named by William James as the editor of his unfinished book, "Some Problems in Philosophy." He is the author of numerous books, among them "William James and Henri Bergson," "Zionism and World Politics," "The International Mind" and "Culture and Democracy in the United States."*

Malvina Lindsay *is on the staff of the Kansas City* Journal-Post. *She was graduated from the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri.*

George Milburn *was born at Coweta, Okla., April 27, 1906, and is now a junior in the University of Oklahoma. Since he was sixteen he has been writing for the newspapers. He has hoboed all over the Middle West, from New Orleans to Chicago. He has in preparation a book of hobo ballads, to be published next Spring, and is also at work upon a novel.*

Hoffman Nickerson *is an M.A. of Harvard. He is the author of "The Inquisition: A Political and Military Study" and "The Turning-Point of the Revolution," and part-author, with Col. O. L. Spaulding and Col. J. W. Wright of the United States Army, of "Warfare: A Study of Military Methods from the Earliest Times."*

G. Edward Pendray *was born in Omaha, Neb. He is an A.B. of the University of Wyoming and an M.A. of Columbia. Since 1925 he has been on the staff of the New York* Herald Tribune.

Captain Henry O. Swindler, U. S. A., *is a native of Illinois. He served in the World War with the 61st Infantry and was wounded in action. Later he was graduated from the Infantry School at Fort Benning, and for six years past has been an historical research officer at the Army War College.*

John Donald Wade, Ph.D. (Columbia), *is a Georgian and a great-great-grandson of the first Governor of the State. He was for several years a professor at the University of Georgia. Now he is at Vanderbilt. He is the author of "Augustus Baldwin Longstreet: A Study of the Development of Culture in the South."*

Thyra Samter Winslow *is the author of "Picture Frames," "Show People," and "People 'Round the Corner."*

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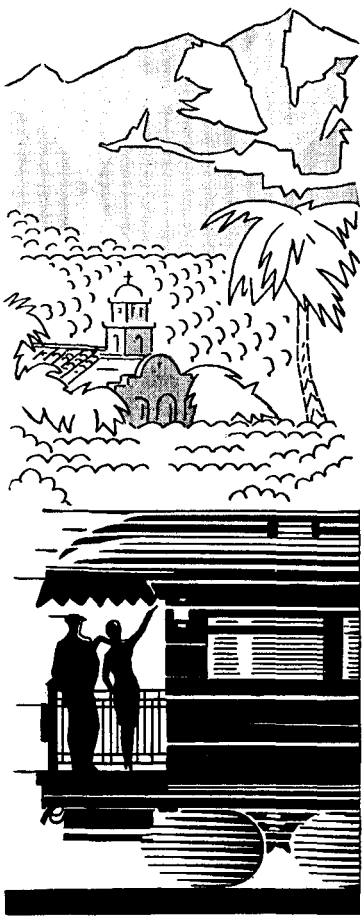

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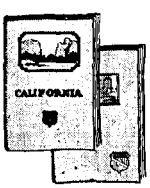

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

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Tooth Decay Strikes Deep

LONG before toothache gives you warning, poisons from decaying teeth and unhealthy gums may be circulating through your whole body. For the teeth and gums are in direct contact with the blood stream.

More and more, physicians are tracing serious disorders of the heart, lungs and kidneys to focal infection.

For your health's sake it is vitally important to protect your teeth. Merely brushing them is not enough —you must also use a dentifrice which *protects* you.

Squibb's is a protective dental cream. It guards your teeth and gums because it combats the causes of decay and irritation—the acids that form in the pits and fissures of the teeth and at The Danger Line, where teeth meet gums. Squibb's contains over fifty per cent Milk of Magnesia—recognized by dentists everywhere as the finest and safest mouth antacid. Tiny particles of this penetrate into all the tooth crevices and neutralize the acids there.

You'll like the refreshing flavor of Squibb's, and the clean feeling it gives you. Squibb's is always safe to use because it contains no impurities, no astringents, nor grit. You'll also appreciate its reasonable price —40c a large-size tube.

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The Priceless Ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker

Editorial NOTES

MR. OWEN FRANCIS, author of "A Prodigal Returns," in this issue, says of himself:

I was born on August 29, 1898, in a small town in the southwestern corner of Pennsylvania, where my father followed his unprofitable trade of carpentry. Two years later, in an epidemic of typhoid, both he and my mother died, and I was carried off to a farm by a maiden aunt. At the age of twelve I made off to the city, while my good aunt was in church. There I sold newspapers, snapped-up in a bottle factory, and attended high-school for three years. Then I got a job at the Clairton plant of the Carnegie Steel Company.

Then came the war. I enlisted in the Eighteenth Pennsylvania Regiment, which later became the Twenty-eighth, or the Iron Division. I reacted to the life of a soldier in much the same manner as did the others, until the time I was gassed and sent to the hospital. It is in the library there that I first read the masters, and it is there that my desire to write was born. After being discharged from the Army, I roamed from one place to another, all the time writing and writing. I picked cantaloupes in the Imperial Valley, washed dishes in San Francisco, labored over an open hearth furnace in Johnstown, swung a pick for hours on end into the roads of three States, stood behind a lunch counter in Syracuse, was a bus boy in Los Angeles, and sold spark plugs in Oregon and life insurance in Pittsburgh. Then, with the gas beginning to show its evil effects once more, I applied at the Veterans' Bureau for aid. After much talk and many examinations they decided to give me $100 monthly, and to pay my tuition at the University of California. I left the university in disgust at the end of my third year, and made up my mind to learn to write, even though it meant earning my living working as a laborer.

The next five years I spent as press agent to a long line of movie stars. They hired and fired me with equal regularity. Then a little luck came my way. Warner Brothers bought one of my stories and made a movie out of it. They even asked me to write more. But I couldn't stand the Hollywood boys and girls very long, so I returned to Pittsburgh. My experiences since then I have told in "A Prodigal Returns."

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800,000 ADDITIONAL TELEPHONES ARE GOING INTO USE THIS YEAR

A million and a half dollars a day

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

MORE than 200 new Bell telephone buildings are going up this year in the United States, 800,000 additional telephones are going into use and new switchboards to care for 3,000,000 additional calls a day. Thousands of miles of new cable, millions of miles of wire, new carrier systems, vacuum tubes and loading coils.

These are a few of the things in the 1929 construction and improvement program of the Bell System which will cost more than 550 million dollars—a million and a half a day.

Telephone growth is essential to the new American civilization of better opportunity for the average man. The Bell System employs more than 400,000 workers, is owned by 450,000 stockholders, and serves the people of the nation.

Every day the Bell System is extending its lines to more people, increasing the speed and accuracy of its service, giving greater comfort and convenience in telephone use. All of this is done that each individual may get the most from this means of all inclusive and instantaneous communication and that the nation may be one neighborhood. This is part of the telephone ideal that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.

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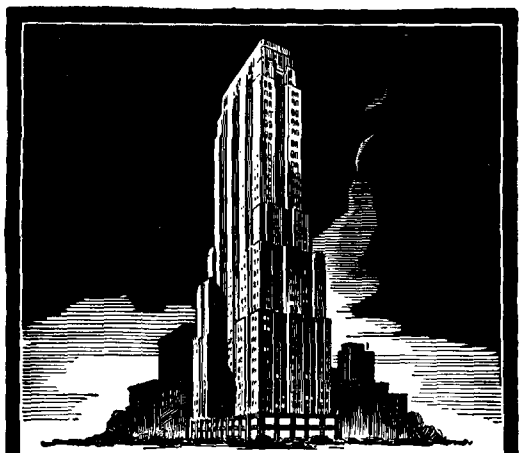

CHICAGO

adds to her cloud-piercing battalion of buildings a new battlement of business—the Palmolive Building. Aptly named the Monarch of the Near North Side, this tapering tower of stone and steel and glittering metal rises 37 lofty stories—a tribute to "that school-girl complexion." Magnificence in every detail was its builders' purpose, to meet the test of tenancy... quite logical then that *Edison Service* should supply the electric power and lighting.

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Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 160 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for 1929 Year Book. Stock is listed on The Chicago Stock Exchange.

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The foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training. The instruction of the Academy furnishes the essential preparation for Directing and Teaching as well as for Acting. The training is educative and practical, developing Poise, Personality and Expressional Power, of value to those in professional life and to the layman.

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The INVESTOR

BOND ANALYSIS

By Rudolph L. Weissman

Bonds are so deeply rooted in the financial structure that the confident predictions of an inferior position for them in the future seem to be premature. The major part of the investment in two great corporate industries, the railroads and public utilities, is represented by such obligations, which aggregate $25,000,000,000. The percentage of bonds to the total capitalization of electric light and power companies is growing larger. The average interest rate on existing railroad obligations is low, not to consider the problems of redemption. Serious inroads on the total amount of bonds outstanding need not be feared. The dearth of new issues will tend to support the market, even if the public never becomes bond-minded to the same degree as in the past.

I take it that readers understand that the word *bond* does not always indicate safety: that the call feature is an important factor in determining a bond's attractiveness; that the sinking fund, if any, is to be considered: that the wealthy should examine tax provisions; that bonds may be classified according to the security, the type of issuing corporation, the purpose of the issue, and the method of payment of principal and interest; that diversification is advisable; that both current income and yield to maturity should be weighed; that the salability of an issue affects its worth; that long term bonds are to be judged differently from those which mature shortly; and that government obligations are fundamentally different from corporate obliga-

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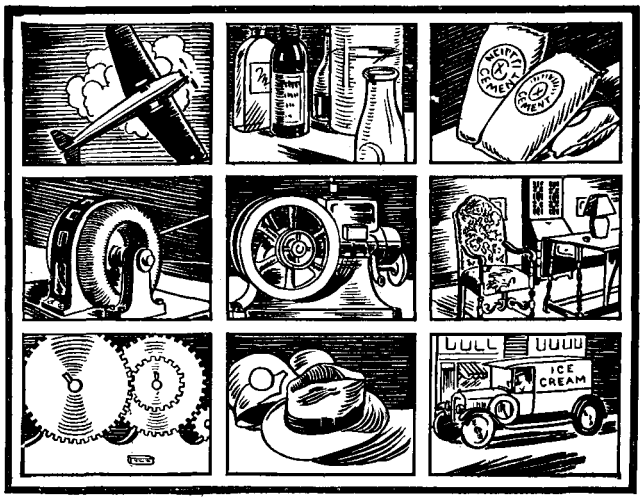
No. 8 of a series of Advertisements of American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated



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AIRPLANES, Bottles, Cement, Dynamos, Engines, Furniture, Gears, Hats, Ice Cream, Jewelry, Knives, Linoleum—from A to Z you can go through the alphabet and list products of manufacturers using electric power or water supplied by subsidiaries of the American Water Works and Electric Company.

. . . power and water, the daily bread of a thousand industries . . .

As these industries grow there will be an increase in the demand for American Water Works and Electric Company service and in the earnings from which the interest and dividends on its securities and those of its subsidiaries are paid.

An Industry That Never Shuts Down

AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED

50 Broad Street, New York

[Information about this Company, or any of its subsidiaries, will be furnished on request. Write for Booklet K-1.]

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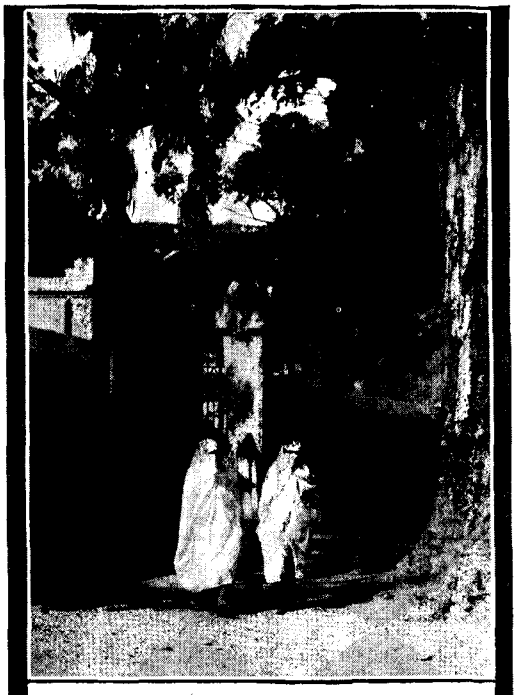

A Sahara Sunset
Burning Up the World

YOU'VE done everything? Not unless you've pushed off in a 12-wheeled Renault into the sun and silence of that sea of sand... aloof, horizonless, lit with the pale mirage, sown with the sudden gardens of oases. A striped tent spread with gorgeous carpets, chickens roasted with olives and lemons and peppery herbs... kous-kous, the national dish, a feast in itself...coffee for gods, red grapes as cold as frozen rubies. North Africa is yours today...camp in the desert, motor along the perfect roads, that link the forty-six smart "Transat" hotels, Moorish palaces with French chefs. Take the "Ile de France", the "Paris" or the "France" across "the longest gangplank in the world"...FIVE days in France afloat to Plymouth, England...then le Havre and the boat-train waiting, three hours to Paris ... overnight to Marseilles...twenty-four hours by a French Liner across the sapphire Mediterranean to Algiers.

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent, or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

The INVESTOR

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tions. The record of governments, incidentally, is a warning to investors not to stop with the assumption: "It is a government bond; therefore, it must be safe."

In formulating a policy with regard to bond investments, it is wise to avoid the extremes. The average investor can do better outside the lists that are considered legal investments for savings banks. Such issues, when they are otherwise sound, enjoy a favor which compels the purchaser to pay a premium. When the yield is exceptionally high, the investor should check his opinion with those of unbiased advisers. The genuine bargains are to be found mainly in bonds of the following classes: bonds of corporations whose history places them just below the highest rank, but which have a three to five year record of definite improvement; bonds that may become "legals" in the course of several years; issues of enterprises that have been acquired by stronger ones so that they have become, in reality, underlying obligations; bonds which, for various reasons, a corporation would like to retire, or to replace; and bonds of recently reorganized railroads, or of industries against which a stubborn prejudice exists, owing to conditions no longer prevailing.

Industrial bonds are not difficult to analyze. Intricate, involved corporate structures and interrelations are absent. The collateral trust is not in general use, and divisional mortgages are a rarity. But the debenture, now the accepted typical industrial bond, presents problems peculiar to it. Since default does not create the right to foreclose the debtor's property, protective clauses are contained in carefully drawn indentures. If the issue is not closed, it is provided that additional debentures may be issued only to the extent of from 50 to 66⅔% of the additional property acquired, or of the permanent additions or

Continued on page lxiv

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OTIS & CO.

Established 1899

MEMBERS
New York Stock Exchange
Cleveland Stock Exchange
Chicago Stock Exchange
Philadelphia Stock Exchange
Detroit Stock Exchange
Cincinnati Stock Exchange
New York Cotton Exchange
Chicago Board of Trade
New York Curb Exchange

CLEVELAND

New York — Chicago
Philadelphia — Detroit
Kansas City — Cincinnati
Toledo — Columbus
Akron — Louisville
Canton — Massillon
Denver — Colorado Springs
Boston — Milwaukee
St. Louis — Davenport

Selecting Investments

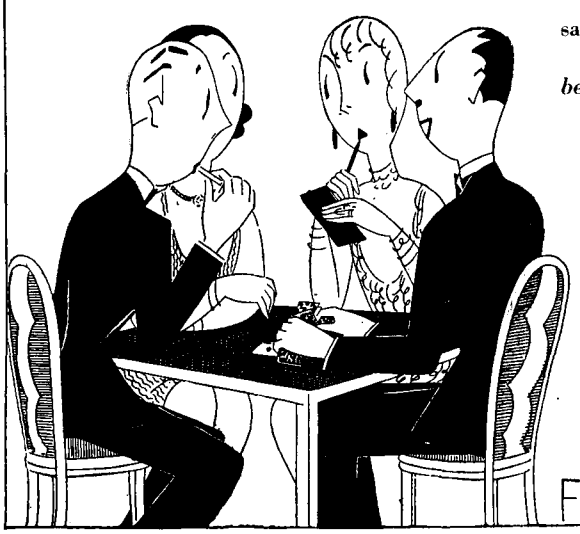
With the steady growth of industry, there has come, through public financing, a plethora of security offerings, so numerous and varied that the investor's problem becomes one of careful selection.

In this situation, it is logical to consult and rely upon experienced financial institutions.

We can recommend specific issues or relieve the investor of the perplexing problem of selection through the recommendation of issues of sound investment trust companies whose chief function, in arranging a portfolio is to discriminate between the great number of securities now available to the investor.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you have made a break at bridge and your partner says "Probably your first game?" . . . *be nonchalant* . . . LIGHT A MURAD.



FISH

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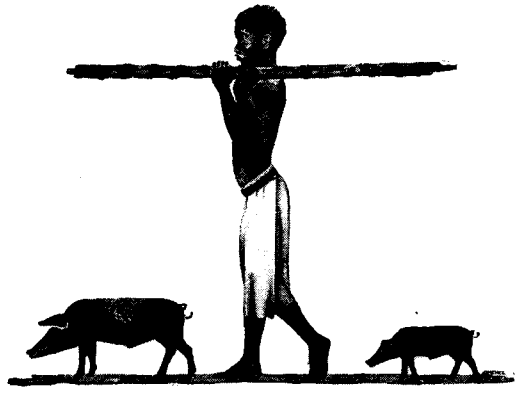
To break the back of a long winter... a Cunard-Anchor West Indies Cruise



Ten cruises of varying length from 8 to 26 days. An excellent way in which you can economically exchange the depression of winter for sun ... for gaiety ... for continental life done up in the golden wrapping of the tropics. Switch your summer vacation to winter and follow the sun! Revel in the color of sun-splashed ports ... of golf in Nassau ... swimming in Bermuda ... dancing in Havana. Substitute a charming chintz-hung Cunard stateroom ... Cunard vacation genius ... Cunard service, for traffic jams ... heated rooms ... subway skirmishes. Invest in the sun via Cunard and draw nerve-relaxing, joy-inspiring dividends for all the rest of the year.

VARIED ITINERARIES INCLUDING

San Juan, Santiago, Santo Domingo, Port-au-Prince, St. Pierre, Fort de France, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guayra, Curacao, Colon, Kingston, Havana, Nassau, Bermuda.

Sailing Date from New York	Steamer	Duration of Voyage	Minimum Rates
Dec. 3, 1929	s.s. Franconia	16 days	$200
Dec. 18, "	s.s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Dec. 21, "	s.s. Franconia	16 days	200
Dec. 26, "	s.s. Caronia	8 days	175
Dec. 27, "	s.s. Carmania	9 days	175
Jan. 6, 1930	s.s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Jan. 16, "	s.s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Feb. 15, "	s.s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Mar. 15, "	s.s. Caledonia	18 days	200
Apr. 12, "	s.s. Samaria	12 days	175

See Your Local Agent

CUNARD-ANCHOR
WEST INDIES CRUISES

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The INVESTOR

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extensions, and then only in the event that the earnings for twelve or fifteen consecutive months last preceding have been not less than two or three times the annual interest charges. Earnings are so defined that allowances must be made for depreciation and depletion in harmony with conservative accounting methods. Mortgages, as a rule, cannot be created unless the existing debentures are secured equally therewith. To prevent the dissipation of assets by the payment of dividends it is often required that a sound ratio between current assets and current indebtedness be maintained after the payment of dividends. Unfortunately, the eagerness of the public to share in stock participation privileges has been accompanied by a readiness to buy debentures with little protection either in the way of contract provisions or of earnings. There is no substitute for adequate earnings.

Railroad capital structures are far from ideal. Expansion of individual roads into large systems, resulting in complicated, overlapping mortgage liens, the pledging of stock interests, leases and guarantees, necessitates thorough analysis before intimate knowledge can be acquired. This need not deter the investor, for serviceable working rules are applicable. Even the unsecured bonds of railroads whose stocks have been receiving regular dividends for many years are acceptable investments, unless the trend of earnings is unfavorable. Underlying issues of these corporations have few superiors. Between these classes lie the junior liens. Generalization is not wholly satisfactory. However, if one deducts from the total valuation of all the outstanding securities, the prior lien obligations, including equipment trusts, until the bond under examination is reached, and divides the remaining sum by the number of outstanding bonds, a rough but fairly accurate

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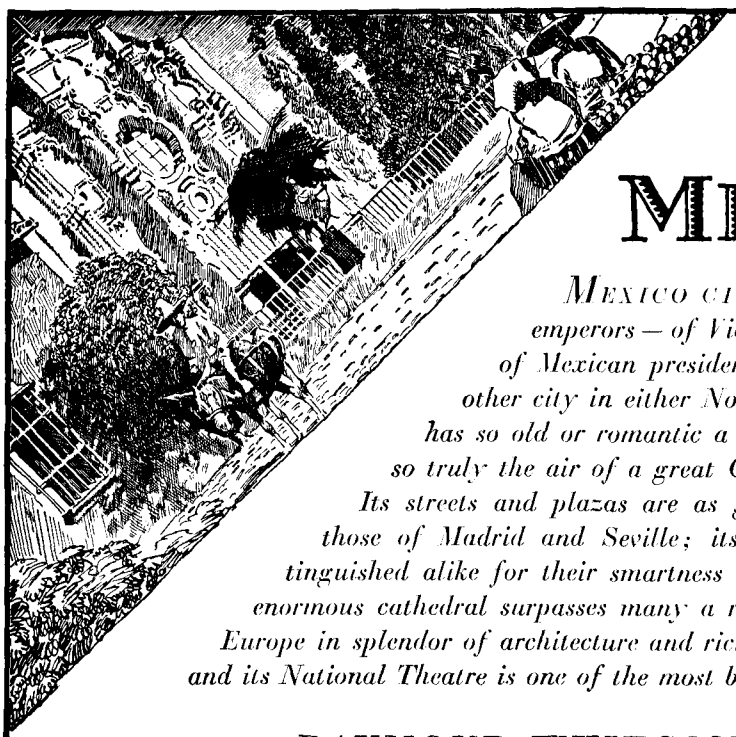

MEXICO

MEXICO CITY — capital of Aztec emperors — of Viceroys of New Spain, of Mexican presidents and dictators! No other city in either North or South America has so old or romantic a history; no other has so truly the air of a great Old World capital . . . Its streets and plazas are as genuinely Spanish as those of Madrid and Seville; its restaurants are distinguished alike for their smartness and their cuisine; its enormous cathedral surpasses many a renowned cathedral of Europe in splendor of architecture and richness of treasures . . . and its National Theatre is one of the most beautiful in the world!

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Three complete round trips — traveling on the Raymond-Whitcomb Land Cruise Trains with special recreation car, bedrooms and private baths. Each cruise will have eleven days in Mexico — eight days in *Mexico City*, and, in addition to thorough sight-seeing, will visit *Chapultepec* and *Guadalupe-Hidalgo*, *Puebla* and *Cuernavaca*, the famous floating gardens at *Xochimilco*, and the Aztec Pyramids of *Teotihhuacan*, and *Monterey*.

Never before has it been possible to visit Mexico in such complete comfort.

Three Land Cruises: January 29, February 11, February 24. They may be taken either in combination with the Raymond-Whitcomb Land Cruises to California or as complete winter trips.

Send for the booklets — "MEXICO" *and* "CALIFORNIA"

Round the World Cruise — January 21, 1930
Mediterranean Cruise — January 23, 1930
Round South America Cruise — February 1, 1930
West Indies Cruises — Dec. 21, 1929; Jan. 9, Jan. 29, Feb. 25, 1930,
on the new liner, "*Statendam*"

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB COMPANY

126 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts

New York, 670 Fifth Ave.; *New York*, 225 Fifth Ave.; *Boston*, 165 Tremont Street; *Philadelphia*, 1601 Walnut Street; *Chicago*, 176 North Michigan Avenue; *Detroit*, 421 Book Bldg.; *Los Angeles*, 423 West Fifth Street; *San Francisco*, 230 Post Street.

Agents in the principal cities

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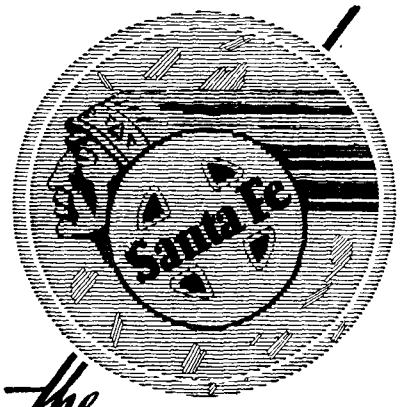

the Chief
is still chief
fastest
and only extra fare train to Southern California

The California Limited and the Grand Canyon Limited are exclusively first class trains without extra fare.

Fred Harvey dining service is another distinctive feature of this distinctive railway.

The Indian-detour Grand Canyon Line

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1201 Railway Exchange, Chicago
Am interested in winter trip to_____
Please send me detailed information and descriptive folders. 1201
Name_____
Address_____

The INVESTOR

Continued from page lxiv

idea of the assets available for the issue is obtained.

An example: A road's capitalization consists of a bonded debt of $75,000,000, $10,000,000 5% preferred stock and $25,000,000 common stock. The issue in which the investor is interested is a $10,000,000 debenture, or a junior lien. Taking the prior lien obligations and the debentures at par, and the preferred and common stocks at average market prices over the last two years, the result is as follows:

Prior Liens	$ 65,000,000
Debentures	10,000,000
Preferred	8,500,000
Common	20,000,000
Total	$103,500,000
Equity per $1000 bond	$ 3,850

This was obtained by dividing the difference between $103,500,000 and $65,000,000, ($38,500,000) by 10,000, the number of $1000 debentures outstanding, indicating a high asset value. If the prior lien obligations were greater, or the common stock's value smaller, the indicated protection for the debentures or junior liens would necessarily shrink. From the income account one can determine readily what portion of the gross revenues is needed for the payment of interest. All other things being equal, the bonds of a road that needs 22% or less of its revenues for interest, and retains 12% or more for its stock, are presumably secure.

Most States supervise the issuance of public utility obligations. As a whole, bonds of holding companies have a less favorable position, since the holding company receives its income mainly from investments in the securities of the operating units. The logical way of analyzing a holding company's bond is to apply the so-called over-all test. In other words, net earnings should be stated as so many times the

Continued on page lxviii

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Useppa Inn stands on beautiful Useppa Island which is off the West Coast of Florida.

WHERE will you go? When the air is bitter and it is most unpleasant underfoot, where will you go?

Useppa Inn and cottages will open on Wednesday, January 1st. This delightful group of buildings on its tropical island basks in the warm sunshine waiting—waiting with relaxation and recreation.

At Useppa you can play golf on one of the sportiest courses in the South. The holes are well trapped and the splendidly conditioned fairways roll from tee to green twixt rows of palms and beautiful stretches of water. And fishing—Useppa Island is right in the heart of the most famous fishing waters on the West Coast. All year round many varieties of fish are plentiful. Late in the winter and in early spring, the giant tarpon puts in his appearance. If you play tennis, courts of championship standard await you in a tropic glade by the water's edge. If you swim, the warm Gulf is tonic and Useppa's stretch of fine beach is ideal for "worshippers of the Sun." Guide boats will take you whither your fancy dictates.

At this early date, it is possible to make a selection of reservations. Until December 20th, please address communications to J. F. Valleley, Florida Gulf Coast Hotels, 220 West 42nd Street, New York. After December 20th, write to Useppa Inn, Lee County, Florida.

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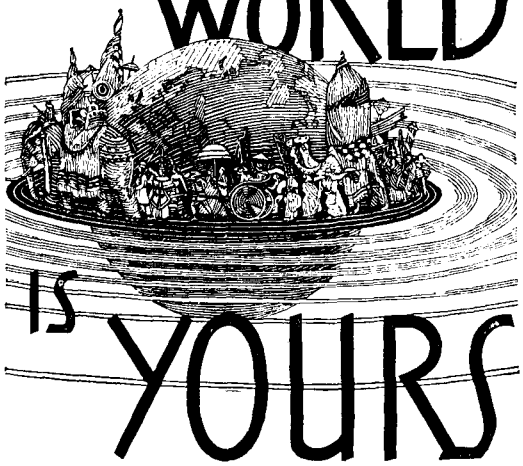
THE WORLD IS YOURS



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The INVESTOR

Continued from page lxvi

interest on the holding company's debentures *and all prior charges combined.* Otherwise an exaggerated notion of actual earnings is obtained. If the net earnings of the subsidiaries are $10,000,000, the annual interest requirements and dividend payments on preferred stocks $4,000,000, and the annual interest on the holding company's debentures $2,000,000, the annual earnings available on the latter are three times the interest requirements on the debentures, yet only one and two-thirds times the interest on the debentures and prior charges together. Both methods are used, but only the latter will prevent misconceptions of the actual status of a bond. Conservative investment houses favor the discarding of the first method as a further step away from the old principle of *caveat emptor.*

New Financial Books

CORPORATE EARNING POWER.
By William L. Crum. *The Stanford University Press*
$5 9 x 6¼; 342 pp. *Stanford, Calif.*

Professor Crum, editor of the *Review of Economic Statistics* of the Howard Economic Society, undertook a stupendous task in the analysis and interpretation of the financial statistics of corporations submitted to the United States Treasury since 1916. The results are highly interesting and significant, overthrowing many common assumptions. For instance, in a year of good business, 1926, Dr. Crum found that corporations on the average earned somewhat less than 5% on their total assets. There are studies of time variations of profits, of differences among lines of industry and of important balance sheet and income account items. An important and able work.

HUMAN NATURE & MANAGEMENT.
By Ordway Tead. *The McGraw-Hill Book Company*
$3.50 8¼ x 5¾; 312 pp. *New York*

Y. M. C. A. workers who look to Atterbury or Schwab for wisdom in the handling of labor problems will be mystified by the quotations here from John Dewey, Bertrand Russell, John Stuart Mill and George Santayana. Mr. Tead, who is remembered for his "Instincts in Industry" and "The People's Part in Peace," has written a suggestive book on the application of psychology to management. Unfortunately, executives who adopt a broad and civilized viewpoint are not common. Extensive notes, a brief bibliography and an index are included.

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THE first of the year will bring the opening of the season at Hotel Charlotte Harbor, and a number of delightful interior refinements will be noted by the vanguard of our clientele. Each year it has been the pleasure of the management to announce the addition of new facilities and equipment designed to heighten the enjoyment of the guest at the Charlotte Harbor. Last season the magnificent swimming pool, the yacht basin and the vita glass Solarium were the prominent new features. This coming season the remodeled and redecorated interiors will make their bow, preliminary to their making life at the Charlotte Harbor more gracious than ever.

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The Hotel Charlotte Harbor is in Punta Gorda on the West Coast of Florida, about one hundred miles south of Tampa. Above shows the hotel course.

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Continued from front advertising section, page liv

ANIMALS LOOKING AT YOU.
By Paul Eipper. *The Viking Press*
$3 9¼ x 5⅞; 163 pp. *New York*

Mr. Eipper, who is the art director of a Berlin publishing house, has taken great interest in wild animals since childhood, and is a frequent visitor to all the German and Dutch zoos. In this book, which has had a great success in his own country, he records some of his observations. What he has to say is often novel and always interesting. He has observed, in particular, the play of animals, including their mating play. The book contains thirty-two full-page illustrations.

GEORGE GISSING. *Selections, Autobiographical and Imaginative.*
Edited by A. C. Gissing.
Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$3 8¼ x 5½; 318 pp. *New York*

Mr. A. C. Gissing, the son of the celebrated English novelist, has done a good job of editing. His selections from his father's prose and verse are all judicious, and his explanatory notes are helpful. There is an "appreciative" introduction by Virginia Woolf, which is worthless.

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.
By Vincent Starrett. *Covici Friede*
$3 8½ x 5¾; 200 pp. *New York*

Mr. Starrett, who is a Chicagoan, is one of the most assiduous of American book collectors, and in this volume he recounts some of his adventures among the book stalls, both at home and abroad. Part of his story first appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and is addressed to readers to whom collecting books is rather a novelty. The process of tracking down rarities is set forth very amusingly, and there is plenty of provocative talk about the vast profits to be gained by unearthing them. Mr. Starrett himself has been very successful in that field. He knows as much about American firsts as the next man, and has done his share toward making the market for many of them. He has chapters on presentation copies, limited editions, autographs and book-plates. There are a number of illustrations, mainly of title-pages. The book unfortunately lacks an index.

LADY GODIVA: THE FUTURE OF NAKEDNESS.
By John Langdon-Davies. *Harper & Brothers*
$2 7½ x 5; 117 pp. *New York*

"We find all round," declares Mr. Langdon-Davies in expounding his thesis, "that the superstition of clothes is at last to be attacked by the scientific reason-

Continued on page lxxii

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lxx

ableness of taking them off. . . . The exposed subject is notably more cheerful and exhilarated, and evidence has been adduced to show that mental responses are brisker and mental activities more pronounced." Modesty, he goes on to say, is a matter of relativity; it is hardly too much to expect that a purposeful community will be able to install ideas of it which shall interfere scarcely at all with the claims of health and intellectual invigoration. The book has many illustrations.

THE SCOTS KITCHEN.
By F. Marian McNeill. *Blackie & Son*
$2.25 7⅝ x 5⅛; 259 pp. *Toronto*

This seems to be the first comprehensive Scottish cook-book ever published, at all events in America. It is introduced by a longish discourse on the history of Caledonian cooking, including an account of the way in which French practises came to influence it. To this day many of the kitchen utensils used in Scotland have French names. The recipes, in the main, can have only an academic interest for American cooks, for some of the materials they call for are unobtainable in this country, and many of the combinations would affright and revolt Americans. Very few Scotch dishes, in fact, have ever got lodgment on this side of the water, despite the large immigrations from Scotland. Maybe the morning bowl of oatmeal came that way; if so, Scotland is responsible for the whole repertoire of American breakfast foods. But that is about all. Miss McNeill is learned and very interesting.

THE FILOSTRATO OF GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.
Translated by Nathaniel Edward Griffin & Arthur Beckwith Myrick. *The University of Pennsylvania Press*
$6 9½ x 6¼; 505 pp. *Philadelphia*

Boccaccio, like Dante, suffered all his life from the neurose called love. In his late teens, studying law at Naples, he succumbed to the charms of one Maria d'Aquino, a natural daughter of Robert, King of Naples and the Two Sicilies, and thereafter, for several years, he was most uncomfortable. One of the products of his discomfort was the present poem, here completely translated into English for the first time. It is based on the familiar story of Troilus and Cressida, also used by Chaucer and Shakespeare, and is full of the gaudy fustian of its time. Messrs. Griffin and Myrick have done it into English prose, and print their translation on right-hand pages, with the original Italian to the left. The composition makes truly dreadful reading. It is sugary, windy and dull. But students of the period will no doubt find something to interest them in it. There is a long critical introduction by Mr. Griffin, full of instructive matter. The book is beautifully turned out.

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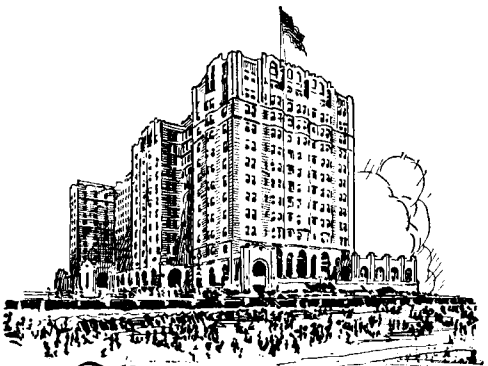

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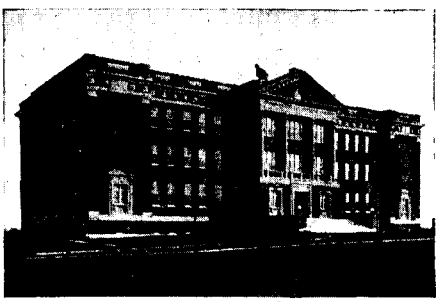

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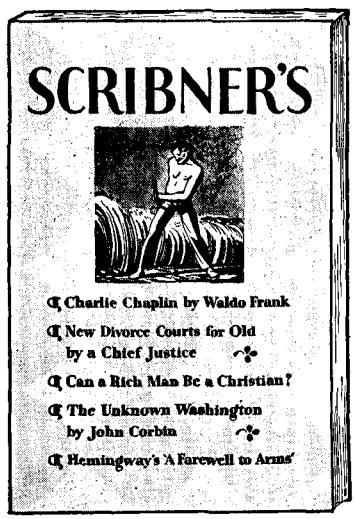

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